THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Richard Washburn Child – Richard Connell – Gordon Arthur Smith
May Edginton – Harris Dickson – Arnold Bennett – Charles K. Harris

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CURTAIN UP ON CONGRESS

By Richard Washburn Child

ON THE billboards the title of the drama: Congress and Capitol. The play is on! The curtain has risen! The footlights give forth a gleam not of great brilliance.

This is the sixty-ninth performance of the ever-changing repertoire company. It is not a wholly new drama. There are some changes in the argument of the play; old acts have been shifted and some new scenery has been promised. New actors appear; old ones have new rôles.

As the great American audience comes down the aisles to take seats, no wise voice or pen discloses the details of the action to come. The great American audience enjoys the element of surprise, even though not much is promised today in the advertising of this show. And then again, though the curtain is already up, not even the actors themselves have learned or even been allowed to read the whole book of the play.

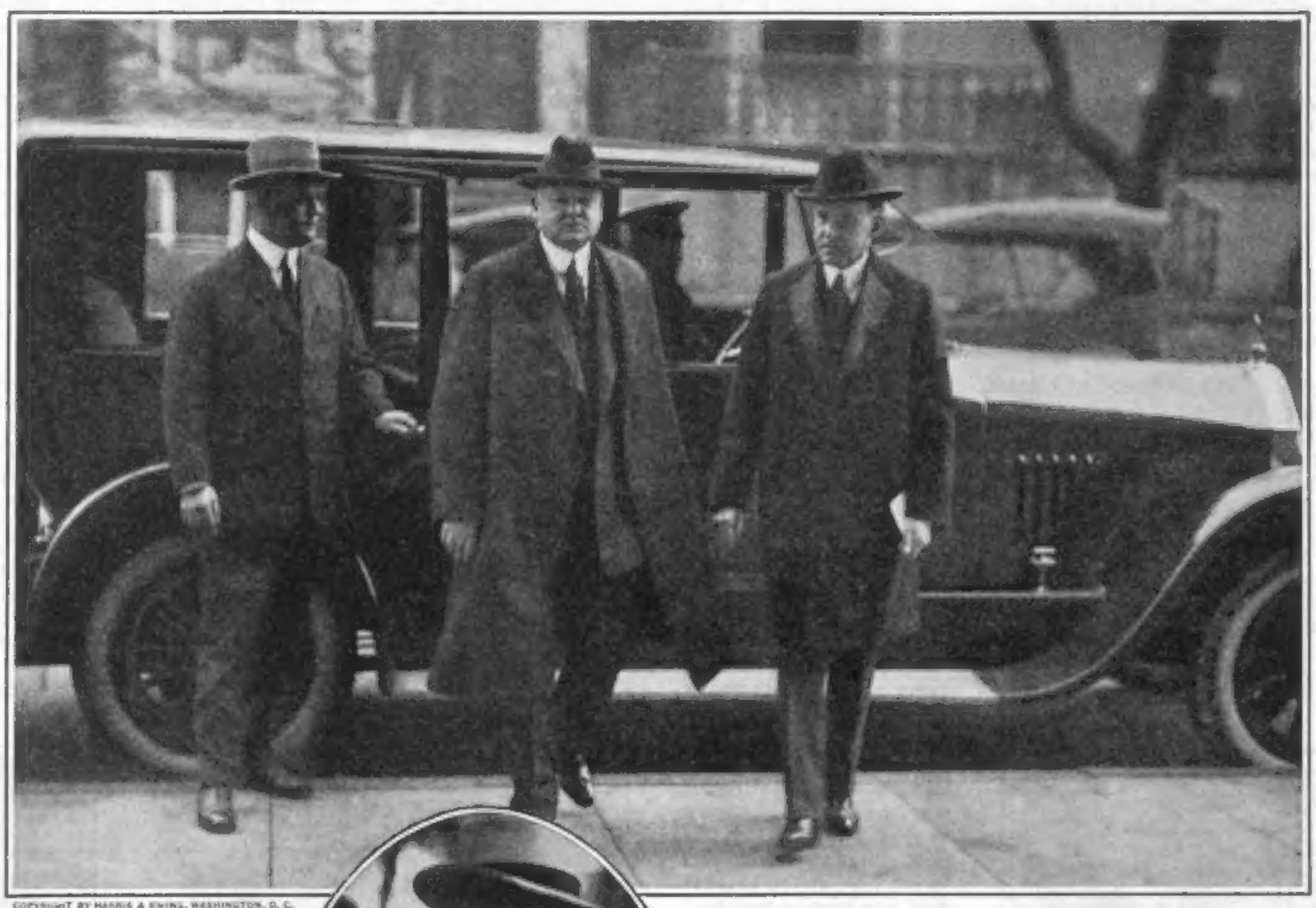

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PHOTO. BY F. AND A.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover and President Coolidge Arriving at the Department of the Interior. In Oval—Vice-President Dawes With His Inseparable Companion

But hands are reaching for programs of the play. What purpose does a program serve? It may entertain during intermissions. It gives the cast of characters. It indicates something of the rôles this man or that will play. It announces the acts and scenes. It discloses something of the management. It names the costumers and tells who attend to the stage properties behind the scenes. It indicates the exits to be used in an emergency. It carries the advertisements which give the atmosphere of the civilization in which we live. And where space is left over there is room to print a gossipy witticism. Therefore ——

"Your program, sir! Get a program! Center aisle, please. Your program, madam!"

The observer here in Washington with eyes keen enough to read fine print realizes that in the dramatis personæ is included as the most important character of this play—this sixty-ninth performance—an actor in the piece dominating all other performers. It is the audience! Rub up your spectacles, audience! It is you who are playing a stellar rôle in every scene of Congress and Capitol. It is you who are appearing in every climax. It is you who half unconsciously, seldom asking for favor, making love almost not at all, overshadow everything else in this year's production.

What is your character as the wise President and the wise cabinet member—for they are not all wise—and the wise senator and the wise congressman see it? It is the character of a satisfied, busy and perhaps overprosperous personality. You are quite good natured. On the whole, you feel yourself a unified example of physical well-being. Your economic and social state of health resents the idea that at present you want to seek any doctors or even listen to them when they rap on your door. If perchance you may feel doubt about your spiritual well-being, you certainly are all of one mind in the wisdom of knowing that Congress and the Capitol cannot help you much there. You have seen some comic, farcical, futile and humiliating attempts to write your spiritual well-being into the pages of personal-conduct statute books. You are becoming convinced that legislation which wanders away from the strictly confined business of running the nation, and so acting as a handmaiden to the second important character called administrative sense, has not been conspicuously successful anywhere, anytime. You want the least government possible at the smallest expense. You want it well done. You are tired of debate and petty politics. You do not trust it to get anywhere. You do not trust government by talk.

And you, the great American audience, chief character in this new piece, prosperous and unified, are willing—at least while unified coöperation is so much in contrast to the devastating squabbles within the other nations—to let well enough alone. Call it conservatism if one wishes. Label it as one pleases. It—at least, just now—is success and achievement. It puts fur coats on American working girls and rides factory workers to the gate in motor cars. Time enough to change the policy when it fails, when it breaks down, when it won't run, when it stops accomplishment and achievement. The label of government is nothing. The machine that will run, the machine that will crank up and go, is everything—label it anything you like.

"Prosperity," says the great American audience in the first line of this play, "may not be equally divided, but may the heavens bear witness it is better than an adversity which, because of disunity and squabbles such as we see in England, passes something of an empty plate."

So convincing are these opening lines of the sixty-ninth performance of that drama entitled Congress and Capitol that one of the biggest strategists of the minority party in Congress said, "While the wheat crop of America succeeds and others fail, while the workers are at their well-paid jobs, while the shafting spins, while industry looks like a safe bet to the investor, there is only one thing for us to do—that's watchful waiting."

Probably a nonpartisan and judicial view will affirm that judgment. That part of the great American audience which wishes to play a different lead in the play has probably diminished rather than increased since the last election. Were La Follette to be restored to us with his grim faiths, for which even those who differed with him could admire him, he would get less votes than he got a year ago. Were Davis to run again today, he would find himself at the head of a party more essentially split in spiritual

harmony between the conservative South and a Democratic North, trying to seize upon that vague label of liberalism.

It will be an unromantic and polite and rather business-like sixty-ninth performance if the great American audience, which is not only an audience but also the player of the leading rôle, continues to give the cues for almost all the lines of this play.

One looks for the second character in the list of the dramatis personæ of the new production. Does one find a character essentially congressional? On the contrary, one finds that the second principal character only enters at the other side of the stage—at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. And for some reason—probably a good one—the great American audience, which wants more government by administration and less government by talk, now realizes not only that a congressional session is played at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue but that the executive end is, for the present, the more important of the two. The second rôle in this new production is administrative sense. The actor who takes that part is Calvin Coolidge.

Politics and Professional Critics

DINNER-PARTY gossip in Washington, the half-whispered voices of some observers and chroniclers say: "Coolidge's honeymoon with the Presidency is over with the opening of this Congress. The third term is not a possibility. His party is about to turn its back on him, or at least would like to. The king is passing! Long live some new king! Luck so far has broken always his way. It is true that everywhere in the country he is popular, but it is also true that everywhere, when his popularity is acknowledged, it is added, 'In spite of the fact that he is not a truly great man and does not deserve it.'"

The wife of a senator whispers as she moves near the receiving hostess: "My husband says that Coolidge is a tower of integrity and good sense, but that he will never be the man to oppose strong forces or go to pains to strip the covering from wrongdoers. He likes peace. He was brought up in that Massachusetts Murray Crane school which slept under the motto, 'Don't lie ever, but let sleeping dogs lie always.'"

Someone else, who would like to be President himself, says: "This strange being, unknown and unfathomable, at least has one quality exposed to the gaze of everyone—he is a trench-warfare man. You will always find him in a dugout. Under no circumstance will you ever find him out in No Man's Land. He is a typical Yankee politician. He is for nose counting. He is for regularity. He is for loyalty and reward. He promotes those who play regular. He forgets those who have any tendency to believe that the pasture just over the next fence is greener. He likes those who go out and bring in the maple sap through the snow."

My answer to all this—and it is a nonpartisan answer—is that the country is still extraordinarily satisfied to neglect every one of the professional critics. I have learned after a long acquaintance with the capital to know that the capital is the national center of saying things which one wishes were so but are not.

The Coolidge strength is not in good luck. Good luck, tripping by a personality, never drops much into any basket if the personality has no basket. Coolidge has always held the basket of patience, restraint and hard cool sense.

If times come when this star of our new opening may wonder what distinguishes his performance from that of the lovable and loved Harding, than whom no finer soul ever lived, he may compare his own balance of intellectual and emotional nature with the nature of a man whose whole lifetime fabric of lovable emotional emphasis became a cargo too great for the intellectual vehicle to carry.

With Coolidge, it may take some time to find under the layers the real Coolidge. But that discovery is worth something, for the kernel is rich in tenderness and is warm—as perhaps even his own nation, after a substantial acquaintance, does not yet know—with a delicious sense of humor—tart humor on occasions, generous affectionate humor even more often.

There is something reminiscent of the classic Greek anecdote in the story of the letter which came forth during the last campaign from one of the foreign embassies or legations, and was sent to one of our weeklies, advocating the election of Davis. It is said that at the State Department there was a furor of outraged surprise. We have always been very fussy about the interference of foreign diplomats in our internal politics. There was the case of Sackville-West, the British Ambassador, who was recalled for just such doings. The letter was taken, the story relates, to Coolidge. He read it and said nothing.

The emissary of the State Department, unable to contain himself, burst out, "Well, Mr. President, what shall we do?"

The President is reported to have replied, "Do? Well, since this letter didn't advocate my election, I guess we'd better do nothing."

One evening a long document was sent to the White House by a cabinet officer for the President's signature. There was nothing urgent about it. The strange little smile came over the President's face. He pressed a button and then, reading the document, signed it.

A Free Actor

"GEORGE," said he to the negro messenger, "take this back to Mr. Secretary. Perhaps it's a little late. But ring the bell until someone comes. Then say to the secretary at the door you must deliver this personally. If the house is dark just keep on ringing."

The negro left. His steps sounded softly away along the carpeted hall.

"George!" the President called. The man returned.

"Perhaps the doorbell may not ring," said the President, "so when you go, get a hammer out of the cellar."

Cold? Of course, if respect for any chatter—which has the same permanent value as last year's mosquito hatch—is concerned, is considered of value, then Coolidge is cold. If a certain profound and personal and natural shyness, based perhaps upon full appreciation of the transitory nature of individual man, is counted in, then Coolidge is cold. But if the dedication of good sense—and he has a store of it—to the service of the nation is the test of a warm heart, what difference does it make that some little-souled politicians say, "The king will have no third term. Long live the unknown king!" When all is said and done, the more they prove their point the more convincing will become the freedom and the power of this actor of the sixty-ninth national theater to hold the center of the stage by the full faith and consent of the audience itself. It is always possible for Congress to push the Executive actor toward the wings; it is not always a popular performance. It may get more hisses than applause. Certainly it may when the day has come when all over the world government by talk has been discredited and administrative horse sense has been valued at its present high appraisal. Congress may set its shoulder against this play of forces in public opinion. If it does, Congress loses; the President wins. That is the climax of this drama. That is the big scene in the last act. A President of the United States who goes campaigning out in No Man's Land to make a display of needless conflicts and dissensions, who magnifies distrusts and nourishes agitations, is not the man for a period when national unity in every country has been found so precious and so difficult to obtain. President Harding told me, during the campaign of 1920 and afterward, that a united America would be the policy closest to his heart. It was. Coolidge is carrying that policy on. He knows as well as any man alive that mere clamor and drum-beating are not courage. As for loyalty and promotion—the essential elements in the best political organizations just as they are in business or other organizations—they are not so bad. Does anyone want to set up against the Coolidge policy a régime of disloyalty? Does anyone believe in any kind of human machinery where worth, merit and capacity go unrewarded?

And if one passes from the consideration of the character who plays this rôle to the consideration of what part he will play in the present sixty-ninth production, it appears clearly enough that he is first interested, not in plans and programs and prospectuses, but in the interpretation of administrative good sense.

Working Along Spartan Lines

THE essence of the theme in the overture—of the President's message—has nothing to do with remaking the world or the individual by legislation. It has primarily to do with the least possible centralized government, the highest possible organization efficiency and a consequent removal of the burden of expense to the American people for carrying on the organization.

There is the tax-reduction program. Of course there are those who whisper that the President is touching the pocket nerve of the people with astute political wisdom.

But if one has seen, as I have seen, the various attempts of various political parties in lands overseas to build different kinds of political power, one will know that it is easy to build a political machine by taxation which for a time may be wrung from production and to use the proceeds to purchase the support of one after another of clamoring organized minorities.

That process is a good deal cheaper and easier than the more Spartan proposal to refuse special privilege, to administer for the majority, to conserve unity of interest and do the business at decreasing cost. Such work is always uphill work, but even the opponents of

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Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois

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The New Speaker of the House, Nicholas Longworth, Receiving the Gavel From Frederick H. Gillett

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Mrs. Longworth With Her Daughter Paulina Just Before the Daily Ride

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

BEHIND, in Rhodesia, Charles Royal had left a rich farm spreading around a spacious house, with a garden, tennis courts, garage, stabling and kennels—all a man could want. Crops were growing and cattle were fattening, and the past ten years had been a battle of hard work and a banquet of success, for Charles had won. But he had a yearning, a nostalgia. He always felt that Christmas was Christmas only in the land of a man's birth; it could be but a poor imitation in the land of his adoption. Then, too, he was lonely. Other men had their wives out there. There were wives reigning over all the homesteads scattered around him for an area of fifty miles; there were wives for whom men bought cars and hacks; wives who sat graciously gowned at the heads of tables; wives who could be met driving to the club; wives who enlivened men; wives who sang babies to sleep; wives everywhere except for Charles.

There was nothing wrong with Charles, either. He wanted a wife; women wanted to be his wife. Unmarried sisters were asked out from home to stay a few months and meet him. But this was repellent. He grew apprehensive of hearing: "By the way, Royal, my wife's youngest sister is visiting us for a couple of months. We must amuse her. Will you dine on Tuesday?—and we might dance a bit to the gramophone after."

He Snatched Off His Cap and Stood Holding It in One Hand and His Pipe in the Other, Until She Had Gone on Lingering Feet Within the Gate

He did not want his wife brought to him. He wanted to go out and find her—when he had time.

At last, this Christmas he said, "Well, now or never," and he exhorted his manager, asked his neighbors to keep an eye on the place, and allowed it to be understood that he was going home to get married.

"Now," he said to himself as he boarded the steamer at Capetown, "I'll have to bring one back with me."

So he left the monuments of his house, his garage, his gardens and herds behind him; but with him he took his heart, whole, and as rich in romance as the farm was in crops.

It was more than ever lonely. She was not on the boat. He had half feared she might be. He did not want her just to fall into his arms, but he wanted to search for her, to look long. This is not to say that he did not enjoy feminine society on the voyage; he did. And feminine society enjoyed him. He let every girl know, however, very firmly, that he was going home to get married.

"Oh! Have you a photograph?"

"N-n-no. Her photographs don't do her justice."

"Oh, I see. Besides, if you have been out there for ten years she would have changed, wouldn't she?"

"She will never change."

"Isn't that wonderful? I suppose you have corresponded all the time."

"We have always been in touch."

"Perhaps you were old playfellows?"

"We have always been playfellows."

"Isn't that nice?"

"Yes," said Charles.

"Where does she live?"

"Oh—she is—about."

"Not a—a—static sort of person? I think that's nice. Not static?"

"Not a bit static."

"I suppose you'll stay with her people for Christmas?"

"Her people?" said Charles, frowning.

"Or hasn't she any people? Oh, that's rather sad! Has she really no people?"

"Certainly she has people," said Charles with conviction.

"Well, where shall you be for Christmas?"

This interlocutor brought Charles to see that even romance must be tackled definitely. He made up his mind.

"I shall be at a little village where I was born and where I lived for years as a child. I feel I'd like to go back and see the place; get a few days' hunting round there, perhaps."

"Isn't that nice?"

"Yes," said Charles uneasily.

Frimley prepared innocently and with a whole heart for Christmas. Carol singers were practicing, the choir was singing its throats dry, the organist had a new voluntary, the vicar had a new idea for a sermon, all the geese and turkeys of the neighborhood waddled, had they but known it, in the shadow of death, and the inhabitants of the place were tying up and stowing away many mysterious parcels in secret hiding places. Frimley at this time was just like any other village in England.

"I sit here and sit here," said the old lady at the Hollies, "and I wonder what the world is coming to. When I was young, everyone had more spirit. When I was young, people's hearts were so gay. We had dances. When I was young, things happened."

She closed the heavy volume that lay on her knee. It was the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. They had delighted her.

"This," she said, tapping the book, with a bright eye, "is how things happened when I was young, though of course the period is antecedent to mine. Things happened!"

"I glanced at the book, mother, and I thought ——"

"You would, my darling. You would not understand. In my young days—just as in hers—we took care of our manners, and our morals were our own affair. Now everybody is always improving everybody, and what can be worse manners than that?"

"You say such things, mother!"

"Nothing like the things I think, my darling."

The old lady put the endearment on her lips as she might spread honey. "My darling," she always said when speaking to her daughter, and to her granddaughter also. And she always looked at them with her eyes so bright, so laughing, so critical. There sat her daughter, Rose II, a widow like herself, a small, plump, despondent lump of a thing.

"What are her thoughts?" pondered Rose I. "What have her thoughts ever been? Have I ever known? Has she ever had any? Here is another Christmas; here is another year gone, and still she never seems to have any thoughts worth thinking."

"My darling"—aloud—"it will soon be a new year."

"Yes, mother."

"Let us have a little talk. Don't you think it would be nice if you could enliven your ideas a little, think whether—well, whether you would not like to marry again, for example? Don't you think, my darling, you are tired of being with your old mother and would like a man of your own again? After all, there's nothing like a husband."

"Except another husband," said Rose II.

Rose I laughed. Really, her daughter had been almost witty. She gazed at her with an air of gentle, if derisive, enjoyment.

"Why not marry again?" she murmured persuasively. "Only forty-five, though an old forty-five, I regret to say, my dear. Now, in these letters Lady Mary recalls that the beauties of Continental courts were never really taken seriously at all until after forty. I really think, my darling, that another husband would be just the thing for you—a nice, placid man like your poor Frederick was."

Rose II got up from her comfortable chair before the fire. She looked under her eyelids slowly at her mother, so upright, thin and graceful in her silk gown, with her white hair and air of derisive enjoyment; so little a woman with so ripe an air. She looked out of the window down the short graveled drive between the box hedges, and there, beyond, she knew, was the village of Frimley, where nothing ever happened. Every wintry afternoon about this time they sat there before the fire, comfortably dozing away life with Rose I's little dog, Pom, on the rug between them.

"Yes," thought Rose II, "what have I ever done but doze away life? What else was there ever to do? She doesn't understand and never will. Hard-spirited iron woman—all her generation; and she doesn't understand. A nice placid man, indeed!"

Aloud: "I'll take up the tea tray, mother, I think."

The old lady inclined her head with a smile. She watched her daughter go. The light was falling, the fire flickered comfortably. Every winter afternoon they sat here like this.

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ANOTHER WATERLOO

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I AM in a position to relate this narrative, for George Coventry is my nephew and I am his Uncle Foster and his guardian. Moreover I was present at some of the more dramatic scenes, and of those at which I was not present, George, half amused, half crestfallen, gave me an excellent account later.

When my nephew entered Harvard as a freshman some fifteen years ago, he had a timid respect for women, read Longfellow and Thackeray and saw good in everything. In his sophomore year he became a violent but vague atheist, discovered Flaubert and Swinburne and, as he put it, had no use for women and no trust in men. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in this rapid right-about-face, for ever since colleges were invented I suppose that sophomores have prided themselves on being the most worldly, hardened cynics known to mankind.

George's disillusionment came in the early spring of his freshman year—that joyous, ardent season at Cambridge when the elms are purple in the Yard, when lectures become almost insupportable, when reprimands from the dean are frequent but ignored, and when—at least in those days—mint juleps substitute very adequately for Scotch and sodas.

It seems that my nephew, who is moderately rich, but not of Boston, had the misfortune to fall in love with a subdebutante whose ancestors for five generations had married nothing further removed than their own cousins. She was a manly little girl with thin colorless hair, a thin colorless mouth, sensible shoes and a husky voice; and her name was—well, never mind her name.

George danced with her at the Friday Evenings and on two occasions spent a week-end with her at her parents' suburban estate, where he enjoyed her camaraderie and the fish balls. It was in May that he proposed and was promptly but politely rejected.

Then my nephew appears to have earnestly devoted himself to going to the devil. He did, he assures me, a great many terrible things—at least he fondly imagined them to be terrible at the time. He cut all his nine-o'clock lectures and was put on probation; he appeared in his dinner clothes at a German A class, and he snored in his sleep during Fine Arts 4. In the evening he would, with a few devils of his kind, procure front-row seats from Thurston's for a musical comedy, would cocktail and dine at the little room downstairs in the Touraine, and would then go to the theater and throw pennies at the chorus girls. In this way he came to know some of the chorus girls, and, among others, he came to know Vonnie Vivian.

Vonnie, as she herself admitted, was a perfect lady, the daughter of a widowed mother who was blatantly in the foreground or discreetly in the background as the occasion demanded. Vonnie's father had been, it appeared, a Roughrider with Roosevelt and had been killed at San Juan. He had given up a very important position, Vonnie said, with an engineering firm in order to enlist; and it was unfortunate that his death should have left his widow almost penniless. But Vonnie, brave lady, came promptly to the rescue, and overcoming her mother's old-fashioned scruples against the stage as a career for a Vivian, had managed to procure a position in the chorus.

"What it cost my pride," Vonnie would say with a deep sigh, "nobody'll never know!"

My nephew, from his seat in the front row, marked this lady of patrician lineage as she went through, rather languidly, the steps and gestures required of her by the stage director of The Pet of Paris. He marked her, I say, and with the aid of the program and a feat of mental agility that would have been praiseworthy in a nobler cause, came to the conclusion that the perfect lady who sat at the bar in the Maxim's scene, and the same perfect lady who was in pink in the Monte Carlo scene, and the same who impersonated one of six American debutantes in the South Sea Islands scene, must, by a process of elimination, be none other than Vonnie Vivian.

She Stopped and Sent In a Sob to Bat for the Rest of Her Sentence. "I Never Could What?" Asked George Tenderly

Taking advantage of the first intermission, he eluded his companions and hastened to a Washington Street florist who, he knew, kept open shop until midnight, doubtless to cope with just such contingencies as this. He purchased a large bunch of violets adorned with a larger purple ribbon; he wrote hastily on a card; he hied himself to the stage door and presented the violets and half a dollar to his friend Peter the door man.

"For Miss Vivian," he said. "There's no answer, but I'll be waiting for her after the show."

"So'll her mother," commented Peter.

"Hell!" said my nephew, for he had taken up profanity along with wine, women and song. He hesitated, and I, for one, consider his hesitation unchivalrous but excusable.

"Never goes nowhere 'thout the old lady," continued the door man. "Threw your friend Mr. Vandyck down flat when he kinda suggested it. Ain't none o' my business, but I just thought I'd warn you, heh?"

"Much obliged," said my nephew absently. But the knowledge that she had thrown down the enormously rich Vandyck was serving as a stimulant to his flagging ardor. "Never mind, Peter," he said in his newly acquired grand manner. "Let the old lady tag along if she wants to. I'm not afraid of being laughed at, even if Vandyck is."

Before returning to the theater he had one more important commission to execute—he must procure a conveyance for the Vivians, *mère et fille*. In those days taxicabs were unknown, and automobiles of any description had by no means supplanted the malodorous horse-driven cabs. Of the latter, the best known to undergraduates for night work was that dilapidated antique owned and piloted by a certain Denny Shea. Denny's cab was always to be found in the evening stationed on Boylston Street outside a famous saloon, and Denny was always to be found inside the saloon. That is where my nephew found him.

Denny was a short, stocky old Irishman with a red face and a purple nose. He was fond of his beer and fonder of his whisky. Aside from driving his cab—which he was averse to doing until night, when he was well mellowed by the day's potations—he kept a book on the races. George assures me that Denny always paid his customers' winning bets up to the point where they did not exceed the losing ones. He was never quite sober; he was usually drunk; he was often very drunk.

But Denny had, during his long career, called thousands of Harvard undergraduates by their Christian names. Youths who were, in the future, to be bishops or bank presidents—he had driven them all alike to Cambridge, hilarious within the doors of that horrible old hack, or even more hilarious on the roof. Doubtless Denny is long since dead along with some other Harvard traditions.

Denny, then, was at the bar behind a glass of neat rye and a chaser. At my nephew's entrance he turned his head and remarked easily, "Good avenin', Misther Coventhry. What'll ye have?"

It was Denny's custom, it seems, to offer hospitality lavishly to those undergraduates who, he was convinced, were too proud and too well financed to accept it. George, who by now had had vast experience, replied according to the protocol, "No, no, Denny, this is on me. What'll it be? The same?"

"I don't moind," said Denny, and drained his own glass quickly that he might be prepared to deal with the next one.

My nephew explained his needs.

"Stage door of the Colonial at quarter to eleven," he said. "And—er—Denny, this isn't a rough party, you know. It's a girl and her mother. So don't—don't—well, don't get too intimate. I'm going to take them to the Bird Room at the Lenox."

Denny whistled through his teeth, spat in the large round brass spittoon and observed, "It's stoile ye want, is it, Misther Coventhry? Well, don't ye be worrit. Old Denny Shea's driv some of the grandest actoresses in the wor'rld. There was Sarah Burnard I driv wanst all th' way to Cambridge an' back, an' Nat Goodwan an' th' rist wouldn't droive behoind nobody but old Denny. That's phwat they thought o' me, Misther Coventhry, an' ——"

"All right, Denny," interrupted my nephew, "I know—I know, but I've got to hurry back to the show; so remember—quarter to eleven."

He paid for the two drinks, gave a quarter to Jack the barman—also, I'm afraid, a friend of his—and returned to the theater, satisfied but pleasantly excited.

His friends, as he expected, displayed a sarcastic interest in the reasons for his long absence. They wanted to know if he "had her all dated up"; they suggested various low dives where he might take her to supper; they argued the possibility of his inviting her for a midnight swim in the tank at Westmorley Court. In short, they were envious devils; and George, by no means displeased, said nothing, but smiled on them with a cool aloofness that must have been extremely irritating.

But throughout the remainder of the performance he kept his eyes pretty well fixed on Vonnie Vivian, and in no way did she disappoint him. She was indubitably graceful; she wore her clothes well; her figure was neither overbuxom nor overangular; her skin was dazzling white against the blackness of her hair and the redness of her lips—my poor, susceptible, very young nephew!

Nervous, and not a little embarrassed, he got rid of his hilarious friends when the last curtain had fallen.

"Going out to Cambridge to study," he asserted, and stuck to the assertion sturdily. They offered to escort him to the Subway station, and would have done so had he not eluded them in the crowd on Boylston Street. Friends, he decided, were a damn nuisance. Always trying to be funny. Always trying to butt in and spoil another fellow's party, just because they didn't have courage enough and—and *savoir-faire* enough to get one up for themselves. He resolved hereafter to attend the theater alone.

My nephew edged his way through the crowd of satellites at the stage door and boldly stepped inside.

"What's the answer, Peter?" he inquired in a low voice.

Peter nodded over his shoulder.

"Says to wait," he answered briefly. "Be out about eleven. Better put out that cigarette. Cop's still inside."

George obediently stamped out his cigarette and prepared himself to wait. There was no denying that his heart was beating high and fast, for he was far less of a sophisticated young devil than he pretended to be, and the long vigils in the strange bright obscurity of backstage had not as yet ceased to be flavored with mystery and romance. Moreover, picking a chorus girl from even so advantageous a seat as the front row was invariably an exhilarating gamble. It was like roulette—you'd lose most of the time, but there was always a chance, a breath-taking, palpitating chance, that your number might come up.

Presently girls began descending the iron stairs from their dressing rooms—joking, giggling, calling to one another. And a sprinkling of men, sallow and serious. And the comedian with his cheerful fat wife. And the juvenile with one of his wives. They all bade Peter and one another good night, looked through George as if he did not exist and scattered away in the darkness of the alley. George would have given a great deal to have dared to speak to the comedian—to have said, for instance, "Mr. Hawthorne, I think your work in The Pet of Paris is simply wonderful. There were four of us Harvard men in the front row tonight—you may have noticed us—and we all agreed you were about the best we'd ever seen." But George knew that such daring was beyond him.

As eleven o'clock approached, his nervousness increased, and he was in a fair way to wear out his thin gun-metal watch, when suddenly Vonnie Vivian stood before him, wearing his violets and regarding him dubiously. She held out a tentative hand.

"Mr. Coventry?"

"Yes!" he almost shouted; "yes, indeed, Miss Vivian. I'm so glad to meet you."

There was a small fraction of a minute's silence during which, although he was not aware of it, she must have been inspecting him—his clothes, his hat, his shoes, the cleanliness of his linen, his general presentability.

Then she said, with enough of a smile to show that her teeth were flawless, "It was nice of you to send me the flowers. How did you guess that I just adore violets?"

George's heart rose up and beat triumphantly. So far her behavior and her speech had been perfect. Had she not said what he had so often heard the best bred girls of Back Bay say: "How did you know that I just adore violets?" And her intonation, if slightly different, was, he fancied, more—well, more cosmopolitan.

"Not at all, not at all," he said rather irrelevantly. "I thought maybe you'd like to drive"—the verb was a Machiavellian touch—"to drive up to the Lenox and have a little supper in the Bird Room. I thought just a bite before you go to—go home. It's really quite nice up there at the Lenox."

"I'm sure it is," said Miss Vivian carefully, "and I'd love to go, only, you see, I'm with mother, and she and I always cook something at home on the chafing dish. Oh," she broke off, "here's mother now." And sure enough, there was mother.

Mother was a generously built, expansive-bosomed woman, with grayish-red hair and heavy, well-massaged jowls. She was dressed, as befitted her maternal occupation, in black—in rather elegant black, with a deal of jet; she was, it appears, one of those good-natured mothers, and her public smile, which was indelible, revealed but one gold tooth.

"Mother," said Miss Vivian, "let me make you acquainted with Mr.—er—Mr. Corventry. That is the name, isn't it?" she added, turning large blue eyes on my nephew.

He smiled back at her reassuringly.

"It's Coventry," he said, "but it doesn't matter. I answer to anything," and he shook hands warmly with Mrs. Vivian. "I was just suggesting to your daughter," he lied, "that the three of us drive up to the Lenox and have a bit of supper in the Bird Room."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Vivian, "that's nice of you, I'm sure—that's mighty nice of you—but you two young things don't want an old woman like me trailing along and you know it. Just you run off by yourselves and have a good time and mother'll be all right at home with a good book and the magazines."

Vonnie shook her head at her and smiled on her affectionately but despairingly.

"You see how she is!" she exclaimed. "She always thinks she's in the way, and most of the time she's really the life of the party. Old! Why, mother's the youngest person in the world—aren't you, mummykins?"

George didn't quite know what to answer to that, and the term "mummykins" jarred a trifle. Still, he thought, it was nice to see such sincere affection between mother and daughter.

"I'll be horribly disappointed if you won't come, Mrs. Vivian," he said. "I have a carriage waiting and—and everything."

"Of course she'll come!" cried Vonnie gayly, and putting her slim arm as far as she could around her mother's ample waist, she playfully pushed her through the doorway into the dimly lit alley. Denny Shea and his hack were waiting at the corner.

"To the Lenox," commanded George, with what Denny recognized as unwonted dignity.

"Yes, sor-r," said Denny, and flicked the moribund horse painlessly across its ribs.

When they had alighted in front of the hotel, my nephew instructed Denny to be back promptly at midnight.

"Yes, sor-r," said Denny.

"And," George added in a whisper, "don't get stewed in the meantime."

"No, sor-r," said Denny.

In the brightly lighted Bird Room, my nephew was at last enabled to observe Vonnie Vivian's appearance clearly and at leisure. Those were the days when women wore large hats, and Vonnie's was one that graciously shadowed her face. It was perhaps for this reason that my nephew put her down as being not more than twenty years old. Her features were, individually, not strikingly good except in the instance of her large dark blue eyes with their long industrious black lashes. Her nose was amusing and frankly

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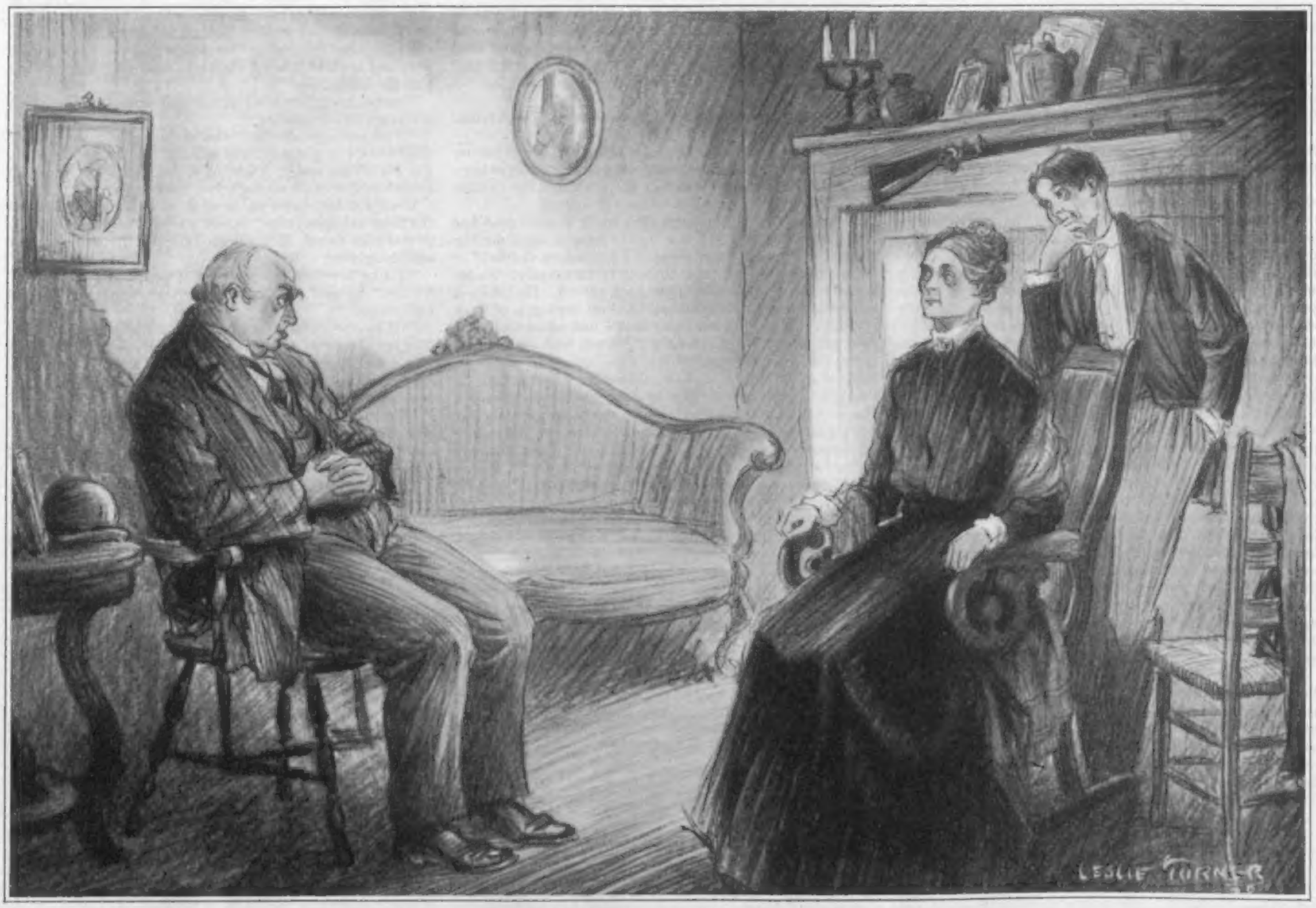
"It Was Nice of You to Send Me the Flowers. How Did You Guess That I Just Adore Violets?"

STAVE STUFF

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER



Mrs. Pettle Heard Sam Out in Grim Silence Which He Found Decidedly Disquieting

ABOVE East Harbor—that is to say, above the main part of the town and the docks—there lies at low tide an expanse of mud flat, ugly and malodorous, through the center of which, in a channel of varying width, the waters of the river make their way to the bay. The flat runs up from the bridge a mile or more to where, over a terrace of bowlders, the river drops to tide level; and when the tide is out this is a noisome place, redeemed only by the glints of copper and bronze which the sun evokes from tufted seaweed on bowlders here and there, by the rich dark blue of the mussel beds and by the reflected glory of the sky caught in little puddles of clear water which lie in the pits left by diggers of the clam.

But when the tide is high the place is transformed into an inland lake of astonishing beauty. There is nothing to contaminate the water hereabouts; it flows in from the bay so transparently clear that from any reasonable vantage it is possible to see the bottom in considerable depths. And this bottom—mud and gravel and seaweed—is transformed by the medium through which it is seen and becomes a thing of beauty across which many colors play. From the bridge you may watch flounders coming in with the tide, and smaller fishes in clouds dart here and there. And the tide flows inward till the basin is filled to the brim; and on every side then trees or meadowlands come down to the water and the flats have disappeared.

When high tide comes at evening, the westering sun sends its floods of color down the river valley, and they sweep across the water in almost palpable waves, bewildering the eye. Thus for half the day this upper basin is a wonderland; for the other half, a desolate waste indeed.

A good many years ago, small vessels were built on ways along this upper bay; and you may see here and there, half buried in the mud or overgrown with grass along the shores, traces of that ancient industry. In one place the ribs of two or three of these vessels rise from the mud in broken curves, rotting and falling to pieces year by year. A man named Randolph Pettle used to build here small fishing schooners, scarce large enough to support the burden of canvas which their two masts bore, yet seaworthy, too, and much esteemed. He had land running back from the water, with some first-growth pine on it, and some fine old oak and hackmatack; and from the tree to the finished vessel the work was done there upon his land. But he died near twenty years ago, a man then toward old age. And Mrs. Pettle was left with some small means, and a son, and the house by the water, and the farm.

Of his industry few traces now remain. The shipways are rotted and gone; the house needs painting and repair; the farm scarce furnishes pasturage and hay for Mrs. Pettle's cow; and the fine growth of lumber and of hardwood which once clad the slopes behind the house has given place to a jumble of worthless trees—poplar, sapling oak, beech, birch, hemlock, cedar and what not. Good for no decent uses, fit only to be sawed into box boards and the like. A young growth, yet giving no promise of more merit when it shall be mature; not worth leaving to ripen. Stave stuff, in the local phrase.

Randolph Pettle had been a man of some importance; and though Mrs. Pettle was not inclined to set herself above her neighbors, neither was she unmindful of her husband's superiority and her own. When, in the few years after his death, her substance fled and she was reduced to penury, the sympathy and even the pity which were offered her roused her to a mood of proud and irascible resentment against the town.

Pettle had no relatives thereabouts, nor had she; thus there was no one from whom she might have been willing to receive relief. But relief she had to have, and for it—since her son was at the time only a baby—she could turn only to her own hands. She did some sewing, and then she did some washing, and she scrubbed floors in her time. But these mean tasks she accepted with an air, coming to the homes of her customers as one who confers a favor by her presence. She was tall and very spare, yet strong as an ordinary man and tireless as though framed of iron. What soft and mitigating flesh her harsh bones may once have worn melted under the rigorous life she led, and left uncompromising hollows and slants and angles where warm curves might have been. Her countenance assumed a stern and graven aspect, and her deep dark eyes seemed to withdraw into her head, looking forth with such defiance as appears in the eyes of a denned animal. Only those with keener vision could read in them the faint timidity, the fearful shrinking and the longing glance which in fact they wore.

Her dress was customarily of black, and when she scrubbed floors she used to kilt this up above her knees; her arms bared to the elbows were brown and gaunt, the skin hugging close to sinew and to muscle. A good many people liked her and wished her well, but Mrs. Pettle was never one to accept sympathy with any gracious air. So those unable to discern the reality beneath the mask she wore were afraid of her and so disliked her. Life had taught her defiance, and this quality manifested itself in a disposition to disagree with other folk. They said she was contrary-minded.

Mrs. Pettle first began to go out to work by the day when her son was four or five years old, and perforce, since there was no one with whom she might leave the baby, she took him with her. His name was William and she called him Willie; and this name came curiously from her stern and unbending lips, suggesting a softness out of all harmony with the character she wore. The boy used to play contentedly enough about the tubs where his mother was busy; or to amuse himself by sliding, as though on ice, across the wet floors she had freshly scrubbed. He was an attractive child, with curly yellow hair which his mother left uncut and which gave him a deceptively seraphic appearance. For he had a capacity for mischief; not the innocent mischief to be expected of children whose curiosity leads them into adventures not sanctioned by the adult world, but rather enterprises wholly calculated to annoy or to destroy. He broke a window here and there; he emptied

a bottle of ink into a wash boiler full of clothes; and he threw Charlie Mace's gold watch into the kitchen stove.

It had, by the time he achieved this feat, been demonstrated that whatever Willie's faults might be, his mother would refuse to see them. The tale of the watch she flatly characterized as slander.

"Nobody saw Willie do it," she used to say. "I didn't see him and I was right in the kitchen all the time. Chances are it dropped out of Charlie Mace's pocket when he fixed the fire in the morning. You ain't going to blame everything on Willie." And she used to add, "Willie never did do anything to make trouble for me. He looks out for his mother."

This was in fact a trait in Willie which early showed itself. Children have much more understanding than is ordinarily credited to them. It is probable that the boy perceived as well as anyone that in his mother's loyalty he had a strong buckler; and as soon as this understanding came to him, he took care never to shatter her faith. Not only did he understand that so long as he never struck at her she would defend him, but he seemed also to comprehend that no one in town was inclined to mulct her for damages for his misdeeds. Toward her therefore he was reasonably attentive and helpful and kind, but to the rest of East Harbor he was for years anathema.

What is mischief in a youngster becomes, about the time a boy passes his tenth year, deviltry; and before he is twenty the same misdeed may fairly be labeled a crime. This gamut, or something very like it, Willie ran. The episode of the watch marked what might be called his babyhood. He was just passing six. During the next four or five years there was always some new tale of Willie to be told, and the teachers under whose charge he was in the public schools groaned when he came to them and longed for a rest cure when he passed on. But during this interval, his exploits, though continual, were somewhat monotonous, no one incident rising above the general level until the time when he was ten years old.

By that time Willie sometimes took small odd jobs for pay, and people hired him for his mother's sake. He was tall for his age, active and strong; and he could push a lawn mower as well as a man. Mrs. Wade Tower used to hire him to cut her grass. She was a gentle old woman, living alone in a house near the square which was itself better than a hundred years old and rich with the flavor of antiquity.

Her husband had left her a certain income; she was comfortable enough; and her chiefest pleasure lay in the flower beds about the place, where with hands clad in clean cotton gloves she used to trowel and weed and plant each afternoon when the sun drew low. This garden of hers was in its small way famous; and people often stopped to see it and to talk with her, finding as much pleasure in her gentle pleasure as in the flowers themselves.

Willie cut her lawn one day, but in a fashion somewhat slovenly, leaving tufts of grass here and there and neglecting to use the shears around the beds and in the corners where the lawn mower would not reach. When, some ten days later, he was to do the work again, Mrs. Wade spoke to him about this negligence.

"You didn't do as neat a job as you should, Willie," she said gently. "You must learn to be a good workman now while you're a boy, and then the habit will be of value to you when you're older. Now this time I want you to be very thorough. When you get through with the lawn mower you must take the shears and cut everything you've missed." She was, she added, to be away that afternoon. "I'm going to Mrs. Hartley's for tea," she explained, "and when I come back I expect to see everything cut neatly. And I'll give you a quarter extra for a good job, Willie dear."

Willie listened to this mild exhortation with a grin, small devils dancing in his eyes. But the old woman was not used to looking for devils in the eyes of those about her, so she had no warning of what was to come. Returning from Mrs. Hartley's at suppertime that afternoon, she was met by Willie, grinning impudently, with extended hand.

"I've cut everything like you said, ma'am," he said mildly.

She looked around, and she tottered with dismay and choked out a stricken cry. For Willie had, indeed, cut everything, and neatly. The lawn was cropped; and not only this but the flower beds were bare as clipped polls, the raw earth showing nakedly above the decapitated roots of the flowers. And even Mrs. Wade was driven to a movement of such anger that Willie was startled into flight, ran away and left her pottering helplessly above her ruined beds, weeping at her loss.

The affair made a great deal of noise in East Harbor, and the general opinion of Willie hardened into something more stern. It was agreed that something should be done, and Mrs. Wade herself was led to ask her lawyer, Arthur Tuck, to go and see Mrs. Pettle and report what had happened. Arthur, a deliberate and precise man, tall and spare, with a drooping and irregular mustache, listened to the old woman thoughtfully.

"Do you want I should collect damages, Mrs. Wade?" he asked. "I don't suppose Mrs. Pettle can pay anything."

"I don't want her to pay," Mrs. Wade told him. "I know she can't. But something has to be done about Willie, Arthur. Something must be done."

"I guess you know how she is," he reminded her; nevertheless he went upon his errand as she bade.

Mrs. Pettle, that grim woman whose deep-set eyes hid the hurt she bore, listened to him with an austere dignity; and when Arthur lamely finished what he had to say, she spoke to him.

"I'm surprised at you, Arthur Tuck," she protested.

"Surprised?" he asked defensively.

"You know as well as I do," she declared, "that Willie only did what he was told. Mrs. Wade told him to cut everything down snug."

"She didn't mean the flowers!" he cried. "You know, Mrs. Pettle, she didn't mean her flowers!"

"Then she hadn't ought to have said what she did," Willie's mother loyally declared. "She can't expect a boy to know what she means if she don't say it. Willie's a good worker and he does what he's told, and he just did what she told him to do."

Arthur was the mildest of men, but he said with an incredulous laugh, "I guess you know better than that, Mrs. Pettle." At which the woman flared at him.

"I know better, do I? You'll be saying I'm lying to you next. Come here trying to slander Willie and insult me! I thought better of you, Arthur Tuck." She made a sweeping gesture. "You get out of my house now! I won't be insulted in my own house! And don't you go bothering Willie or I'll have the law on you! I will!

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Other Boys Were Forbidden His Company; and He Thus Acquired a Certain Prestige in Youthful Eyes, and a Certain Dark Preeminence

CHUNKS OF HAPPINESS

By Harris Dickson

Pigs an' chickens hustle,
Scramble out de road;
All de cotton pickers
Ridin' in a Fode.

Pack 'em on de cushions,
Jam de runnin' bode;
Chunks of grinnin' happiness
In a shiny Fode.

Crank her up wid muscle
Hit de grit for town;
Never mind de rattle
While de wheel turns round.

Won't eat narry tater,
Neither meat an' greens,
Isom's at de steerer,
Eatin' sardines.

'Nother car behind him;
Don't you let 'em pass;
Beat 'em to de crossin',
Steppin' on de gas.

Skid around de corners,
Bridges at a jump;
Hit a little bull calf'
Biff! Bang! Bump!

Smash ag'inst de phone pole!
Tumble in de ditch!
What t'ell's de diffe'nce?
Ev'ybody's rich.

Rich! That's the Hilarious Idea. The Renter and His Family Have Made a Bumper Crop

RICH—that's the hilarious idea! Isom has made a bumper crop; his fields are piled like snowdrifts with fluffy cotton, at twenty cents a pound and upward. So Isom grins upon a happy world, with teeth whiter than his cotton. Silver jingles merrily in his jeans; money to buy Fodes and gingersnaps, to have his portrait enlarged in crayon, with a gilt frame.

During the next few weeks of "scatteration" no luxury will be too expensive for Isom. He'll skylark through a lavish Christmas, squander every cent of his cash, and on the first day of February Isom will go shuffling into the plantation store to draw rations on the credit of next year's crop. But look at the fun he has. As compared with Isom in his day of brief prosperity, a drunken sailor looks miserly and conservative. Sailors spend in driblets, while Isom lets the hide go with the horns and tallow.

The Thrifty Tenant Who Makes Himself Independent and Respected

Cotton-Picking Time

JUST now, in the middle of cotton-picking time, Isom's kinky head is full of wheels. He craves to ride, to ride fast. The present owner of any secondhand automobile need only go to the nearest gin, and Isom will buy it.

Up to the first of October, in favored sections of our cotton belt this has been a phenomenal season—just enough moisture at the beginning to give the plant a thriving start, with long rainless days and dry hot nights to mature the heaviest fruit. Southern poets love to rhapsodize of "level acres white with snowy lint," a vision which for once has ripened into reality. Fields are actually white with the prettiest lint that ever delighted the eye of a mortgage-smothered planter. But it annoys the planter to see Isom gallivanting past in a Fode, delighting his eye with the cotton instead of picking it. Cotton is the lazy man's crop; it stands more neglect than a fleabitten mule. On such a soil in such a year, with little or no encouragement, the plant will grow and produce. From March to July, Isom may give it a casual lick-and-a-promise, but the picking demands attention, steady attention, right now. And to overexert himself right now is precisely what Isom has no hankering for. Any old excuse is sufficient to keep him out of the field. A tiny cloud arises, one of those half-a-minute showers that spill forty drops of water. Thirty-nine drops have already been spilled when the boss spies Isom, straddlewise the hurricane deck of a mule, galloping like hell-a-beatin'-tanbark to his cabin.

"Hold on, Isom, hold on," the boss shouts. "What's the matter?"

"I'm rushin' home, suh, to git out o' dis rain."

"But the rain will be over before you get home."

"Yas, suh. Dat's why I'm ridin' so swif'."

Innocent Northerners may imagine that even a negro, when the result of a whole year's toil lies exposed to the weather, would be in a fidget to get it under cover. Isom knows that autumn storms are coming, winds to blow out his cotton, rains to beat it down, mixing the staple with mud and leaves and sticks. He understands that cotton picked before the rains, while it's white and clean, sells for ten-twenty-forty dollars more to the bale. And Isom has absolutely nothing else to do except to pick that cotton. Yet none of these sordid considerations pester him. The planter frets and urges his tenants to gather their crops, which is the worrisome way of white folks and makes 'em so hard to get along with. But Isom cannot be driven, not when he's rich

This fall a certain optimistic planter boasted that Isom was picking more diligently than usual—usual for Isom. Maybe so, but on that same brilliant Saturday, when the planter made his brags, some two hundred Isoms were at that moment loafing around his plantation store, every man of whom should have been saving his crop.

That very night the rains began. For helpless weeks the planter must sit and watch thunderstorms battering at his beautiful lint, tearing it from the bolls and beating it down into the mud, until thousands of bales are irretrievably lost. Cotton can only be gathered in dry weather. When water stands in the furrows, a picker makes an awful mess, dragging his heavy sack between the rows. And, besides, damp fiber clogs a gin. Lint must be free from moisture.

Therefore, after a rain, all operations are necessarily suspended. Does Isom mope and brood and mutter like the melancholy Dane? Not so that you may notice it with the naked eye. That's the white man's job, to mope and mutter. Carefree Isom hangs around the store, munching a stick of striped candy, or lounges at ease on the gallery of his cabin while he sings, "More rain—more rest."

To the foreigner, ignorant of Southern life, Isom's untroubled frame of mind must always be a mystery. He is also a mystery to white men of forty years' experience. The veteran planter, who deals with Isom every day, rarely understands the complex sinuosity of his maneuvers; and before the uitlander is qualified to guess wrong, he must absorb at least a little of the plantation system. Here it is:

One morning in the early, amorous springtime, Isom shows up at the store. He doesn't march in openly and directly, but skirmishes around outside, reconnoitering the terrain. Presently he enters with an air of negligent indifference, as though he had no business there, and wishes he'd stayed at home. Always, however, Isom keeps one crafty eye upon Colonel Swampwood, who sits at a table in the little pen at the rear which he calls his office. To glance at Isom, one would infer that nothing could be farther from his thoughts than a sinister design upon the colonel—exactly the impression that subtle Isom intends to convey. If he can slip up on the colonel's blind side, maybe the boss will say "All right, Isom," and let it go at that. So Isom waits, plans, edges nearer, passes the table a time or two, pretending that he doesn't see the colonel, isn't studying about the colonel.

Credit When the Cash is Gone

THEN, in his casual offhand fashion, he remarks, "Cunnel, I wants fifty acres o' land dis year."

"Fifty acres?" Colonel Swampwood lays aside a paper and peers over his specs.

"Yas, suh." The jig's up, and Isom knows it, for the colonel puts a strong inflection on the fifty.

"But, Isom, what can you do with fifty acres? You have no bigger family than you had last year."

"No, suh." Isom scrapes his foot along the floor, and scratches his head. "My family ain't no bigger, but dem chillun is growed right smart; an' John Henry, he's man-size now—an' ——"

"You tried to cultivate only eighteen acres last season," the planter reminds him, "and I had to help you out by hiring extra labor."

"Yas, suh. I did kinder git in a jam. But ——"

Upon this point the white man and the black comprehend each other. There's no enigma about Isom's reason for wanting fifty acres instead of eighteen, because his credit at the plantation store is based upon the quantity of land that he has under cultivation. A fifty-acre tenant is supposed to use a larger force and require more rations than a tenant of eighteen acres. The shrewd objective of Isom's strategy is to intrench himself in a position where he can buy whatever he wants, and let Colonel Swampwood take a long chance of getting his pay. Antagonistic to that scheme, the colonel's method is to hold down Isom's charge account, and let him have only the necessities for making a crop. So they thrash out their negotiations along this line, and compromise on twenty acres. Colonel Swampwood provides the land, while Isom provides himself and family. Isom has nothing else. No matter how much cash he might have had in the fall, he spent it for jimcracks, and stuff to take the kinks out of his hair. Now he's naked and hungry.

Under the customary agricultural contract, Colonel Swampwood must supply Isom with a house to live in, a mule to pull his plow, clothing for himself and family and rations to feed them; all on credit. Isom's profit from last year's crop might easily have been enough to pay their living expenses through another season; or even to purchase the land itself which Isom has been renting, and make of him an independent freeholder. In lieu of which Isom bought a Fode. Its rusty wreck can now be seen, junked beneath the chinaberry tree in front of Isom's cabin, while Isom begins another year—in debt.

If Isom were a solvent person, able to pay or secure a cash lease, the colonel would gladly let him have all the land he wants. But their contract is not for any fixed amount of rent in cash. Isom only agrees to pay one-fourth of whatever product his languid energy may extract from the soil; and the yield of a thousand acres, under his administration, will be no greater than the yield of twenty acres. So at the outset of their diplomacy, Isom yearns for the credit that he may establish by securing a large tract of land, while the colonel keeps an economical brake on Isom's store account.

The First Ginning on Wilton Plantation

Their contract is duly signed, sealed and delivered. Isom and the colonel yoke up together. For Isom's credit of clothing, food for man and mule, the landlord has no security except the hope that Isom and family may stick on the job long enough to make a crop. With mortgage, taxes and operating expenses to meet, the landlord finds himself hog-tied to the soil, while Isom remains foot-loose as of yore—limber-legged and free. If luck turns against Isom, if he dives too deeply into debt and the prospect for a crop seems skimpy, Isom can shut his door, call the dog and move. The planter must stay and sweat it through.

Resting Up for Harvest Time

ALMOST important clause in their contract is that Isom agrees to provide all necessary labor, which includes picking. For himself and the man-size John Henry to plow twenty acres of land is a short horse and soon curried. To plant his twenty acres is an even shorter horse. Possibly he and John Henry may run their cultivator over the land a couple of times to keep it pulverized. Then they chop out weeds from the young cotton. After chopping out, they "lay by," which means a final laying of the soil to the roots of the growing plant. This completes their portion of the season's work, except the picking. Between plowing time, planting time, chopping time and laying by, Isom has ample leisure to recuperate. As a matter of fact, during these seven months, from New Year's to August, he and his family have put in possibly sixty days of actual work. Not consecutively, but a few days now and then, scattered along, spread thinly through that period. Which is all the labor that a cotton crop requires; and Isom makes no garden, raises no livestock, does nothing else.

Therefore, the uninformed bystander may theorize that Isom is completely rested, tingling with pep; that Isom is standing on tiptoe, eager to wrestle with the real labor of his year. Not much. Isom has only cinched his habit of repose and finds it difficult to buckle down to work. His cotton bolls burst open all at once, in puffs of fluffy whiteness, and Isom gets stampeded. When that inevitable crisis arises, the bystander comprehends how much foresight Colonel Swampwood displayed in not letting Isom have fifty acres. If the average tenant and his family would pick steadily, six solid days per week, they could pretty well gather their crop. But nobody expects such prodigies of a plantation negro; so his landlord hires extra labor in order to collect his rent—and be paid for supplies which Isom has consumed on credit.

"Extras!" What joy for the colonel to insert this modest ad, "WANTED! FIFTY EXTRAS," and have a mob of applicants besiege him, as extras clamor at the movie studios in Hollywood, more than enough to clean up his crop in half a day. This never, never happens on a plantation. Temporary pickers cannot be drawn from surrounding properties, where men, women and children are supposed to be busier than bird dogs. The colonel must consult a labor agent in town, who, for so much a head, sends him a variegated assortment of floaters—cooks, washerwomen, odd-job men, idlers, all colors and sizes. These are billeted among the cabins, in abandoned gin houses, under any roof that affords shelter. Strange faces bring novelty to the dull routine of a plantation; a carnival of black and yellow, a festival, a vintage season more colorful than that of France or Italy, dancing, crap shooting, love-making, and sentimental adventures of the harvest hallelujah.

Pampered Pickers

IN LEAN years fifty to seventy-five cents a hundred pounds is the usual rate to pay for picking, though the extra hand must provide his own board. But when planters are crying for labor, labor, labor, at any price, they pay a dollar and a half a hundred, bunk and rations free. In one respect a negro is like everybody else—he feels his importance when you can't get along without him. He swaggers and makes demands—demands which are not enforced by bombs and stilettos, but merely by sitting down. Fat, black Aunt Lily is a prominent washerwoman of Vicksburg who, with two hefty daughters, has gone to enjoy a change of air in the country. She goes to the plantation and immediately realizes that Colonel Swampwood is up against it, that he must get his crop picked out. So Aunt Lily and the two girls plump their fat selves down on Isom's front gallery and toil not, neither do they spin until the colonel sends for them in an automobile. Walk to the field? Not an inch. There they recline in rocking-chairs, chewing their wads of gum and waiting for luxurious transportation. The colonel can't help himself. He grins and humors them.

According to the ancient and honorable custom of cotton picking, it used to be that when Aunt Lily had stuffed her sack plumb full, at fifty cents a hundred pounds, she went waddling like a gingham hippopotamus to the scales and got it weighed. At a dollar and a half a hundred, however, with board and lodging free, she considers it beneath her dignity to waddle. Aunt Lily declines to budge one corpulent step, and tote her sack. The boss must detail a special negro to come for it and bring it back, a negro with a mule who waits on the languid lady by carrying her pickings to the scales. This innovation might prove a timesaver if, meanwhile, Aunt Lily and her daughters went along with

(Continued on Page 114)

A Typical Scene in Front of the General Store

The Plantation Store is a Favorite Loafing Place on Bright Saturdays

Above—Three Weeks Earlier Than Usual Long Lines of Wagons Wait Their Turn at the Gin

THE PETARD BUTTERFLY

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE youngish man in gray flannel shirt and khaki knickers turned from examining a stenciled washstand with a split top and one wabbly leg to inspect with eager interest a small, spidery, highly varnished table. He was one of many similarly busied, for the scene was a New England farm auction, and perhaps a hundred persons were scattered about the furniture-strewn yard or were milling through the dismantled rooms of the old house. The time was 9:30 of an August morning, and there was a full half hour before the sale was scheduled to begin; a precious and somewhat exciting period for those who intended to participate, a period when hopes were kindled and covetous designs were born.

There was a decided glint of covetousness in the mild blue eyes of the youngish man as he tested the glossy surface of the table. Yet there was also something about the article which gave him pause. He was viewing it doubtfully when a rather heavily built man somewhat sportily attired in a checked suit and flat-topped derby rose from his perch on the seat of a rusty mowing machine and strolled with leisurely intent toward the table tester.

"Here it is! Well, Well! I Suppose This Was Meant for Humor"

"Find anything you like, professor?" asked the derby wearer.

"Why, hello, Preble!" And there was a certain cordial friendliness in the greeting. "You're just the one I was looking for. What do you think about this table?"

"M-m-m," the Preble person registered critical consideration. "Odd piece, isn't it? Pie-crust top, fluted pillar and duck feet. Don't think I ever ran across one just like it before."

"Nor I. Quite unusual, I should say. But it looks so shiny."

"Ye-e-es," admitted Mr. Preble. "Some like that high finish, some don't. It can always be rubbed down, you know."

"Of course—oil and pumice. And if I was sure this was a genuinely old table I would try to ——"

"Let's have a look at the drawer; that ought to tell," broke in Mr. Preble, reaching for the milky-toned glass knob.

It was a convincing drawer; the sides dovetailed into the front member, the bottom, a hand-chamfered, one-piece pine board grooved in, and showing that pumpkin tint which time along can give. Also there were ancient ink and grease stains.

"Always look at the drawer," added Mr. Preble, tapping the thin board. "They can't fake that. Nice crotch veneer on the front too."

"Isn't it? Regular fern pattern." The professor was almost gloating over it. "Knob set in pewter, I believe. And here is—Oh, I say!" He had no sooner uttered the exclamation than he appeared to regret it.

"Eh?" Mr. Preble was trying to light a blunt-ended cigar with a patent lighter—a job which needs concentration.

"It—it is nice veneer," echoed the professor, fumbling to replace the drawer.

For a brief moment Mr. Preble watched him, dark eyes narrowed under heavy brows, a cynical smile flickering about his wide mouth. There was not exactly malice in the glance, but there was cold contempt, utter scorn. Then he walked back to his seat on the mower.

The professor, too, moved along, paused before a battered slant-top desk, fingered the ball tops of a maple cord bed, simulated interest in a Boston rocker with a missing arm. But again and again he looked longingly back at the pie-crust table. Finally, after a cautious glance which told him that Mr. Preble's keen eyes were not on him, he drifted back, once more pulled out the drawer and then hastily replaced it.

The professor had made a discovery. On the under side of the bottom board, he had found, scratched in pre-Spencerian script, a signature—"Jno. Rodgers." He was thrilled, agitated. Jonathan Rodgers? Had there not been a Colonial character of that name who had done something or other? He couldn't remember. Perhaps this was simply the mark of some old cabinetmaker, or of a former owner. Anyway, it gave authenticity to the table. It must be an early piece, perhaps quite early. A find! He wondered if Preble had seen the angular signature. He hoped not. Also he hoped that none of the numerous dealers prowling about would make the same discovery. He must be calm, calculating. How much would the thing bring? Thirty, forty, fifty? Yes, he would go as high as fifty, if necessary. For this was a rare piece, a prize. A genuine Jonathan Rodgers, with duck feet! That would be something to bear proudly home to Marion, for a birthday present. Yes, next Wednesday was the date. But if it should be bid higher than fifty? That was really more than he could afford. Suppose he was forced to pay as high as seventy-five? Still, a table such as that might well be worth twice as much. Besides a good antique is a good investment. He had read that slogan somewhere and had often quoted it to Marion. But he must conceal his interest in the piece, must appear indifferent. He strolled away, hands in his pockets, his mild eyes aglow.

Not that Professor Newton Rumley was a typical low-comedy professor. No. He was neither humorously absent-minded nor absurdly self-centered. He was not a genius. As a matter of fact, he was not a full-fledged professor, being merely an assistant in the chemistry department of a coeducational Middle Western state university. He was just under forty, married, and was trying to clothe and educate a fifteen-year-old son and a sixteen-year-old daughter on a salary which, if offered any class-conscious bricklayer, would promptly bring on a strike of the entire building trades. But a year or more previous he had had a windfall, or rather his wife had. Mrs. Newton Rumley had inherited a small legacy, most of which they had invested in the purchase of a practically abandoned farm back East in the New Hampshire hills not far from the town where Newton Rumley was born. In the midst of the rocky sterile acres was the usual set of unpainted buildings in the usual state of disrepair. According to local tradition the old farmhouse had been built somewhere about 1820. Anyway, it was a low-eaved affair, with arched sheds running back to a huge barn; the living room was high wainscoted, there was a wide-mouthed fireplace with a brick oven at one side, and from the attic peak they had unearthed a somewhat wabbly flax wheel.

Probably it was the flax wheel which gave them the idea of furnishing the old house as nearly as possible after the fashion of the period in which it was first occupied. Or it might have been Professor Rumley's success at his first auction. He had brought home to the almost empty house where they were camping rather forlornly a most welcome truck load of antiques and near-antiques—half a dozen fiddle-back chairs, tables of pine and cherry with warped leaves, some spool beds, two grained bureaus, a miscellaneous lot of dishes, cooking utensils and a few braided rugs. The whole lot had cost him less than a hundred dollars. True, most of the things needed repair; a chair seat here, a few nails in that table leg, a little paint and varnish on the beds and bureaus. But when they had been made usable and arranged in the low-posted rooms, they seemed to be thoroughly at home, as if they belonged, always had been there.

"I say, Marion," asked the professor, "why not do the whole house this way, little by little, as we can?"

"Well, why not, Newton?" assented Mrs. Rumley.

Then they beamed fondly on one another and clasped hands. They were that sort of people. And with mounting enthusiasm they embarked on this gentle enterprise almost as if it were a great adventure. Perhaps it was, for them. The vacation doings of an assistant professor are not apt to be wildly exciting, especially if he is a family man. Yet from this simple pursuit of old furniture to put in an old house they had managed to extract, during that first summer, almost as many thrills as if they were bagging wild elephants in Senegambia, or wherever such things are bagged. And now, well along in their second vacation at Ledge Acres, they could exult over the capture of a two-drawer blanket chest or the snaring of a sooty brass sap kettle.

As Mr. Preble not infrequently remarked to his wife: "It takes all kinds of people to make a world, don't it, Henrietta?"

To be quite impartial, Marion Rumley held a somewhat similar opinion with regard to Mr. Preble, or perhaps hers was more definite.

"Do you know, Newton, I'm beginning to distrust that Preble person."

"Oh, let's not work up prejudices, Marion. Besides, he's a great help to me at sales. Knows what's what, Preble does. I'd never known about Bennington ware, nor Kellog prints, nor six-board chests, if it hadn't been for his hints."

"But remember what we found out about the comb-back Windsor and the thumb-print goblets?"

The professor flushed a little under the eyes. "Ye-e-es. The comb never belonged, and the goblets came from the five-and-ten. Preble says he would have told me so if I'd asked him. So now I do when I'm not sure. I will admit,

my dear, that he's not just the sort I should choose as a boon companion; but as an adviser at auctions he seems quite competent and he surely is very friendly about it."

"Why, Newton?" asked Mrs. Rumley.

Newton shrugged his shoulders. "Isn't it barely possible that he has been won by my pleasing personality?"

Which ought to be a propitious moment for presenting, by your leave, Mr. A. Chester Preble. His official signature, you understand, and the name which appears on the neatly printed business card he offers to casual acquaintances. Confidentially, the A stands for Aaron; a designation which, as a boy, he considered unfortunate. It gave his little playmates a handle for ingenious insult.

"Double A Aaron
Thinks he's a baron!"

This, and other doggerel, they shouted after him, until he turned and fought his tormentors, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise. He did not think of himself as a baron, whatever that was; but he did hold that he was just as good as any boy in South Adnock, if not a little better. Smarter anyhow. He could beat any of 'em at playing marbles or swapping jackknives.

As a sturdy youth he signed himself Aaron Chester Preble and outgrew the offensive couplet. As a man he deleted all but the initial, dropped into oblivion the biblical cognomen and became known to his familiars as Chet Preble. Somehow the name fitted him snugly. Chet Preble—does it not come trippingly, smoothly from the tongue? Well, there was more or less smoothness about Mr. Preble.

Note, if you will, the sleek black hair; the white well-kept hands; the bland good-nature suggested by the up-curving lips. True, a certain hardness lurked in the brown eyes and from the adequate nose cynical lines spread around the ample mouth, but the general effect of his features was one of unruffled poise. A good poker face. Likewise a face useful at auctions.

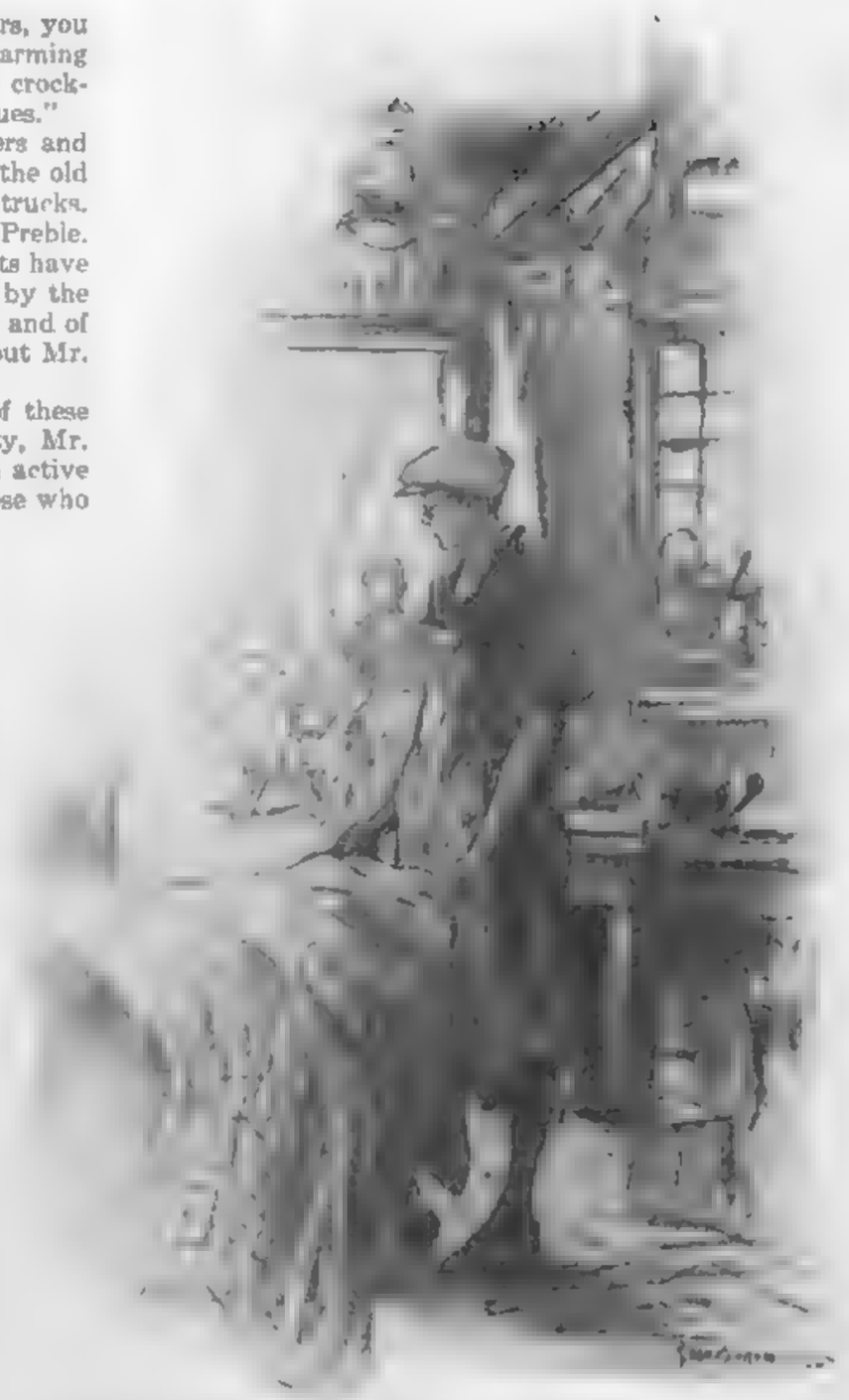
You are meeting Mr. Preble at an auction—a farm auction, so called—one of those interesting and not unmirthful affairs at which, by authority of the executors and an order from the Probate Court, the entire estate of the late deceased, real and personal, is to be offered for sale to the highest bidders. Also, if you have read the posters, you will have been informed that, besides the usual farming implements, furniture, bedding, art squares, glass, crockery, and so on, the collection includes "some antiques."

Hence the presence, among the battered flivvers and occasional buggies crowded into the front yard of the old farmhouse, of a few limousines and businesslike trucks. Hence, for the same reason, the presence of Chet Preble. The limousines indicate that a few summer residents have read the magic words at the bottom of the bill; by the trucks you may know that dealers have gathered, and of course no such sale would be quite complete without Mr. Preble. At least not in Adnock County.

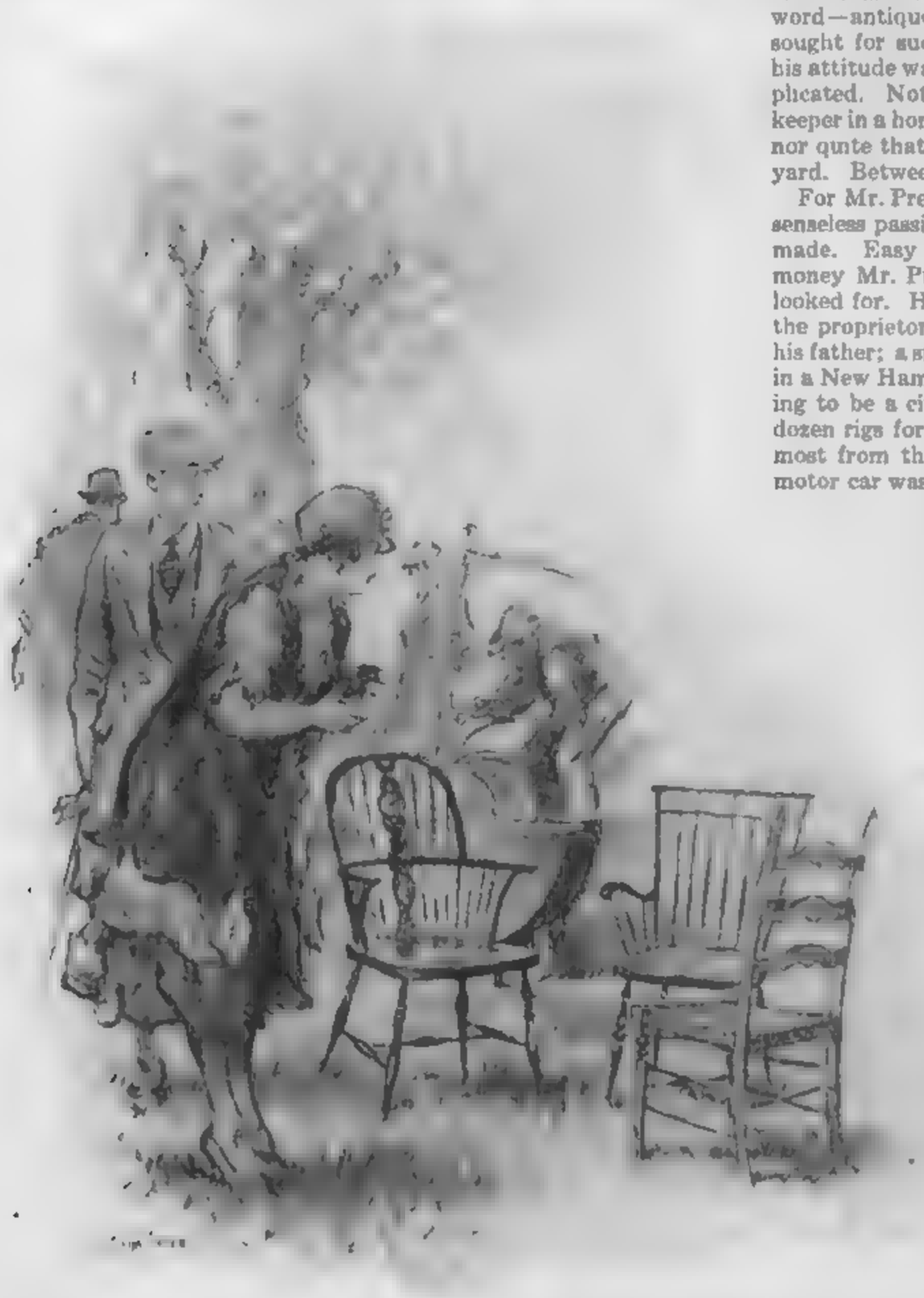
Yet, even to many of the regular attendants of these events, it was not clear why, or in what capacity, Mr. Preble was there. Seldom, if ever, did he take an active part in the bidding. He was not seen among those who rummaged questingly through the littered rooms or inspected the various pieces scattered about the lawn. Nor did he seem to be directly connected with the selling organization. Usually, as now, he sat a little ways aloof; mildly bored by the proceedings, but tolerant of them—and watchful. Yes, consistently watchful. A brooding presence, unentangled in the complicated barter, undisturbed by the clamor, yet somehow a part of it. You felt that, rather than knew it.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Preble did not nose around on the day of the sale, because he had previously and privately investigated the goods. Days before he had been there, probably with his good friend, the auctioneer, in the rôle of unofficial appraiser. He was said to know antiques.

But do not misunderstand. He was not one of those half-baked persons who have a passion for buying and for owning old things; who treasure silly glass plates; who fill their homes with rickety chairs; who strew faded rag rugs about the floors and crowd the mantelpieces with dingy pewter. No. Chet Preble had the same thoroughgoing contempt for such junk as did most of his friends and neighbors. Even more. A fine, high scorn was his for all that could be classed under that widely stretched word—antiques. And for those who sought for such rubbish—well, there his attitude was less direct, more complicated. Not precisely that of gatekeeper in a home for the feeble-minded nor quite that of an eagle soaring over a chicken yard. Between the two.



Something Was Carried Secretly Into the Shed and Covered With a Bedquilt



This Craze of City People for Old Furniture Was Something Which He Did Not Understand, Would Not Even Bother His Head Trying to Account For

For Mr. Preble had discovered that out of this senseless passion for old things profits were to be made. Easy money—and that was the sort of money Mr. Preble was looking for, always had looked for. He had begun his business career as the proprietor of a livery stable, inherited from his father; a small affair situated on a back street in a New Hampshire factory town that was trying to be a city. Two station hacks and half a dozen rigs for hire comprised the outfit, and almost from the start the menace of the coming motor car was being felt. Had Chet Preble not been a born horse trader he would hardly have made a living. Even with this gift and a few lucky ventures with trotters, he did no more than struggle along shabbily. Leaner and leaner came the years when Mr. Preble sat discouraged in his smelly, dusty little office watching his custom dwindle to almost nothing as the first cheap automobiles honked and sputtered past.

Then, just as he was on the verge of financial crisis, he caught his widow. At least he thought he caught her. Perhaps she had more to do with the catching than he realized, for hers was a vigorous, dominating personality suggesting the huntress rather than the quarry. A bold-eyed, high-chested, full-blooded Diana she was, who had survived a weak-lunged bank cashier, collected a tidy life insurance, and had no notion at all of continuing to live alone in the big house on Main Street. If she was eight or ten years older than Chester Preble she did not look it, and he did not allow the suspicion to abate in the least the ardor of his wooing, once he had been subtly given to understand that such attentions would not be unwelcome. So, before the mortgage could be foreclosed on his dwindling inheritance, he had married her, sold the old stable to a new garage proprietor, and found himself comfortably if not luxuriously installed in a home whose double bay windows stared a bit superciliously at the low-eaved Colonial houses across the way. Also, as he had learned well in advance, to maintain the home there were bank shares, a quarter interest in a chair factory and the income from two leased farms.

Adopting as his distinctive headgear the square-topped type of derby, and a neat shepherd plaid as a business suit, Mr. Preble pinned into his shirt front a chip-diamond horseshoe, lighted a blunt-ended domestic cigar, joined the City Club and took his place among the town's limited semi-leisure class. In time he began to speak casually of his investments, took an active interest in local politics, was rewarded by being elected to the common council from his ward and served as a member of the grand jury. So he was not wholly an idler. In fact, he let it be known that he was looking around for something to go into; something, as those who knew him best could guess, of an unarduous, speculative nature.

Eventually he stumbled upon it. In the dining room of the big house were some old-fashioned chairs which the late and not too deeply lamented bank cashier had clung to with shameless obstinacy, simply because they had been in his grandmother's home. Now the new Mrs. Preble was replacing them with a rich, elaborately carved, wonderfully shiny, mahoganized set bought in Boston. There came up the question of disposing of the relics.

"Why not stow 'em in the attic, Henrietta?" asked Mr. Preble.

"Guess you haven't been up there, Chet, or you wouldn't ask. It's jam full of such truck already. Besides, I don't want 'em round any more. See if Joe Derry won't give you something for 'em and if he will, tell him to come take 'em away."

And he was actually at the door of the secondhand store when he met Hi Beales, one of his cronies, who formerly spent most of his spare time in the livery-stable office. Hi, too, had been a horse trader, and once they had jointly owned and raced a trotter which for two seasons held the

(Continued on Page 121)

ONE OF THEIR QUARRELS

By
Arnold Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Well, My Heated Darling, I'll Just Tell You: First, You're a Horrid Little Piece, and a Snob, and Entirely Without the Milk of Human Kindness"

THE yacht Alice II, a ketch of one hundred and eight tons, with auxiliary engine and a crew of nine, was just leaving the small haven of the Rotterdam Yacht Club, whose hospitality she and her owner, James Thorpe, had been enjoying for two days. The haven was studded with mooring posts, to each of which a yacht was tied up; so that there was little room to spare for the maneuvering of a biggish, beamy and sluggish craft like the Alice II—easily the most important vessel in the cove.

Now Rotterdam is one of the greatest river ports of the whole world, and it is certainly the most feverish and busy of all European ports whatever. At the open mouth of the haven the mighty tide of the Maas streamed past at a speed of four or five knots, and the rushing water thereof was covered with tugs, motor barges, sailing barges, passenger steamers, sailingships, terrific ferries and Atlantic liners—not to mention dredgers and such monstrosities as floating cranes. But chiefly tugs, of which scores and scores rushed to and fro, navigated by their skippers with more than the nonchalance of taxi drivers navigating taxis along the Strand.

The wind was fresh; flags and burgees stood out pretty straight. The much disturbed water was lolloping and splashing against the banks of the haven; a few rats as big as rabbits were to be seen foraging on the deep sides of the banks; sirens and whistles were sounding menaces everywhere; steam cranes were creaking as they raised huge burdens of barrels, cheeses and grain out of the holds of ships or off wharves and flung them down again like toys. And railway bridges and road bridges were swinging high gigantic arms on steel joints to let trains and lorries and people go across or to let ships go through.

In brief, the sense was bewildering to an extreme degree; and Captain Abbott, who possessed the two finest qualities of a skipper—to wit, a strong sense of danger and a gloomy outlook upon the future—was glad that he had a Dutch pilot on board. Captain Abbott and the pilot between them were moving the Alice II out of the haven stern foremost. The dinghy, with a crew of two, was afloat carrying ropes to mooring posts and generally executing shouted orders from the poop—orders of which details need not be given here, as this story is in essence domestic and of a purely family nature.

The family, now leaning critically against the rail on the port quarter and watching the operations, consisted of efficient James Thorpe, his efficient wife Alice, and their daughter, who was usually addressed as Alice II. The yacht had been called Alice II because the name of Jim's previous yacht, a mere fifty-tonner with a crew of only four, was Alice. The increase in the size of Jim's yacht was a measure of the increase in his prosperity since the earlier days of the Alice. Real yachtsmen are always selling the smaller for the larger if they are getting on in the world, or selling the larger for the smaller if they are not. The Thorpe family were, beyond doubt, real yachtsmen. They lived for yachting, and occasional seasickness never daunted them. As for Alice II, aged four, she had had a narrow escape from being actually born on the Alice—the Alice II was acquired after the birth of Alice II. It may sound complicated, but is not.

Right at the mouth of the yacht haven was a station for tugs, and just as the Alice II was feeling her way out backward a tug swayed casually to a berth and her nose stopped about a yard from the Alice II's stern. The skipper, not used to such circus performances, was alarmed, but neither the Dutch pilot nor the Dutch captain of the tug showed any sign of fever, though the two men in the dinghy certainly did. And the family, though outwardly tranquil, were aware of qualms.

"Come along, darling," said Mrs. Thorpe. "Time for your afternoon snoozelet."

"Is it, daddy?"

Jim Thorpe, tall, with a tendency to bulk, glanced at his little slim girl of a wife—aged thirty-three but not looking it—with a secret appeal.

"It is," said Alice Thorpe, staring down her mass of a husband. So that was that. Mother and daughter disappeared below.

When Alice returned to the deck there was a considerable noise of voices both on the yacht and in the dinghy, and the engine-room bell was ringing a new order about every thirty seconds.

"Look out for that dinghy!" cried Alice, leaning over the rail.

Jim Thorpe was making the same cry, but only in his mind. He was not like Alice, of whom it might be said that, as a rule, whatever came into her mind went out through her lips.

"Shut up," Jim remonstrated. "Don't confuse them. They know exactly what they're doing."

"Do they? Well, they'll have the dinghy nipped between the yacht and that post in half a minute."

"Not they!"

But in about exactly half a minute the dinghy did get nipped, just as the tiresome Alice had predicted, and the general outcry was multiplied.

"Good gracious!" Alice exclaimed with all her efficiency. "I never saw such clumsiness. And why is Pete in the dinghy at all?"

The post was immovable, and the hundred tons of the yacht uncontrollably and ruthlessly moved toward the post; and then there was a startling sound of crushed wood.

"A dinghy smashed!" said the skipper under his breath, gloomily justified of his pessimism.

Then one side of the dinghy rose up on the post and the dinghy suddenly filled with water; and the two men sprang out of her, clutched madly at the mizzen shrouds and somehow got aboard the yacht. Jim had seen panic and the fear of death upon their bronzed faces. The yacht forged safely ahead, dragging after her the nearly submerged dinghy, in which oars and other gear were floating. A rope attached to the mooring post was tightening as the yacht moved.

"Ye'll have to cut that rope, Alf!" the skipper shouted to the mate. "Get your knife ready and cut it!" he repeated savagely.

The rope was cut and the tail of it left hanging round the post, a memorial to all Rotterdam of the inefficiency of British seamanship. The yacht was now safely away in the stream.

But there had been an accident, and the drowned dinghy dragging astern was the awful desolating proof of it. Alice had never before seen a marine mess, and she was outraged by this one. When the dinghy had been salvaged and hauled up on its davits and emptied of a ton or so of water, it looked better, for not much damage had been done, the wretched boat having slipped under the yacht's quarter instead of being squeezed to matchwood. But red-headed Pete was now lying on deck, feeling his ankle and having his ankle felt. The man could not stand.

"Carry him down into the port cabin. He'll be more comfortable there," Jim Thorpe ordered curtly.

"But Alice is asleep there. It's her cabin," said Mrs. Jim tensely.

"Take Alice out, then, and put her in your cabin—or mine," said Jim, still more curtly. "There's no room for a

crippled man in the forecastle. He must be made comfortable, and he can't be comfortable in that box room of a forecastle with eight other men and a kitchen in it."

II

"JIM," said Alice quietly when she had finished, with considerable efficiency, putting a cold compress surrounded with flannel upon the severely sprained ankle of Pete, "I want just two words with you."

They were in the narrow corridor, at the door of the port cabin, which Alice had closed, and she led the way into Jim's own cabin, which was on the starboard side; and having got him within, she closed the door of that cabin also. The yacht was breasting the densely populated stream of the Maas, and on deck the excitement of the accident had died down. But below, between the pair in Jim's cabin, the shut-in atmosphere vibrated to unseen forces more dangerous than electricity. The big man and the small woman, who till that moment had talked together—in the presence of others—with an admirable sweet reasonableness, were now formidably glaring. Their bodies almost touched, for the cabin was not quite so large as a drawing-room on a liner, and Jim's high head was bent to avoid a beam in the ceiling of his private apartment.

"Well, child?" growled Jim.

"You made me look very silly just now in front of the captain and the mate and all of them, insisting on Pete's being put in Alice's cabin when you knew I strongly objected to it."

"Not a bit," Jim replied. "I was perfectly polite. So were you, as far as that goes. Also, I carried the kid out myself, and she's asleep now all right. Where's the harm done?"

"The harm is this: This yacht is our summer home. Am I the mistress of the house, or am I not? I never interfere on deck ——"

"Oh, yes, you do, my girl!"

"I do not—and I don't expect you to interfere in the cabins."

"Oh, don't you?"

"No, I certainly do not. Imagine that great hulking fellow in little Alice's cabin! It's simply disgusting. If a dustman slipped on the front steps at home and hurt himself, would you bring him into the flat and put him into Alice's bed there?"

"No, I shouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because the kid's bed there is only a cot and Pete wouldn't hold in it."

Mrs. Jim stamped her foot, but she could not stamp hard because she was wearing India-rubber soles.

"Moreover," Jim continued, "the two cases are not quite on all fours. This is a ——"

"They are exactly the same," Mrs. Jim insisted. "And there's another thing. It was all Pete's fault. I asked you before: Why was he in the dinghy at all? He isn't in the dinghy's crew. He's steward, and, of course, he only gets into a muddle in the dinghy."

"Pardon me, Pete's as handy a man as anybody aboard the vessel. He was in the dinghy because he likes to vary his work sometimes—surely that's natural! This isn't the Royal Navy."

"Then he must take the consequences like anybody else. You always favor him. And if there's any trouble between him and me you always take his side. I shan't forget the trouble I had in the old yacht."

The first honeymoon quarrel between the married pair had, indeed, happened on the Alice, and apropos of precisely red-headed Pete.

"Anyhow, Pete was quite innocent then."

"I absolutely insist on his being taken to the forecastle, where he ought to be. You understand—absolutely!"

"That's your ultimatum, is it?" said Jim darkly. He was reflecting that if he allowed himself to be defeated in this battle he would lose all moral authority forever. "Well, my heated darling, I'll just tell you two things: First, you're a horrid little piece, and a snob, and entirely without the milk of human kindness. Why on earth shouldn't the poor fellow be treated decently, as a fellow creature, for once? Second, he is not going to be moved back to the forecastle—not if I know it! Is that clear?"

It is astonishing with what perilous foolishness married people can behave to one another when prestige seems to be at stake, but somehow they will do it

"Very well," said Mrs. Jim, raising her chin.

At that moment a hopping noise was heard in the corridor. Jim opened the door to see what was happening. It was happening that Pete, feeling ill at ease in the solitary splendor of the port cabin, had arisen from his bunk and was hopping through the saloon toward the forecastle, his natural home. Mrs. Jim watched his retreating figure, and saw his great dirty hands imperiling the beautiful upholstery of the saloon as he balanced his way on one leg over the floor of the heaving vessel.

"Of course his bandage will all come loose," she observed dryly. "A lot of use it was, my taking so much trouble over him."

III

THE episode would have ended at this point if the married belligerents had had as much common sense as the rest of mankind. Pete's independent and instinctive action had given Alice a clear, notable triumph in the affray, and yet a triumph which could not humiliate Jim. But with all their efficiency and all their mutual affection and other fine qualities, the married belligerents suffered from a lack of common sense. In the supply of that precious commodity they were our inferiors. And therefore the episode did not by any means end with the vanishing of red-headed Pete into the forecastle and the evacuation of Alice II's cabin. The personal dignity of the parties had been engaged, and the question of personal dignity had been the source of nearly all their marital differences. Each wanted to laugh lightly and make peace, but personal dignity prevented either of them from laughing.

"As usual, you've been very inconsiderate to me," said Mrs. Jim, "and of course I shall expect you to apologize."

To which Jim replied, "Expect—by all means. Keep on expecting with all your might, my child." His tone was cold and cutting as a razor.

"And seeing how carefully I've looked after the ankle of that man," said Mrs. Jim, following her own thought and ignoring Jim's, "I don't quite see the point of your saying that I've no kindness in me. However ——"

And yet that night at dinner, which, in the regretted absence of Pete, was served by the second steward, the atmosphere was as smooth as the canals and rivers upon

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Immediately the Dutch Official Began to State the Case of Alice, and Alice Joined in With Explanatory Remarks

The Superman and His Secretary

By O. A. OWEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE private secretary pursues one of what are, in popular esteem, the romantic professions, like those of the actor, detective, aviator, broker or reporter. In books and on the stage he strolls into the chief's office, flips the ash from his cigarette and says, "Don't forget that tomorrow you must pay $10,000,000 for the Bulgarian coal concession."

"Thank you for reminding me, Barclay," responds the chief. "How would you handle this other matter of Ali Hafed and the Suez Canal?"

"Simple enough. Intrust the introductions to the Parisian actress, Mademoiselle Duval, first placating her with a bonification in the shape of diamonds."

"Right!" the chief responds. "You have the keys to my vaults. Suppose you pick out some diamonds and see her."

"I'm pretty busy, but I'll attend to it if you cannot," Barclay replies, flipping more ash. "And now I must go to the Embassy Ball and tackle Sir Eric Munges, the British oil chap."

It has been my experience that in real life no private secretary thinks for his chief or shares any more of his secrets than he can be prevented from knowing. He is on the inside of a good many things, but his private life is watched, and woe be to him if he forgets his own exact status or mingles too much with persons who might be supposed to seek information about the chief's activities. The average private secretary is a sort of necessary evil, not the intimately trusted confidant, guide and mentor of his principal. Had he the abilities and powers he is clothed with in fiction and drama, he would be in life a chief himself with his own secretary.

The private secretary is a kind of orderly to the captain of finance, his actual duties saving "the old man" from as much detail and drudgery as possible, not telling him what to do. I held such a post under John W. Gates during the eight years that marked the zenith of his spectacular career. During these eight years I was by his side and at his elbow more hours of the twenty-four than any other human being except his wife and son. I saw a great business career from the inside. I saw the wheels go around while millions were being made by their revolving.

If no man is a hero to his valet, what is he to his private secretary, who is the valet of his dollars? A valet serves in terms of clothes and baths, and judges accordingly. A secretary, if he possesses some mentality of his own, as he must to fill the job, might be expected to have a juster apprehension of his principal.

I knew all the time that I was in the service of a genius. Americans are singularly chary of fixing the label "genius" upon men who excel in trade. In fact, it is not the world's custom to grant the title to anyone who feathers his own nest, no matter how much talent he may evidence in the process. We reserve the accolade for those who give the world something at deadly cost to themselves, as did Pallisy or Chatterton. There may be a rough justice in this, but I should say that if Leonardo da Vinci was a genius, Henry Ford is one. Each accomplished what few of earth's children could do though all tried. What more is needed to qualify if genius is results?

One of the Nuisances of the Job is the Tip Seekers, by Which I Mean the Men Who Cultivate You in the Hope of Getting Information Useful in the Stock Market

Gates' Working Vacations

THERE were pride and gusto in the thought of being the intimate satellite of such a sun, even though hard work and nothing of the glory was my portion. There was a secret pleasure in being a sharer in great deeds and strategies, of carrying a spear in the Hamlet of a master, an exhilaration in identifying my own minor contributions to the finished tasks that one by one emerged to astonish Gates' contemporaries. But I should not recommend the post as a bed of roses, nor as one likely to be a stepping-stone to greater things. Development of character comes in free competition with one's equals, not in the constant society of a giant who overshadows and overwhelms. But as an interlude in one's life it may be the means of glimpses into the technic of success.

I could not have continued in the exacting, nerve-racking job were it not for the feeling that here was contact with a first-rate intellect that wrought prodigious deeds, and the jubilation of having even a small part in a great scene. For the basic industries that underlie our national life were shaped and reshaped in those eight years, with John W. Gates one of the prime movers. "All of this I saw, part of this I was."

Gates used to take working vacations involving prolonged stays at Saratoga, Hot Springs and similar watering places. Often I was with him on these excursions and they were my only vacations, but I found them no such glimpses of paradise as Gates naively assumed them to be for me. We carried our papers, files and office paraphernalia along and I set up my office in a hotel room adjoining his, and there we took care of his incessant telegrams and letters.

As a hotel guest I fared in all respects as well as he, but I should have found more real enjoyment in a cabin in the country with my own friends, going and coming as we listed and amusing ourselves as we chose. It is pleasant in many ways to share the society and activities of a man whose goings and comings are news to millions, but I was reminded of the story of the old butler, Brydges, in an English family. He served Mr. and Mrs. Cummings-Trent, and Uncle Venable, and Master Edwin, and Lily, the light of the home, and Grandfather Pipton, but one day he let it be known flatly that he was quitting.

"Why?" asked the mawster. "Aren't you happy here? Aren't you rawther like one of the family, Brydges?"

"Yes, I am, sir. Very true, sir. But it is thirty years now, sir, man and boy, that I have served you, and your wife, and Uncle Venable and his collection of geological specimens, and Grandfather Pipton and his milk toast and gruel, to say nothing of young Edwin and little Lily, and beggin' your pardon, sir, I'm damn sick of seeing you all!"

Too, it is a come-down and jolt for the private secretary, after living like a spoiled darling at the best hotels at another's expense, to return from his working vacation to his own modest scale of living. Fifty-cent Havanas and four-dollar breakfasts can spoil the flavor of three-for-a-quarter cigars and lunch-room toast and eggs. Most young men in such employ develop habits that consort ill with their purses.

Much Talk but No Tips

ONE of the nuisances of the job is the tip seekers, by which I mean the men who cultivate you in the hope of getting information useful in the stock market. One never appreciates what an attractive and magnetic personality one has until he serves as secretary to multimillion dollars. I constantly was on my guard with chance acquaintances and strangers. Frequently it developed that chance had played no part in the acquaintanceship. Their tactics varied. Some talked of shoes and ships and sealing wax before getting around to their real interest, then contented themselves with studying my face for clews when the topic was broached. Others baldly put questions to me which to have answered truthfully would have involved gross breaches of trust on my part. One celebrity of La Salle Street, now dead, cultivated me assiduously for a year. I talked freely and fully with him of anything, speculating as to the possible outcome of events some of which I knew all about. My safeguard was to talk much and without any apparent reserve. I simply assumed to myself that I knew nothing of the subject. It baffled him, and he quit the field eventually.

I learned from Gates that one of the qualities of genius is the absence of sentimentality. He saw things as they were. He was not a reader, hence did not envisage men and events through the eyes of others, as he might have done had he been steeped in books, though his innately keen mind preserved him from the ignorance of the illiterate. Without moral or financial fear, he saw no contingent or coming event as stupendous or terrifying. Neither did he take counsel of his hopes and prejudices. He saw things as they were.

In some ways he seemed like a great boy with an extraordinary money sense annexed. His nature was boyish. He was brave, buoyant, fun loving, boastful, irreverent. But apart from this self, and working as independently of his will as the watch in his pocket, existed an uncanny divination. That was his genius. It saw for him. Because it was a thing apart, his actions corresponded to exterior facts, not to inner promptings, and so ordinary men called him inconsistent and incomprehensible. A savage might say the same of a compass, whirling this way and that, a crazy teetotum in seeming.

Another quality of Gates' greatness was his terrific vitality. He was so extraordinarily energetic mentally and physically that his normal momentum of thought and action suggested a man propelled from a gun. His animal spirits were enormous. He poured into the humdrum episodes of the day a cloud-burst of will power, interest and action. He was tenfold over-engined and wore out and burned out the lower-powered motors about him.

Have you ever watched a man just after the receipt of great good news or on attaining a long-coveted victory? Immense elation, a sort of earth-spurning lift to step and look and voice, a radiance from within. Gates was that every day and all day. His supply of vital energy blew off like live steam at every vent. This buoyancy not only carried him through the day's work and the year's work like a projectile, but it enabled him to apply illimitable pressure on any pivotal person or difficulty. Most of us, perhaps, have a certain tempo of action, and hammer not much harder on crucial turning points than on everyday, nonessential obstacles. We have little range or reserve in our power plants. But this man's surplus of energy was so great that when he met a man or a thing that blocked his

way he could concentrate such an intensity of white-hot purpose that he blasted either man or thing aside or melted them to his will.

In a previous article I cited how Gates talked the unwilling Stewart Chisholm, of Cleveland, into his American Steel and Wire Company merger. I was present in the company board room in the Rookery Building, Chicago, during the interview, and though only a witness I was as exhausted as Chisholm when it was over. Gates exhorted, he coaxed, he half threatened, he urged. He kept on talking. He reiterated. What he said might or might not have been good logic, but it was not words and not ideas that bent Chisholm's head and drew the sweat out on his brow. It was the psychic storm of something from Gates' ego beating upon Chisholm, a voltage unexhausted and exhaustless, and Chisholm, the passive recipient, it was who wilted to a rag, not Gates, the battery.

The Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, of which Gates was titular general manager and real master, was one of the greatest customers of the Illinois Steel Company for wire rods. These are the primary material from which wire is made. Steel is rolled down from the ingot to what the layman would call thick wire, about the diameter of a woman's little finger. The trade name for it is wire rods. Its diameter cannot be reduced beyond this point by the process of passing through rolls, which is the only process at the command of steel mills

Smaller sizes are obtained by drawing, which is the peculiar function of wire mills. The rod is pulled through a hole smaller than itself in a steel block by powerful machinery. It is drawn cold. You would suppose that instead of coming smoothly through the hole the strand would part. It does not. The fact that it will not is the foundation of the ancient trade of wiredrawing.

If it were not for these peculiar properties of steel—its immense tensile strength that survives the giant's pull through an orifice, and the ductility that enables it to shrink and get through—there never would have been any wire industry, consequently no epochal invention of barbed-wire fencing, consequently no opportunity opening to young Gates in his own neighborhood, and consequently, perhaps, no great career culminating in a $100,000,000 fortune.

Made President of Illinois Steel

THE Consolidated took vast quantities of wire rods from the Illinois Steel Company, discounting its bills always, and maintaining pleasant relations with the steel company. Both had their offices in the Rookery Building at Chicago. Gates necessarily saw a great deal of Jay C. Morse, the president of the steel company. The latter was impressed with Gates' personality, his aggressiveness in business, his boundless energy and acumen. He felt, as so many others did at that time, that Gates was a coming man.

Along about 1894–1895, Morse, who was getting old, decided to retire from the presidency of the steel company. He fixed in his mind on Gates as his successor for three reasons. First, he wanted an able man in the post for the sake of the company and its stockholders generally. Second, he himself was a heavy stockholder and wished his holdings protected. Third, the logical successor, in line of promotion, was a man whom I shall call Campbell, whose many fine qualities did not include business ability, but who controlled some adherents among the stockholders. Morse felt that to retire and let Campbell succeed him would be disastrous. It was necessary to propose a candidate of such shining merits that Campbell's crowd would be outvoted.

Long before anybody else got wind of the meditated move, Gates and Morse spent months together as pupil and teacher. Morse imparted to Gates all he could of the necessary knowledge concerning steel, steel rails, the railroad attitude, peculiarities of existing customers, the state of competition, the personalities of the officers of the Illinois Steel Company, its history, routine and customs. Then Morse unfolded his plan to his fellow steel directors and presented Gates to such of them as did not already know him. Gates said afterward that Marshall Field, the department-store man, who was one of the directors, "looked me over as if I had been a bolt of dress goods and said, 'Well, young man, I guess you'll do!'"

So Gates moved upstairs into the president's office of the Illinois Steel. I went with him.

It is worth noticing that opportunities opened punctually to him all through his life. There was the close association with Morse as a star customer for rods and Morse's advancing age, working together to give him this promotion neither too soon nor too late. And this brilliant business post was to prove a rung from which he was enabled to climb higher.

Despite Morse's coaching, there were many things about steel that Gates knew little of. Steel rails were the banner product of the Illinois Steel Company at this time. To be manufactured economically, orders for these had to be put through the rolls according to a predetermined schedule, because each road had its own pet style, or section of rail. Before entering upon the making of rails on an order from the Lake Shore road, for example, rolls had to be adjusted to the L. S. & M. S section and various other preparations attended to that held up the mill and idled high-priced labor.

One day Gates sold an order of rails wanted in a hurry, on which he promised speedy delivery. He sent the order to our South Chicago works with direct instructions in his own name to put it through immediately. Of course, a command from him superseded everything and the schedule was disrupted to obey him. A short time afterward he sent another hurry order to the works for instant execution, again with the result that elaborate schedules were upset at a cost he had no conception of. The rails were made for him, but the two high officers of the company who had charge of rolling programs hurried to his private office and laid their resignations on his desk.

"Every time an emergency rail order is filled," they explained to him, "the rearrangement of rolling means a loss to the company of so-and-so-many thousand dollars. We are hired by the Illinois Steel Company to lay out schedules in such sequence that profits may be made. If you intend to go over our heads this way our usefulness is ended."

Development of Character Comes in Free Competition With One's Equals, Not in the Constant Society of a Giant Who Overshadows and Overwhelms

Gates' Invention

GATES saw that he had put his foot in it and had committed a heinous steel-mill sin in addition. He smoothed the men down and promised not to offend any more, and never did. The error he made would not have been made by Morse, or even by Campbell. Gates made it because of his ignorance of manufacturing technic. Yet Gates pulled the Illinois Steel Company out of the non-dividend-paying class and ultimately turned it into a profitable concern. He possessed the far more vital knowledge of men, markets and trends.

Gates exposed himself to ridicule on another occasion. At Joliet we had a rod-rolling expert named Billy Garrett, a little Scotch inventive genius. There was a strong Scotch and British flavor in this steel concern. Billy had an accent that you could cut with a shovel, but he knew rod rolling. He was, in fact, the inventor of the Garrett continuous rod-rolling mill, which, when it worked smoothly in all its far-flung and complex parts, was miraculously profitable. In operation, it was a mint. But it broke down often. Also, it had demoniacal traits. The white-hot thick steel strands emerged from one set of rolls at express speed, were caught in tongs and thrust into another set, and so on, going ever faster and faster in order that the initial heat and consequent ductility might not be lost. But at the least hitch in this continuity of operation the strands would shoot out into the air in sizzling, squirming coils like fiery snakes. One such coil entwined Billy Garrett's leg on one occasion, then suddenly tightened. His leg lay on the floor the next instant, cut off clean and cauterized by the hot metal. He was a one-legged man the rest of his life, a martyr to his own contrivance.

Garrett spread a kind of fever for invention throughout the company, because he was always talking of new schemes and because his rod mill was such a money-maker. Gates himself caught the fever and worked out a wondrous

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He Was Tenfold Over-Engined and Wore Out and Burned Out the Lower-Powered Motors About Him

The Pennington Perambulator

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

YOUR Grandfather Rode in One. Your Grandson Will. Mr. Alexander, the current Pennington, made this statement at regular intervals, in chaste type in the public prints, because he believed it. It referred, of course, to the Pennington Perambulator.

He was a tall, square-bodied man, with a full-sized pink chin, a crinkle of iron-gray hair, a firm but friendly mouth and a pair of straight-looking blue eyes. His face, a banker had once said, was as good as a certified check.

Now, of course, you know the Pennington Perambulator. Indeed, it is not unlikely that your first voyage into this odd world was made in one. All right-thinking citizens look upon the Pennington Perambulator as essential a part of the American scene as the Rocky Mountains and corn on the cob. It is one of our institutions, like the Senate, and just as, if not more, dignified. DeWitt Pennington, who built the first one—with his own hands—had something to do with framing the Constitution. There is a legend in his family that he wanted to write into it a clause guaranteeing the sovereign people of these states the inalienable right to purchase Pennington Perambulators in perpetuity; and that when Mr. Jefferson objected, he left the Constitutional Convention in a huff. This may be so. It sounds like a Pennington. At any rate, his descendants believe it. They rather incline to the view that Great-Great-Grandfather DeWitt's stand was a proper one.

"What," demanded one Pennington, doubtless Daniel, dean of the clan and head of the works in the 60's, "is a nation without children? And how," he further demanded, "can children be decently reared without decent perambulators?" By decent perambulators he meant, of course, his own.

About the merits of other makes of vehicles for the very young there might be some difference of opinion among those who sold and used them. But about the Pennington there was no question; never had been. When conscientious old DeWitt built the first one in a tiny machine shop down in Beaver Street, in the days when bears had their lairs in Forty-second Street, the guild spirit was in his fingers. He did not hurry. He did not skimp. He could have saved a penny here, a penny there. He could have used good material. He used the best. He wanted to be able to say when he had finished, "This is the best perambulator that can be made." He was able to say it.

In the modern Pennington works, presided over by Alexander, last of that race, they had a fireproof room, a quite magnificent room, paneled in oak, with an oil portrait, by Stuart, of DeWitt beaming down from the wall; and in this room, in a glass case, stood the first Pennington Perambulator. How many children had had their first ride in it no one knew exactly. But it had been in active service in the robust days when offsprings came as often as Santa Claus, and it still looked to be in good enough shape to be wheeled from New York to Denver while full of baby. Under it stood a card, yellowed by the years, and on it DeWitt had written in his old-fashioned script these words:

"I built the first Pennington Perambulator the best I knew how. I used the best material, the best labor and I took the time to build it right. I am going to build all Pennington Perambulators the same way. I charge those who come after me to do the same.

"DEWITT PENNINGTON."

Those who came after DeWitt did do the same. Alexander Pennington was proud of the fact that the tradition had been safe in his hands for a quarter of a century now. He had been head of the works since his father's death. They weren't big works. True, they made as many perambulators in a day as old DeWitt had been able to make in a year, but the business was not so big, so some of Alexander's friends said, as it could have been if he had not had such old-fashioned notions. To suggestions that he should expand he always shook a smiling head.

"Sometimes it's a Good Thing to be a Little Mad"

"Why should I? What would I gain?" he would say.

"About ten times as much money as you are making," friends would tell him.

"Perhaps," he would reply. "But I make enough for all my wants as it is. Some men get their satisfaction out of business by running up a big score, with dollars for counters. That makes the game exciting for them. I get my satisfaction in another way. I put everything I have into making my product good, and I let the profits take care of themselves. I'd rather make and sell ten perambulators a year that were up to our standard than a hundred thousand that even in the slightest degree fell below it."

Those who knew Alexander Pennington knew he meant it.

When he spoke of "all his wants," his friends were tempted to smile. His habits of life were Spartan. He was a quiet, retiring sort of man. If you had a strong right arm, you could throw a stone from the roof of his plant and it would land in the garden of his modest brick house, and perhaps bruise one of his prize flowers. Flowers and music were his minor passions. His work came first, of course. He lived alone with Cyprian, the oldest and blackest man, and the most artful concocter of chicken à la Maryland in the republic. For Alexander Pennington was a bachelor.

His own reason for his bachelorhood was that he had always been too busy to marry. After he left college he had gone at once into the works. They had absorbed him. It was his custom to be the first to reach the plant in the morning and the last to leave it at night. He was able to keep a personal eye on every detail of the manufacturing processes. The men, old hands mostly, liked him, because they knew he knew their jobs and his own. It was his habit to push every perambulator once across the shipping-room floor to be sure it was in perfect condition. So, for years, he had pushed empty perambulators, and had never had time to push a full one.

On his fifty-second birthday, Alexander Pennington came briskly into his office. He noticed the date on the morning paper and smiled to himself at the thought that he didn't in the least feel fifty-two. Then Miss Amy Birch came in with the mail and his day began.

Miss Amy Birch was his secretary. That was her title. Her duties, which she had assumed in the eleven years she had been with him, included answering the mail, keeping his personal bank book straight, making out his income tax, seeing that he wore rubbers when it rained, calling up the laundry to find out why it had not sent him back that white shirt, reminding him to get his hair cut, sewing on an occasional button, and standing between him and venders of dubious stock and illicit spirits. Amy Birch was like a robin—small, plump, alert, active.

With the mail that morning she left a package on his desk. Then she hurried back to her own little glass coop. He observed that the package had written on it "Many happy returns," in Miss Birch's neat hand. He opened it. It contained the sort of necktie women buy—a pastel blue-and-gray affair with a suspicion of flowers sprinkled on it. But Mr. Pennington did not hesitate. He took off the dark knitted tie he was wearing and replaced it with the birthday tie. Of course Miss Birch noticed it when she came into the office, and blushed. He thanked her. She became very businesslike.

"A man to see you, Mr. Pennington."

"Who is he?"

"Lyle Keever. He wishes to see you on personal business. He says he is a relative of yours."

"Lyle Keever? Why, yes. The daughter of a cousin of mine in Chicago did marry a fellow of that name. What is he like, Miss Birch?"

"Well," she said, "he has what I believe is called a strong personality, and he uses stickum on his hair."

"Ask him to come in," laughed Alexander Pennington, "stickum and all."

Mr. Lyle Keever had a handshake that would have cracked a nut. He was a friendly soul, with no trace of an inferiority complex. Confidence was in his keen eyes, in his expensive clothes, in his face—a mature face for a man around thirty.

"I thought," explained Mr. Keever, "that I might be of use to you."

"How?" asked Mr. Pennington.

"You have no children."

Mr. Pennington admitted it.

"The splendid old name of Pennington must be carried on. The family tradition must be preserved. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Pennington nodded. Mr. Keever had touched on the one thing that worried Alexander Pennington.

"I," said Mr. Keever, "am a Pennington; by marriage only, but nevertheless a Pennington. I respect the name. My son bears it—Pennington Keever, two months old. Indeed, sir, at this very moment little Pennington is taking an airing in a Pennington Perambulator. Now what I thought was this: You, Mr. Pennington, look to be in good health, but ——"

Mr. Keever delicately did not finish the sentence.

"You see," Mr. Keever explained, "I am the only male member of the family left except yourself. Now I know

you want the business to be carried on by the family. So I came on from Chicago to tell you that I am willing to give up my work there and go into the perambulator game and train my son Pennington in it after me."

"Well," said Alexander Pennington, a little dazed—"well, I have been thinking ——"

"Exactly," put in Mr. Keever—"of young blood. Well, here I am."

Mr. Pennington thoughtfully stroked his chin and regarded Mr. Keever. Mr. Pennington had a certain old-fashioned belief in Providence, and it seemed to him that Providence must have sent him this personable young man. The question of what would happen to the Pennington business, when he was forced by the common fate of mankind to leave it, had weighed heavily on Mr. Pennington of late. He knew he should have done something about it, made some plan. But he had put it off. Now, it seemed to him, fate had sent him a plan ready made. He talked with Mr. Keever. It developed that Mr. Keever's business experience had been interesting and varied. Mostly he had sold things—pianos, some stock, a device for doubling the mileage of motor cars. He had letters praising his ability and containing such phrases as "a live wire" and "a high-powered, big-caliber man." Before the day was over, Mr. Lyle Keever was sitting in an office of his own, not far from Mr. Pennington's, and was dictating letters in a high-powered manner.

Some months went by in the world of perambulators. Alexander Pennington was in high spirits. There was no doubt about it, Mr. Keever was a find. He was charged with an electric energy. He was smart. He had shown a quite amazing ability to master the details of the work. At his own suggestion, he had donned overalls and worked at the bench, where he had displayed a deft hand. Best of all, Alexander Pennington mused, Lyle Keever had not done the thing that young blood often does and thus renders itself obnoxious to old blood. Mr. Keever had not attempted to change the time-tried methods. He had, as he himself put it, entered into the Pennington spirit. Also, he had a most winning way of agreeing with whatever Mr. Pennington said.

He came into the president's office one morning.

"Alexander," he said—for he had attained to "Alexander" inside of three weeks, being the sort of man who calls others by their first name as soon as possible, and makes them like it—"did you sleep well last night?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You look," said Mr. Keever, examining him solicitously, "a bit tired."

"Do I?"

"Yes—about the eyes. You'd better let me handle those new contracts. You mustn't drive yourself too hard, especially at your age." That was all.

When he had gone Mr. Pennington said to his secretary, "Look at me, Miss Birch"

"Yes, Mr. Pennington."

"Do I look tired?"

"No. Do you feel tired?"

"Don't think so. I feel pretty fit."

When she had gone he examined himself in a mirror. Maybe he was just the least little bit dark under the eyes. Bad sign, he had heard somewhere once. If Keever had noticed it there must be something in it. He thought of Keever's words—"at your age." He frowned.

Alexander Pennington was signing letters in his office two days later. The factory was silent, for it was nearly dark. Mr. Keever tapped at the door and entered. He shook his well-brushed head in a gesture that indicated a mixture of awe and concern.

"Alexander," he remarked, "you're a wonder. I don't see how you stand the pace."

"I've stood it some thirty years," said Mr. Pennington cheerfully.

Mr. Keever shook his head again.

"After fifty," he said, "most men try to conserve their strength. I hope you'll be careful, Alexander. You do look tired. . . . Well, good night."

As he walked home Alexander Pennington brooded, and this was not like him. He didn't at all care for the thought that had been planted in his mind by the words of his assistant. He hated to think he was wearing himself out without knowing it.

In the morning Mr. Keever came into his office, a newspaper in his hand.

"Well," remarked Mr. Keever soberly, "I see that old Sprague is gone."

"Not Wendell Sprague, president of the First National?"

"Yes, sir. Dropped dead in his office yesterday. Overwork, the doctors say. He was fifty-four, poor old chap."

"Fifty-four? I don't call that old," said Alexander Pennington.

"It isn't, of course," conceded Mr. Keever, "if you take care of yourself. But after fifty a man shouldn't try to work as hard as at thirty."

"Nonsense!" said Alexander Pennington.

"Well," said Mr. Keever, "look at my father. He was the big, strenuous type, like you, Alexander. In the grain business. And work? A regular dynamo. We kept saying to him, 'Dad, take it easy. Retire. You can afford to.' But he kept hard at it. He always said he wanted to die in harness. Well, sir, he had his wish. He went all to pieces one day, like the one-horse shay. He had just turned fifty-five."

When Mr. Keever had bustled back to his own office Mr. Pennington addressed his secretary:

"Miss Birch, do you think a man is old at fifty-two?"

"Rubbish!" said Miss Birch. "Some men are old at twenty-five. Some are young at eighty." Then, irrelevantly, she added, "I don't like old-young men."

Five minutes later she was in his office again.

"Mr. Pennington, you are playing golf with Mr. Heath at four today."

"I am what?"

"At four. I telephoned Mr. Heath."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Did I say anything about golf, Miss Birch?"

"You did not."

"Did I, or did I not, give up golf months ago because it took time from my work?"

"You did."

"Did I or did I not tell you to give my clubs away?"

"You did, but I didn't."

Mr. Pennington laughed.

"So you think I need some golf, do you, Miss Birch?"

(Continued on Page 134)

Awkwardly He Poked it With His Forefinger and Said, "And How's the Ickle Man?" "It's a Girl," Said Amy Birch

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By Charles K. Harris

FORTY years ago, when I was eighteen, it never dawned upon me that I should ever mention Poughkeepsie, New York, as my birthplace. When I was a year old our family moved to a small lumber town called East Saginaw, Michigan. There was quite a family of us—father, mother, five sisters and four brothers. It must have been a hard task, now that I look back upon it, for my father to feed his flock from the income of a small general store and occasional purchases of skins from the Indians. However, we children were all sent to school, and grew up strong and healthy.

We lived on Water Street, close by the Saginaw River. Adjoining my father's store was Stauber's Hotel, where visiting actors stopped while in town. Their rehearsals were conducted in the hotel yard, which was separated from our back yard by a wooden fence. We children often gazed in awe at the actors rehearsing in the yard. One of the entertainers during that period was Billy Carter, a banjo exponent of extraordinary skill. I would watch him for hours at practice, and how I yearned to play that instrument!

At that time it seemed to me no nobler profession existed than that of a banjo player. I dare say there are few of us who during our fanciful childhood failed to cherish some longing for what we wanted to do when we reached manhood. Children, when asked about their ambitions for the future, have often expressed a desire of becoming policemen, firemen, locomotive engineers and even President of this country; I, being less celestial during my childhood, adopted the career of a banjo player. What distinguishes me from the other children is that years afterward, as will presently be shown, I really fulfilled my ambition by rising to the heights of a banjo player, whereas most children upon attaining their majority have discarded their youthful ambitions.

In those days there were no music stores in Saginaw and consequently no banjos could be purchased. I conceived the idea of making one out of a flat tin oyster can and part of an old broom handle. I unwound the wire which held the broom together, and making some wooden keys, I strung it up. In a rather crude way, I was soon strumming a tune.

Being engrossed one afternoon in playing a tune upon the improvised banjo, I failed to notice Bill Carter and other actors looking on in surprise and amazement. When I was through humming the tune a round of applause greeted me; and looking up, I was startled to see an audience. I immediately started to run away, but was called back by Carter, who said, "Come here, sonny; let's look at that newfangled instrument." I handed it to him. He looked at it curiously, with a smile on his lips.

The Author When He Was 18

The Old Days and the Old Plays

"WELL, well," said he, "you are certainly a wonder. A boy that can turn out an instrument like this is deserving of a real banjo. I have an old one in my trunk which is out of use; I will fix it up for you and teach you some of the chords tomorrow morning; but you will have to give me this instrument of yours in return for mine."

His offer rendered me speechless. It was too good to be true.

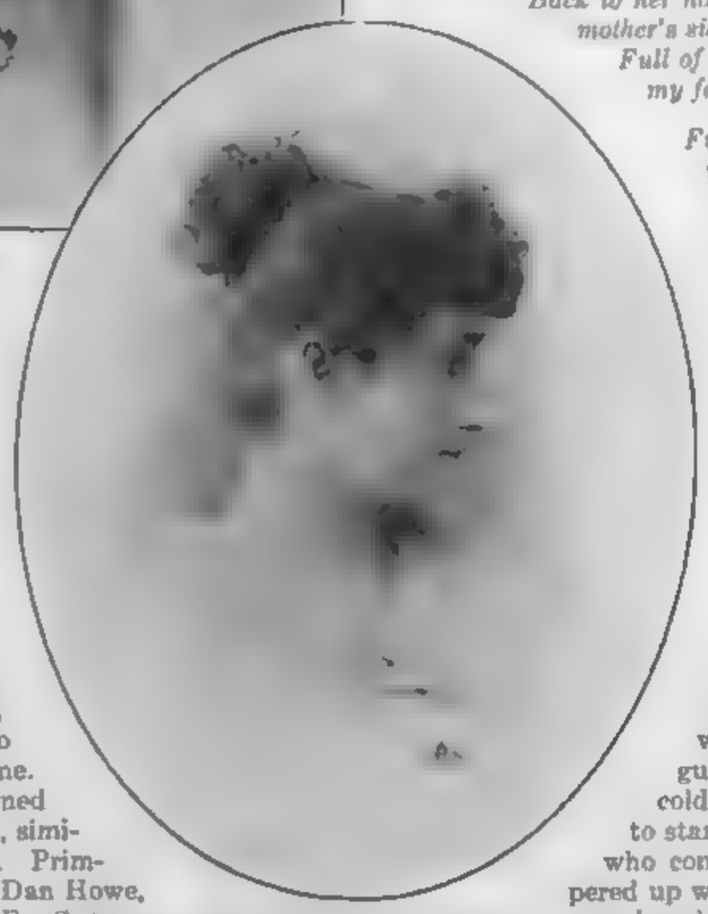
Sure enough, the morning after, Carter presented me with an old-time banjo, all newly strung. He taught me several chords, just enough to accompany myself when I sang a song.

"Now, kid," said he, "when you save up enough money buy a banjo book that contains a chart showing where the notes belong upon the neck of the banjo and the position of your fingers on the instrument. When I come back here next season I hope you will be a first-class banjo player."

My chum at that time was little George Bickel, who many years after became famous in vaudeville, with his partner, Harry Watson, the team name being Bickel & Watson. George Bickel's ambition during those days was to become a band and orchestra leader. He took up the cornet and violin and urged me to do the same, but my heart was set on being a banjo player and nothing could swerve me.

Dear old days! How times have changed! George Bickel today is one of the leading comedians on Broadway; his partner, Watson, is one of the leading comedy actors in moving pictures and on the stage; while I, instead of being a banjoist in vaudeville, drifted into the song-writing and music-publishing business.

I remember one day in Saginaw how anxious George and I were to see the show at Smith's Variety, the only variety theater in our town. Not having the twenty-five cents admission, we carried a banner, which in those days consisted of four sides made of canvas, with the names of the artists painted on them and a candle in the center so that the names could be read at night. George and I, instead of carrying the banners through the streets, sneaked over to my back yard, where we sat from seven until eight in the evening. We then walked calmly back to the theater and placed the banners in the lobby and were admitted to the gallery, where we sat enthralled, unknown to our parents, who thought us fast asleep at home.



Annie Whitney Latona, Who Sang "After the Ball"

In those days the show opened with a circle of men and women, similar to a minstrel performance. Primrose and West were end men; Dan Howe, interlocutor, or middle man; the Foy Sisters, Bertha and Ida, singers. West sang Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me, while Bertha Foy sang If You Love Me, Molly Darling? These were the songs in vogue at that time. The first part would always end with a shakedown dance by each and every performer in the opening circle. In the olio to follow were such acts as Schoolcraft and Coe, Scanlon and Cronin—incidentally, Scanlon starred for many years in musical comedies—Pat Rooney, the father of the present one, in his songs and dances; J. K. Emmett, the sweet singer. The performance would invariably close with either Oliver Twist or a musical act entitled Black-Eyed Susan, with the entire cast.

There was also one legitimate theater in Saginaw, the Academy of Music, presided over by a namesake of the famous Kentucky statesman, Henry Clay. For the sum of twenty-five cents a night I was engaged as usher. The dramas I saw during that period have always remained indelible in my memory. Some of the popular plays and performers in vogue during those days were Buffalo Bill in the Scout's Revenge; Frank Mayo in Davy Crockett; Janauschek in Bleak House; Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson in The Two Orphans. What I most enjoyed was Nate Salsbury's Troubadours, with John Webster, the leading comedian, and Nellie McHenry, the leading soubrette. The big song hit, containing a dozen encore choruses on popular expressions of the day, entitled We'll Take It In, was sung by Miss McHenry; the chorus ran something like this:

We'll take it in, we'll take it out,
That's just what we will do;
We'll take it in, we'll take it out,
And see the whole thing through.

The audience roared with delight. This was followed by John Webster, dressed as a tramp, who rendered a recitation called The Tramp. Although I have never heard it since, I can still recall the words, somewhat to this effect:

Come let me sit down a moment, a stone's got into my shoe;
Now don't begin a-cussin', I ain't done nothing to you.
I'm a tramp—well, what of it? Folks say we're no good;
But tramps got to live, I reckon, though people don't think we should.

Once I was young and handsome, and had plenty of cash and clothes.
That was before I tippled and gin got into my nose.
I had a daughter, Nellie; she was just sixteen.
An' she was the purtiest creature the valley had ever seen.

Beaus? Why, she had a dozen, had 'em from near and far;
But they was mostly country chaps, none of 'em suited her.
There was a city stranger, young, handsome and tall—
Damn him, I wish I had him strangled against that wall!

He was the man for Nellie—she didn't know no ill;
Mother tried to stop it, but you know a young gal's will.
Well, it's the same old story, many of you will say.
He was a soft-tongued devil and got her to run away.

It was only a month after, I heard of the poor young thing;
He had gone away and left her without a wedding ring.
Back to her home they brought her, back to her mother's side;
Full of disgrace and horror, she knelt at my feet and died.

Frantic with shame and horror, her mother began to sink;
Dead in less than a fortnight; that's when I took to drink.
Come, give me a glass, stranger, and I'll be on my way;
An' I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, yes, if it takes till judgment day.

Bells and Banjos

WHAT a sensation this recitation was in those days!

During the winter vacation I obtained a job in the Bancroft House, the leading hotel of the town, as a bellhop. One of my duties was to build wood fires in the grates of the guests' rooms. On a particularly cold morning the clerk ordered me to start a fire in the room of an actor who complained of chilliness. I scampered up with a bundle of wood under my arm, knocked at the door of the room and was told to enter. The occupant was still in bed. I started the fire and soon the chill departed. The occupant then sat up in bed and asked me, in a kind and gentle voice, if I would like to attend the opening of his performance that night at the Academy of Music. I informed him that I ushered there during the evenings, but that a pass for my father and mother would suit me. He immediately made it out and I thanked him.

The next morning when I started the fire in his room again he asked how I had enjoyed the performance. I told him I liked it better than Buffalo Bill and that he was a much better actor. He appeared to be very much delighted with my reply. This play was Rip Van Winkle and the actor was the famous Joseph Jefferson.

We remained in Saginaw until I graduated from the public schools, at the age of fourteen. We then moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a city of about 60,000 inhabitants in those days.

By that time I had obtained a banjo book. Having mastered its contents thoroughly, I decided to teach others. Accordingly I hung out a shingle reading, Prof. Charles K. Harris, Banjo Teacher. This had come without my knowledge of one note from another, but solely through the mastering of the position of my fingers upon the instrument, practiced over and over again, so that one could recognize the melody which followed. They were mostly melodies of old-time songs, such as Old Folks at Home, Dixie, Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, and so on.

It finally came about that I thoroughly absorbed the banjo book so that I could play the contents without consulting it.

I received many engagements to play the banjo and even sing at amateur entertainments, where I always received the magnificent sum of five dollars a night.

By this time my fame as a teacher of the banjo had spread in the vicinity where I lived. Whenever a local entertainment was got up I was invariably called in to rehearse the singers, choose the songs and suggest the performance. On one of these occasions a small organization known as the Phœnix Club had arranged an entertainment, and as usual I was called in to lend my services toward rehearsing the performance. It seemed that the songs I had suggested at previous entertainments or minstrel shows had become monotonous to the people. We were in a quandary as to the source where we could procure new songs. It must be borne in mind that song writers those days were far less prolific than the writers today.

Returning once more to the rehearsal of the Phœnix Club, I suggested to the entertainment committee that I felt capable of writing the words and music for four songs They laughed at me in a good-natured way—much in the same fashion that society laughs at the initial attempts of all embryo painters and artists. I succeeded in inducing the committee to postpone the rehearsals for a week, and undeterred by any discouragement, I remained home every night and wrote the words and music for four songs, as I remember. They were Ah, There, Stay There; If I Were the Chief of Police, Bake That Matzoth Pie, and I Heard Her Voice Again. The last ballad was subsequently published, but no royalties accruing from it ever found their way into my pocket.

At one of the entertainments where I played I met a chap of about my age named Charles Horwitz. Possessing a remarkably fine voice, he often rendered Shaksperean readings after employment hours, being at that time a bookkeeper for the Milwaukee Chair Company. The height of his ambition at that time was to become a Shaksperean actor such as Booth and Barrett. He possessed all the earmarks of realizing his ambition.

Since Maggie Learned to Skate

ONE night during the 80's we both attended the performance at the Grand Opera House, in Milwaukee, now known as Pabst's Theater, where Nat C. Goodwin was appearing in a play called The Skating Rink, with music. Perched up in the gallery, Horwitz and I listened to the songs and imitations given by the famous Goodwin. Somehow or other the songs did not seem to fit the situations.

I mentioned it to Horwitz, who said, "I think it would be a good thing if you and I would write him a song."

"I will write the music," said I, "if you will write the lyric."

The next evening Horwitz came to my home with a lyric entitled, Since Maggie Learned to Skate. I hummed a melody which I thought would fit the words, and in a short time the song was completed, the chorus of which I now remember:

Take me to the roller rink, won't you, daddy dear?
Let me roll upon the floor, it makes me feel so queer.
Give me a quarter, pa, me and Sister Kate.
That's the cry I always hear since Maggie learned to skate.

Early Tuesday morning Horwitz and I walked to the Plankinton House, the leading hotel in Milwaukee at that time, where Goodwin was stopping. We were ushered up to his room and announced ourselves as song writers. I can never forget that morning; the scene is very fresh in my memory as I write now. There was the jovial Goodwin sitting in his pajamas before a fire in the grate; on a table beside him was his breakfast, while in one corner of the room stood an old square piano

Looking us over with a twinkle in his eyes, he repeated, "Song writers, hey? What songs did you ever write?"

"A great many," said I nervously.

"Well, there's the piano; sing us one of your wonderful songs. I have nothing but time on my hands this morning, so go ahead and shoot."

Fortunately I had learned to play the piano by ear. I sat down with the newly written song before me, while Horwitz, standing beside me, sang it to my playing. He sang it as if

Irene Franklin at the Time When She Appeared With Peter Baker's Company in "The Emigrant." In the Oval—An Early Photograph of Nora Bayes Before Going Upon the Stage

Julius P. Witmark, Billed as The Boy Tenor

his very existence depended upon it. Think what an honor it meant to two struggling young boys to have the famous Goodwin sing one of their songs! At the finish of the song Goodwin dropped his toast and came over to the piano, deeply interested.

"Repeat that chorus," said he to Horwitz.

Fully six or seven times Goodwin beckoned to Horwitz to sing the chorus. He became so elated over this song that he sent at once for his manager and his musical director. At his solicitation they listened to the song, and so six or seven times we again repeated it.

For the skating-rink scene in the Goodwin play, where Nat is seeking for his daughter, who, it seems, had caught the roller-skating craze of those days and consequently is rarely at home, I suggested to Goodwin that he dress as an Irish hodcarrier, with sluggers, or whiskers, and the tin dinner pail; that he should come out upon the stage and look around for Maggie, his daughter; that he should advance toward the footlights and then start the song. Goodwin looked at me in surprise and then at his manager. Here was a new idea, I explained, a song to fit the situation.

Curiously enough, this simple idea was unheard of during those days. Songs were thrown into performances promiscuously; any kind of song in any place or situation, as long as it afforded performers the opportunity of displaying their vocal powers. The result was that the song often had no significance. My idea, even in those early days, was never to write a song that did not fit some situation. This idea I have kept to this day. Perhaps this can account for the popularity of many of my songs later.

However, Goodwin was not long in singing this song at a matinée performance. It proved an enormous success. Horwitz and I were both present at this matinée. It was our understanding that the song would be published by one of the large music-publishing concerns in the East. We walked home already assured of fame and fortune, for was not the reigning comedian of the day singing our song every night to a large audience? Patiently we waited and waited, but never received any royalty from that song.

After a lapse of many years, I met Goodwin at the Lambs' Club, in New York, where we were seated at the same table. I greeted him.

He looked at me and said, "I do not recollect your name."

I reminded him that I had written the music, in conjunction with Charles Horwitz, for Since Maggie Learned to Skate, some score of years before

He looked at me astounded and said, "That was a mighty good song. You certainly must have received quite a tidy sum for it."

Laughing good-naturedly, I replied, "My dear Mr. Goodwin, both my collaborator and myself failed to receive any money from that song."

However, time, with the help of fortune, glosses over many disappointments in this world, and our conversation drifted to other topics.

This same Charles Horwitz went into vaudeville years later with one Fred C. Bowers, under the team name of Horwitz & Bowers. They collaborated on two famous ballads of twenty-five years ago, published by M. Witmark & Sons, of New York, entitled "Because" and "Always." They then concentrated on one-word titles, but none seemed to have quite the vogue of "Because" and "Always."

Fred Bowers is still playing in vaudeville, while Charles Horwitz, who dreamed of following in the footsteps of Booth and McCullough, is now writing short sketches for vaudeville acts.

Making Songs Without Notes

TO RETURN to those early days, far from being daunted by the lack of financial rewards out of the skating-rink song, I continued to write songs, both words and music. A thought naturally arises in the reader's mind how it is possible for me to write music to a song when even to this day I cannot distinguish one note from another. The answer is simple. As soon as a melody came into my mind I hummed it. Then I would procure the services of a trained musician for the occasion, hum or whistle the melody for him, and he would take it down on paper with notes. He would then arrange it for the piano. This method is known as arranging. Later on I shall go further into detail regarding this procedure, and point out to the reader that those responsible for some of our most famous songs also lack the trained musician's knowledge of musical notes, but balance this deficiency with the natural possession of melody.

Having written the songs, my next step was to dispose of them. Picture in your mind's eye the trials and tribulations of a young man barely eking out a pittance as a teacher of the banjo and grinding out both words and music during his spare time. Gradually I accumulated quite a collection of manuscripts. I knew that music publishers would create a demand for their numbers by having prominent performers of the stage sing them; and when a song registered with the public it invariably followed that the public would seek the first music store and purchase copies. Thereby hung the secret. I contemplated that although for financial reasons it was well-nigh impossible for me to embark in the music-publishing field, still

(Continued on Page 143)

WITH OR WITHOUT

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

XIII

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

ALONE in the cottage with the moss-green roof, alone with the gray-and-tawny kitten and the remains of a birthday cake, Sally watched, and heard the leaden hours pass till eleven o'clock, half after eleven, and then twelve. A book lay open on her lap, but she did not read.

It was nine or thereabouts when Harris left, taking Flo with him. Reck, preceding Harris by a hurried ten minutes or so, had forgotten his overcoat. Not unnaturally, considering the circumstances under which Reck took his departure.

A guest, having been discovered kissing his hostess in the kitchen, may well be forgiven for leaving without an overcoat. Especially when the sole other masculine guest is, or has been, or, one might put it more accurately thus, had at one time supposed himself to be the hostess' husband and had never really lost interest in her. Very complicated, the whole affair.

Certainly Sally hadn't intended a naïve and rosy candled birthday cake—an ostentatiously innocent birthday cake, with sugar roses blooming among its candles—to be the means of wiping her slate in any such wholesale fashion.

One minute the glowing focus of four desirous eyes, two gray, two black, all masculine. Next minute, alone, with none but a yellow-orbed cat for audience. Not so good—from any angle of vision whatever—not so good.

Sally rather thought for a while that Reck might come back for his overcoat. In which case one only hoped he wouldn't encounter Harris returning Flo.

Nobody came back. Nobody met anybody else. Merely the kitchen clock ticked like a death-watch; the church chime at the corner rang the hours, half hours, quarter hours, with depressing fidelity; noises in the street grew vaguer, noises about the house grew clearer. And the long bright evening wore itself away. Not to be too bitter about it, time somehow passed.

Sally, in her slim green gown with a gardenia on one shoulder, watched and heard it go, with rage, hurt and corrosive uneasiness in her heart.

No matter what way she shepherded her thoughts, they returned, bleating woefully, to the way Harris had taken, driving through the dark with Flo. A movie might have been annoying, but at least a movie would have seemed comparatively safe. Other people in movies; a cloud of witnesses; lights going on and off at odd moments—a picture proceeding to which one was forced to pay a certain amount of attention.

Yes, a movie—with Flo—Sally wouldn't have considered so significant. If Harris had merely taken Flo to a movie, Sally would very likely have gone to bed untroubled. Or perhaps she wouldn't. Certainly it was only decent to stay up for Flo's return with Sally's husband—husband in the sight of heaven, that was. He had said that himself!

Great pity Flo couldn't know she was driving about in the dark with a married man—a semimarried man, so to speak. Though the little hussy wouldn't give a darn, most likely.

Sally, recalling the coziness, the downright intimacy of Harris' roadster, fairly shivered. Not that a girl like Flo needed a roadster in which to be cozy. A seven-passenger car wouldn't keep Flo at a distance.

But driving at night, with the wind cold and sweet on one's eyelids, with vague scents drifting and far stars gleaming, with a rough sleeve under one's cheek and a possessive arm across one's knee—exquisite silences—infrequent murmurs. Sally and Harris had driven that way; since Sally came to Waterburg—not in seven years before that—very little one-handed driving done by husbands, of course.

Flo would be just the girl for it!

Sally wondered if she might not be getting a temperature, as the picture of Flo—curled close against Harris' arm, snuggled warm under Harris' rug, protected by Harris' right hand while Harris' left hand steered deftly through the night—flickered across her mind.

"Come On Up," Said Harris, "That's Too Far"

"Six months ago," cried Sally in the abysses of her storm-ridden soul, "he wouldn't have known she was living! He wouldn't have looked at her if he'd passed her on the street. Doc Wallis would say he'd developed an immune type. Now he's susceptible again. Any vaccine wears off in seven years. And, like a fool, I've deliberately proceeded to expose him to the most virulent sort of contagion. Oh, Harris, my poor hot-headed lamb!"

Then she reflected that he wasn't actually her hot-headed lamb any longer—and the kitten arching itself against her ankle at the moment, she shed a tear into its fur and prepared, on the edge of despair, to go to bed. Which of itself took a certain amount of time, intelligently extended.

Locking all the windows—the watch on one's wrist showed one o'clock—more than merely a drive. They must have gone somewhere to dance. Horrible to think of Flo clinging in Harris' arms. She danced like a chiffon octopus—and the music in those places—utterly indecent. Harris danced rather well—he would probably dance even better with Flo cooing throatily in his ear, I Had Someone Else Before I Met You and I'll Have Someone After You're Gone. That was Flo's latest passion in jazz.

Sally loathed women who sang while they danced. She never did more than just hum, herself.

Locking up the kitchen, with intervals of looking out of the door—half after one and not a sound in the street.

"This is too much!" said Sally savagely—went into the bedroom and took down her hair. Then she sat for another half hour, staring at herself in the glass. A pretty Sally—even she could see it. Large-eyed, smooth-skinned, soft-lipped, a slim white throat, a satiny shoulder.

Out of shadows behind her, a dark head took shape, with a smile—a challenging boyish smile—on the mouth, in the eyes. All at once the eyes narrowed ardently, the mouth brushed Sally's shoulder. Sally dropped her head on her arms and cried, sitting before the mirror which might have given back that kiss in reality, if Sally hadn't been just a fool—not knowing what she wanted when she had it.

"Oh, well, *c'est la guerre!*" said Sally gallantly.

She put on her nightgown and got into bed. She didn't go to sleep. It was two by then, and she knew the Flo-and-Harry party must have grown by what it fed on to last so late. But she drowsed uncomfortably from time to time and started up after each drowsing to see if Flo were yet in the house.

Half after two—and three! Four quarters and three dull strokes—that was the church on the corner, flogging the waveless air with whips of sound.

No Flo. The other bed stood chastely empty.

Sally lay on her back and flung an arm up over her face.

She said to herself, "You did it. You threw him out and she caught him. Now you've lost him for good. You might as well be dead. He was what you wanted."

Allowing for the fact that three o'clock in the morning is the time when one does say such things to oneself quite seriously, she was really very close on desperation.

When a latchkey clicked in the front door and a slight murmur of voices immediately followed, she lay still, waiting. The murmur was brief, oddly lacking in that wood-dove minor by which one identifies the thought transference, however muted, of happy lovers. Presently one voice went away—there were footsteps crossing the living room. Sally lay straight as a cypress at the door of love's tomb, saying nothing at all. A hand fumbled for the switch on the bedroom wall.

"Gosh!" said Flo's shrill whisper, lamentably unsteady.

"Now!" thought Sally—sat up in bed and said coldly, "Oh, have you just come in?"

She uttered upon the heels of that a little shriek and sat frozen. Flo, blinking under a bandage, slightly blood-stained, nursing a badly abraded elbow and limping painfully, yet managed a smart reply:

"No, sweetie, I'm just going out. Don't I look it?"

Then she sat down upon her bed and burst into loud unaffected sobs, with arpeggios in the upper register suggestive of approaching hysteria. Sally was on her feet in a flash, into the bathroom and busy with glass and spoon.

"Drink this!" she said masterfully, coming back before Flo's grief had got well under way. "Stop that crying at once and tell me what has happened."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-a-a——" stammered Flo in a high mirthless wail.

"Drink it!" commanded Sally.

Flo's teeth chattered against the glass.

"What is it?"

"Aromatic ammonia—drink it and stop that nonsense!"

What did one do for hysterical women? Slap them—throw cold water on them? Sally felt she could do either for Flo very efficiently.

"Gosh!" said Flo, draining the glass and returning it. "Gosh, what a night!" She shivered and whimpered, her hair a pale untidy mop above the bandage, her rouged lips startlingly red in a colorless face.

"Where have you been," asked Sally curtly, "and what has happened?"

"What time—is—it?" begged Flo.

"It's after three," said Sally.

The sufferer moaned: "Now I ask you!"

Sally sat down on the bed in her turn, closed a hand on Flo's uninjured arm and said between her teeth, "Where have you been? What has happened? Where is Harris? Answer me—instantly!"

Flo's weeping trailed off into a long gulping sigh. She lifted a resentful look

"Don't be so sympathetic. I can't bear it! I've been for a ride—and out to the Inn—to dance—and into a ditch with Harry's roadster after me."

She seemed about to sob again. Sally shook her viciously.

"There's been an accident?"

"How did you guess it?" sniffed Flo.

Sally's hands clenched each other hard in her lap. She insisted, white-lipped, "You have got to tell me! Where is Harris? Was he hurt? Where is Harris?"

"Poor boy!" groaned Flo. "That ol' sweet thing!" She groped for a handkerchief and blew her nose tremulously.

"You fool!" cried Sally fiercely. "You silly fool! I want to know where Harris is!"

Flo's eyes glared astoundingly under the folded gauze.

"I see you do."

"I want to know if he was -hurt?"

"Sure he was hurt. We were both hurt."

"How much? How much? You aren't trying to tell me he was—killed?"

The stark anguish in that cry left Flo gaping, loosened her tongue

"Who said killed? He's got three or four busted ribs——"

"Three or four ribs!"

"—— and a broken arm——"

"Oh, my God!"

"—— and maybe internal injuries."

Sally implored her: "What sort of injuries?"

"Internal, I told you," said Flo. "Doc Wallis said he couldn't tell yet."

"Doc Wallis! You took him to Doc Wallis?"

"Didn't take him anywhere. Doc Wallis was right behind us—been at the next table to us at the Inn—with some red-headed nurse he plays around with—I've seen him with her before. She's not bad looking—kind of common, that's all."

"Did Doc Wallis run into you? Flo—please—please tell me!"

"Why not?" said Flo. "It's no secret. Not with Harry and me all damaged the way we are. We ran off the road—it was wet—into a tree—trying to miss another car that was coming toward us—head on. The other one must have been lit."

"Was Harris lit?" asked Sally, wincing.

"Not him—he don't need it!" Flo assured her proudly. "I never saw a man run longer on less. He might have had a dynamo inside him from the time we left here till the time we landed up in that ditch."

Sally thought it very likely. She put her fingers to her eyes before the memory of Harris' face going away with Flo

"Where did they take him?" she demanded presently. "To a hospital?"

"No, sir; he went home. How's that for nerve? With a flock of broken ribs and a broken arm and maybe something internal! He wouldn't listen to a hospital. Said he wanted his own bed."

"Who went with him? Doc Wallis?"

Said Flo, "And the red-headed nurse."

"The red-headed nurse?"

"Yeah. . . . What are you worryin' about? He'll be taken care of."

"Not by any red-headed nurse, he won't!" muttered Sally. She got up and went to stand at the window, blinded with tears.

Behind her, Flo groaned hollowly.

"Gosh darn it! Where's my bag? I bet that reporter got hold of it. If he did, I'm sunk!"

"What reporter?" cried Sally, wheeling. "Was there a reporter?"

Flo said lugubriously, "Sure there was. Isn't there always? A bright boy with a fire badge. I guess he'd been out at the Inn too. Anyhow, there he was, asking names and addresses, making wise cracks to the policeman."

"Policeman!"

"Motorcycle cop. Oh, yes, all of the trimmings!" said Flo. "We'll be in the paper tomorrow morning all right. Doc Wallis slipped me away. A man and woman in a flivver brought me home; but if that darned bag got loose ——"

"Flo, what was in it? Anything with your name on it?"

"Couple o' my cards," said Flo, sniffing and swallowing mournfully. "A perfectly good compact and lipstick, a quarter, I think—my green georgette hanky—maybe a box of matches—nothing to shout over; but I'll be the mystery woman of the death car when that reporter gets through with me." She added, inspecting her skinned elbow tenderly: "I told Doc Wallis, if he had to say anything for publication, to say I was Harry's fiancée."

"You did not!"

"Sure I did!" Flo crested a scornful head on which the sanguine dressing sagged a little awry beneath its straw-colored thatch. "You didn't see him all evening, watching me out of those sheik eyes of his. Gosh, I never realized what a knock-out he was! And as a heavy lover—boy! I told him just before we left the Inn, 'Listen, Harry, it's not that I don't like the way you dance, myself, but some of these places have floor managers and I don't want any boy friend of mine led out into the great open spaces just because me and the saxophone went to his head.'" She sighed significantly. "Harry won't mind being reported engaged to me—not if I know men—and Lord knows I should!" She interrupted herself to inquire languidly, "What you putting on your clothes for—this time of night?"

"I couldn't go back to sleep," said Sally.

In which, however misinterpreted, she spoke the truth.

XIV

SALLY left the house in the midst of a heavy downpour next morning, while Flo was still in bed. She had ascertained for her own satisfaction that the bandage covered a deep scratch merely, nothing fatal, nor even permanently disfiguring, and that the scraped elbow and bruised ankle would undoubtedly yield to treatment

She packed a bag, therefore, and took it down with her to the office, where, alone with Reck behind the barricade of his drawing board, she made such explanation and offered such regrets as seemed due him. Reck had seen the morning paper, of course. He fingered it while she talked.

"It's all too rotten!" said Sally. "I can hardly bear it."

"Might have been worse," said Reck. "Doesn't give Flo's name."

"Because the reporter didn't get it—that's all. It does say, 'Devlin's woman companion.' Oh, Reck, suppose someone picked up that bag of Flo's with her card in it. Suppose they get hold of her and she tells them she's engaged to Harris"

"Fair enough!" said Reck. "Let him marry her."

"What? Let him marry—— You're crazy!"

"Aren't we all?" said Reck bitterly. "And if it comes down to that you're free. How d' you expect to keep him tied up?"

"I'm not -free."

"You were free enough yesterday"

"Yesterday is seven million years ago"

"According to who holds the stop watch," said Reck.

His face, above the new gray suit, one of the bright new ties, had fallen into its old look of tired moroseness, heavy lines about the mouth, unsmiling, hollow eyes

"You're no help to me at all," said Sally. She was instantly ashamed of herself. Reck only looked at her and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Reck"

"I told you you hadn't decided which one yet, didn't I? And it made you sore. Well, I think now Devlin's got the edge on me. Four broken ribs and a broken arm. Sure, you're all for him! Hero stuff. Makes no difference that he collected his wounds driving another woman into a ditch after a wild party."

"He was not! Flo says so herself. The other car crowded him off the road."

"Yeah," said Reck; he did not argue the matter. "'It's the rich that gets the pleasure, it's the poor that tykes the blime.' Other car was a milk wagon."

"I don't care!" said Sally. She stood up proudly.

(Continued on Page 70)

"We Ran Off the Road—It Was Wet—Into a Tree—Trying to Miss Another Car That Was Coming Toward Us—Head On"

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1925

Europe in 1926

ALL America wishes Europe a Happy New Year; and there are many signs that, in comparison with 1925, she will have one. The past twelvemonth has been a period of rough and painful readjustment, but long strides have been taken in the direction of peace, tranquillity and modest prosperity.

Untold benefits have arisen from the operation of the Dawes Plan. The initialing of the Locarno Pact has put a new and more benign face on European affairs. It has already brought into existence a healthful sense of security and well-being. Best of all, a spirit of conciliation is in the air. There is an increasing tendency to let bygones be bygones. Diplomatists of former opposing belligerents now go into conference like business men working for a common end, defending their own interests with courtesy and consideration, without chips on their shoulders, without imagining slights where none are intended. Diplomatic correspondence today is couched in suaver and more cordial language than was employed a year ago.

All over Europe, Russia alone excepted, the standard of living is continually rising. Millions of peasants who before the war tasted meat but once or twice a week, now have it daily as a matter of course. Hours of labor have been shortened. There is more time and money for amusements. Better food and better clothing mean new home markets for home industries. After all, the real index of national prosperity is not to be read in the balance sheets of finance ministers but upon the workingman's dinner table and upon his family clothesline.

Germany is hard at work. French industry, especially agriculture, is undermanned, and Italians unemployed at home find profitable labor in the fields of France. In England the problem of unemployment is still acute; but the situation is not so dark as it looks, for the reason that statistics of the jobless take no account of the fact that even in normal periods there are sometimes half a million Britons out of work. Another fact frequently ignored is the existence of a vast army of women workers called to the colors of industry by the demands of war, and still engaged in work that was once thought fit only for men. In both France and England the housing situation is much less acute than it was a year ago. Next year it will be materially better. There has been much bungling, much lost motion, much vexatious obstruction by organized labor, but dwellings are being completed by the hundred every day; and the new houses are better than the ones they replace. There is more air space for each inmate and the improvement of sanitary arrangements makes for health and increased comfort.

Labor conditions are Britain's gravest problem. It is futile to attempt to account for them by the industrial history of the near-by past, and fatuous to try to cure them with a dose of camomile tea or a bit of court-plaster. The fact of the matter is that the great-grandchildren are being punished for the sins of the great-grandfathers and of other ancestors even more remote. Even had there been no war, an industrial readjustment of some sort was bound to come. The time-honored social system of England seemed plausible enough as long as it worked. We now know that, however logical it may have been, it did not give the under man a sufficient stake in the country to insure his loyalty to anyone but himself and his immediate family. In his endeavors to destroy his supposed oppressors, he has very nearly destroyed himself. Industrial conditions may be worse before they are better; but once the readjustments are made, Britain will stand on firmer underpinning.

Recent progress made by European nations in funding their war debts to America will prove even more beneficial to them than to us. In every case it is the first step toward putting the debtor's financial house in order. Great Britain, first to fund her war obligations, has already returned to a gold basis. Within the coming year we may expect to see several Continental nations stabilize their currencies—not perhaps on a gold basis, but at least on a scale which will put certainty in the place of uncertainty and replace distrust with confidence. More than one country whose national accounts are in the red ink will balance its budget and show a substantial surplus.

The New Year is likely to witness the firmer establishment of the League of Nations and a new accession of its power for good. Its real sanction is the respect and confidence of the world. The manner in which it has performed various international works of drudgery has, in the main, been admirable. Its prompt and decisive action in the flare-up between Greece and Bulgaria has materially heightened its prestige; and every act of beneficence which it can add to the score will make it a more powerful agency for maintaining the peace of the world.

If the New Year brings all these things to pass either wholly or in substantial measure, the foundations will have been laid for a peaceful and prosperous European future. The stern lessons of war have not been wholly wasted, and there is reason to hope that they will be applied with sanity and wisdom as soon as the nations come out of the daze of the reconstruction period. "The wages of sin is death," saith the Scripture. The wages of hate are paid in the same coin. They will never be raised. Hate may be traditional, instinctive, logical and even patriotic, in a certain sense, but in the long run hate will kill the hater as surely as the hated. That is the profoundest lesson of the war.

Europe will receive with some cynicism the good wishes of America. For ten years her press has teemed with articles and editorials telling what America could do for her and ought to do for her. In the meantime she has begun to do for herself things we could not possibly do had we all the will in the world to urge us. We could, indeed, lend her money; we could lay low our tariff walls; we could cancel her war debts. What we could not do was to breathe into her, nation by nation, faction by faction, the spirit of tolerance, forbearance and conciliation. That is something she is now doing for herself. It is her surest guaranty of a happy New Year.

Meddlers' Mischief

THE bitterest irony attending many efforts at social reform lies in the fact that well-meant innovations do not always work out according to plan. Practical results are often the opposite of those sought. Conspicuous examples of reforms that have failed are to be found in legislation designed to better working conditions for women and children. In many instances the sharp edge of the sword has been turned toward those in whose defense it was drawn. Laws intended to create better jobs have repeatedly resulted in there being no jobs at all.

Unskilled labor is not the most helpless victim of these tender-hearted men and women who have worked for it so unselfishly and so disastrously, for even the downtrodden have a certain solidarity and can speak with an articulate voice. They can, and do, appear in person or by proxy at legislative hearings and oppose crank legislation initiated for their betterment. Society as a whole never knows how to defend itself from its friends. Thus it has come to pass that every commonwealth has been more or less devastated by a locust plague of uplifters and reformers. Marching under the banner of light, as they do, we have been slow to realize how many monkey wrenches they have been dropping into our social machinery. The damage they do is none the less because they trick out their instruments of sabotage with bows of pink ribbon. In matters of prison reform and criminal procedure they have lately been singularly pernicious. Our prisons needed reforming sadly enough. Our treatment of criminals was too harsh, too unenlightened. Reformers worked radical changes for the better, and in so doing they performed a signal public service. The trouble was they did not know where to stop. The momentum of success carried them far beyond the white line at which they should have halted. They swung the pendulum from stern ruthlessness to drooling sentimentality, and all the underworld applauded. Society at large, helpless, bewildered and inarticulate as usual, is paying the penalty of their excesses. The arm of the law is withered and its hand can close with no firm and powerful grip. In support of these declarations we quote by permission extracts from a letter on the subject received from Justice Selah B. Strong, of the Supreme Court of the state of New York:

"The real cause of crime today is leniency. Prison reformers—uplifters—have done much toward increasing crime. Sanitary conditions, plain food and hard labor should be the prison life of the criminal. As against this, we find model prisons, with assembly halls for presenting plays and movies; athletic grounds, with equipment for all sorts of games. The best shows are taken to Sing Sing. The best movie reels are displayed there. They have their baseball games every week, weather permitting, with local and professional teams. Their food is brought in upon arrangement from outside. They are permitted to leave the jail and attend funerals or upon other excuses. With the prison reformers' slogan of Sunshine in Every Cell, something that even the rich cannot always secure in the modern apartment, where will it end?

"So much for prison conditions. We pass to the law and we find the indeterminate sentence law, a law providing for time off, and a political parole board who are continually being approached upon behalf of prisoners. With an all too sympathetic public from which to draw jurors, what more can the criminal ask? A conviction of murder in the second degree, which is often brought in by sympathetic juries, instead of being followed by a life sentence, is now followed with life as a maximum sentence and twenty years for a minimum, with time off for good behavior and the parole boards ready for an application for parole. The forty-year sentence, which looks terrible in print, means but twelve and a half years, provided the parole board permits the prisoner to remain in prison that long. As the present laws are inadequate sufficiently to protect the citizens, and as there is an ever-increasing tendency to lessen the punishment, thus making the way of the criminal more to his liking, something must be done to aid the citizens in protecting themselves against these conditions.

"If a sincere effort were made to stamp out crime, there should be first a speedy trial, without delays; to be followed by fixed sentences by the trial court when the party is found guilty. Twenty years should mean twenty years. The maximum-and-minimum-sentence law should be abolished, as should the parole boards. No time off should be given for any cause whatsoever."

Not every jurist is prepared to give public expression to his views in language as forthright and explicit as Judge Strong's; but the great majority of jurists are in essential agreement with them.

England's Taxation Burden

By WILLIAM R. GREEN

Chairman Committee on Ways and Means, United States House of Representatives

THE rights and liberties of an Englishman are built on very ancient foundations. When King John's rebellious nobility, 700 years ago, wrested from him the Great Charter which became the foundation of liberty not only for England but for the remainder of the world, they insisted upon the provision that "no scutage or aid"—for so the ancient taxes were called—"shall be levied except by the consent of the general council of the nation." As time went on and Parliament became an established institution, this provision of the Great Charter came to mean that without the approval of Parliament no tax was valid.

It was not, however, to be universally recognized without a great struggle. Though the Great Charter was reaffirmed by more than one king, it was violated by others. But the spirit of resistance to the autocratic will of the king became stronger and the determination of the people and Parliament to insist upon their rights became more firmly fixed. The attempt of Charles I in 1634 to collect without authorization by Parliament a tax called ship money resulted in a civil war in which battles were fought between the forces of the king on the one side and those of Parliament on the other.

One of the minor battles of this war became notable through the death of the great statesman and patriot, Hampden, who had largely directed the contest on the part of Parliament. The issue was settled by the defeat of the king and his execution. It was not long before the monarchy was restored, but the principle that taxes could be levied only by act of Parliament had become firmly embodied in the English constitution and was never thereafter seriously disputed. This principle had some far-reaching consequences which no one at the time of the revolt against Charles could have even imagined. About a century later the attempt of Parliament to tax the American colonies, which were not represented in any way in that body, brought on our own Revolutionary War, with the slogan, Taxation Without Representation is Tyranny.

The Great Charter, or Magna Charta, as it is often called, was not intended to protect the nobility alone, if we consider other great principles laid down therein. The declaration was that "to no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice." Every freeman came within its provisions. But it seems not to have been generally recognized that its statement of the principles of liberty and freedom would have been of little avail without the provision which it made with reference to taxation. The greatest weapon of tyranny was taken away when the monarch could no longer levy of his own will tribute on a subject. The control of the army and navy, and indeed of the whole machinery of government, passed from the king to Parliament; for all were dependent upon the representatives of the people for the funds by which they were maintained. The power controlling the treasury necessarily controlled everything else.

It must not be thought, however, because all taxes were required to be levied by Parliament, in which they were subject to discussion or criticism, that in the early days taxation was in any marked degree either more scientific and equitable than in other countries, or less burdensome. It was not. It was less oppressive, tyrannical and arbitrary than in other nations of Europe, where the authority of the king was final, but this was all. The effect of taxation on the poor was little considered, and the great principle that taxes should be paid in proportion to the ability of the taxpayer to bear them, now almost universally accepted, was not brought forward until a comparatively recent period.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, at a time when the nation was not at war, practically every necessity was taxed, and among them four commodities especially essential to the poor—salt, leather, soap and candles. Salt was taxed three shillings and fourpence a bushel, about three times the original price of the commodity; leather at three halfpence a pound; candles, which at that time furnished the light not only for the poor but for the wealthy to a large extent, a penny a pound.

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THE PRIMA DONNA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Suggestion—Hint, Idea, Conception, Thought, Plan—

For a Christmas, Yuletide, Holiday Card, Missive, Note, Epistle—With the Aid, Succor, Assistance, Help and Cooperation of Roget's Thesaurus

I SEND, transmit, consign, convey,
Mail, post, address to you,
This poem, stanza, carol, lay,
Which herewith you may view,
See, look at, glimpse, peruse and con,
And thus, perhaps, you'll find,
Learn, guess, discover, come upon
Just what I have in mind.

This cerebration, concept, thought,
Is really very clear,
Plain, obvious, distinctly wrought,
And thus it will appear,
Be manifest, made evident,
What this is all about,
And with what purpose, plan, intent,
This card is going out.

It offers, tenders, helps express,
Love, friendship, admiration,
Regard, affection, tenderness,
Fervor and adulation.
Oh, were it not for smallness of
This card, it might be hinted
I'd send more synonyms for love
Than Roget ever printed.

So if you dwell, live, stay, abide,
On isle, peak, plain or isthmus,
I greet, salute you—and besides,
I wish you Merry Christmas!
—Berton Braley.

Christmas Morn—If This Post-Card Thing Continues to Grow

Modernity

"WELL," said the prosperous-looking man, "I've just made a payment on my house and car, the phonograph, the player piano and radio, the vacuum cleaner, the washing and sewing machines, last summer's Palm Beach suit, the fireless cooker, Johnny's bicycle, the overstuffed parlor suit and the canary bird's cage and I still have thirty cents. Believe I'll meander over to Oyster Jim's and open an account on an Amsterdam stew."

And on the way he stopped in the corner cigar store to make a nickel payment on a fifteen-cent purchase of last week. *—Mary Dorman Phelps.*

Commercial Clauses

BEWHISKERED, and in suits of colored gauzes,
An ode is due unto our pseudo Clauses!
To these who don traditional apparel
Of old St. Nick, I consecrate this carol—
The portly, courtly substitutes
for Santa,
Who grace our stores from
Portland to Atlanta,
And help diffuse the proper
Christmas spirit,
Or sentiment in lieu of and
quite near it.
The camouflage of cheery
Christmas chuckles—
The rotund form that seems
to burst the buckles—
The elfin eyes that twinkle
so uniquely,
Do so for stated compensations weekly.
The pseudo Santas on their
public stages
Dependent are on time clocks
and on wages.

The smiles on which the children gaze enraptured,
One grieves to state, are
merely manufactured.
His sled on which each
laughing laddie's view
falls
No doubt was made in Salem
or in Sioux Falls,
And paunches that resemble rolling billows
Are artificed by means of sofa pillows.
Such pseudo Clauses, outwardly most jolly,
Quite frequently inside are melancholy.
And sub as Santa with a secret loathing,
Elated to return to shoe or clothing
Departments and remove their beards of cotton
When Santa Claus for twelve months is forgotten.
Oh, martyred to the kiddies' Christmas cause is
This sect of sacrificing, pseudo Clauses.

Whenever hopeful youngsters meet or mingle,
They coo anew their faith in kind Kris Kringle,
And thus each pseudo Claus in tinted
tassels
Gives being to the children's fairy castles.
A Launcelot, through mercantile confusion,
He battles on behalf of Youth's Illusion.
The pseudo Claus must stand the strain of
shopping,
Be capable of endless lollipopping,
And temptingly describe his fine assortment
Of toys rewarding excellent deportment.
Ah, nowadays his praise is much too
scant. A
Salary raise is due the nouveau Santa
And let us hope this year the Nation pauses
To volunteer a cheer for pseudo Clauses!
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

A Tayle of Mistletoe

IT WAS ye damsel Alisoun who blithelie
went to spend
Ye merrie Yuletide season at ye castel of a
frend,
With sondry noble beauteous mayde, and
lords of high degree,
To meet a princely forain guest from sunny
Italie.
Now wil ye wel, a forain prince looks good
to any mayd,
And all ye girls ben on their toes, and in
their best arrayd,
And each had bet her Sunday shift, that
neath ye mistletoe
She first would win a royall buss from
Prince Antonio;
And Alisoun bet with ye rest, for tho she
ben but plaine,
Yet wel she wool that fortune oft befrends a
clever jane.
Her form ben more than average thik, her
tresses redd of hue,
She had a black and beadie eye, her nose
ben shiny too;
Yong Alisoun knew sikurly she ben no movie
queene,
Yet wil I tel ye cock-eyde world, she used
ye hitel beene.
Ye afternoon bifore ye ball ben passing mild
and fair,
And gentil Prince Antonio paced forth to take ye air.
Now all ye girls ben dollyng uppe or takyng butis naps,
But Alisoun did on her hood, and eek her furrie wraps,
For whan she from her window saw ye prince a-roming go,
She thought her of an eldern oke whare grew ye mistletoe:
She wank into her lokyng-glass, and with herself conversed,
"It pays to do as you'd be done—and soothly do it first!"
She sauntered out with careless mien across ye wintrie lea,
And whan ye prince mett uppe with her, who more amazed
than she?
Her seemed in sooth a sprightlie pal, a joly mayd and
bright,
And he resolved to have a harte and daunce with her that night.
With pleasaunt cheer they paced along, with mery craks and jokes,
While Alisoun steered craftilie toward ye ancient okes.
Now sodenly ye sun was hid behynd a cloudie pall;
A cold and percing wynd did blow, ye snow began to fall.
All softlie reared in balmy climes, ye prince did fercely sneeze,
For parlous chylle beset hys bak and made his legs to freeze;
But chatty Alisoun, all sett to play ye dedly sampe,
She ben not wise ye storm had made Antonio all dampe.
She cocked a questing eye aloft, to verify her game,
And then she fayned a fritened squeek, and cryed,
"O, fy for shame!
Ah, socke a cruel, clever sheek, to lure a simpel mayd
Out here beneath ye mistletoe, whare she ben sore afrayd!

(Continued on Page 54)

Old-Time Dyspeptic Christmas—Bringing In the Crackers and Milk

Vegetables! Beef Broth! Macaroni! Savory herbs and delicious seasoning!

Here's a steaming plateful of happiness for your appetite. The blended deliciousness and nourishment of fifteen different vegetables. The heartiness of cereals. The invigoration that broth of choice beef always gives.

You know, at the very first spoonful, that this is just the kind of vegetable soup you like. Such tempting flavor! So much substantial food! Such real satisfaction to your appetite!

Campbell's is the kind of vegetable soup everybody enjoys, but so few housewives have the time to make.

Selecting, preparing and blending thirty-two ingredients is no easy matter—to say nothing of the expense.

Let our famous French chefs provide you with the most popular vegetable soup in the world—Campbell's!

21 kinds

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LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

I WANT TO BE A LADY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

But if She Were Shaking, So Was the Man Beside Her. "Do I Have to Tell You?" He Cried Beneath His Breath

And then Launcelot took his helm and his shield, and thanked God of his adventure.

JUDY was the first to speak.

Her injury and the pain of it were forgotten. She lunged toward the shape huddled beside the rock; and instinctively Truby Cole limply raised an arm to his face to shield himself. He could not see her face, but the cry that came from her was enough. It was shrill, vindictive. She could not stand but, down on her knees, she had the huddled shape by the arm, both hands clutching it and shaking him till his head rocked. "Where is he? What have you done to him? Tell me where he is!"

"Holt on thur!" Lippitt interposed.

Truby Cole had said nothing. He had sunk lower against the rock, his figure slipping down beneath the fury of the girl raging at him in the dark. Catching her by the shoulders Lippitt held her fast. "No use t' kill him alive, hear? Not yet. Wait till we finds what's happent!" Judy still struggled like a wild thing. Between her teeth, her voice dire, she was saying, "If he's killed him! If he's killed him!" Then, her rage and venom all at once ebbing, she put both hands to her face and rocked herself to and fro.

Lippitt leaned down to the figure huddled beside the rock. Around Truby Cole's waist was looped a cartridge belt, and at his hip hung a leather holster. The holster was empty, and the horse wrangler gave Truby Cole a savage dig. "Sit up, you!" he ordered, his voice menacing. "Did you lay him out or not?"

Out of the dark came a moan. "Don't roughen me, Dozey. I got mine, cain't ye see?"

A lot Lippitt cared! He shook the huddled figure again. "Speak your piece, you hear! Did you blam him with yer gat—or wot? Wot happened's wot I want t' know!"

Judy dropped her hands from her face and waited. From Truby Cole came another groan. "We fit, him 'nd me. He wos like hell cats, that's all I knows. Ain't ye a-goin' t' help me, Doze, 'stead o' shakin' th' lights outer me like you're doin'?"

Lippitt's answer was another savage shake. "Whur's yer gun?" he rasped; and Truby Cole groaned again.

"Yonder summers. He knocked hit a-spinnin'. I couldn't fetch to kill him nohow; 'nd he was on me like I said, hell cats. Then we rolled off th' rock up thur, him 'nd me."

Again Lippitt gave him a yank. "Whur's our hawses, ye rustlin' sidewinder?" he snapped.

Truby Cole made a weak gesture toward the valley. "Down yont, below."

Lippitt swore briefly. "Whur's the hawse you come here on?"

It was across the hill, tethered. "I wos a-tryin' t' git to hit," whimpered Truby Cole; and another snarl came from the horse wrangler.

"You c'n save yer legs!" he snapped. He had his opinion of a fellow who'd pull down a gun on an unarmed man. He flung Cole back against the rock and rose. "Come erlong, Judy-gal," he said briefly.

Judy signed silently for him to help her into the saddle.

Speech for the moment had left her. Her face stony, she stared straight ahead into the dark. Lippitt took the reins in his hand, and edging along cautiously, he made his way to the foot of the ledge over which the two men had tumbled in their fierce affray. The place where they had struck was plain enough; and striking a match, its tiny flame momentarily shielded under his coat, Lippitt studied the surroundings. Blood spotted the loose shale here and there; and the shale showed, too, where someone, Truby Cole maybe, had crawled across it. Then of a sudden Lippitt grunted. On a strip of moss overlying a slab of rock was a fresh scar, the mark where someone had climbed. "Stay whur ye be; don't stir!" he ordered; and handing the reins to her, he scrambled up the hill.

The rain fell unchecked. Caught by the gusts, it was flung in volleys in her face; and in the blank darkness now she hardly could see her horse's head. How long she waited she could not have told. She had no thought, however, of time—the weather either. Out somewhere in the black gulf of dark and the storm was the man she had put there at the hazard of his life; and what tortured most was that she had to sit there, helpless and waiting. Her senses strained, she still was striving to pierce the wall of blankness about her when she heard a horse whinny; and out of the gloom it emerged presently, a man leading it. Dozey Lippitt, it seemed, had found the horse Truby Cole had ridden. Without further ado, too, Lippitt had taken it.

The horse, however, was not all Lippitt had found. "See," he grunted; and striking a match, he handed up the object to her. Judy snatched it from him. It was a blue-and-white, polka-dotted handkerchief of rough calico blown by the wind into a crevice of the rocks.

The rain had soaked it, and it was stained, too, with blurs of something that left its blur on her fingers. She knew it at once, however. It was a handkerchief she'd bought back at Pinto—part of the outfit packed by her for him. Clutching it in her hand, she moved restlessly. "Hurry, Dozey!" she begged. She could have saved the words, though. Lippitt's air was visibly hurried, not to call it fearful. "We'll hev t' pull outer yere right smart," he mumbled. It was "a-screamin' hell," he said, up on the crest of the horseback; and unless they hurried they might not get across at all. "I nigh got my hair blowed off as it wos," he added graphically.

She asked one question only. "You didn't find any—anything else?"

No, he had found nothing.

His eyes darted about him fearfully; and as a blast ripped out of the darkness, thundering among the rocks, he crouched down, cowering away from it as if someone were raining down blows on his head. Then, the instant the gust

(Continued on Page 31)

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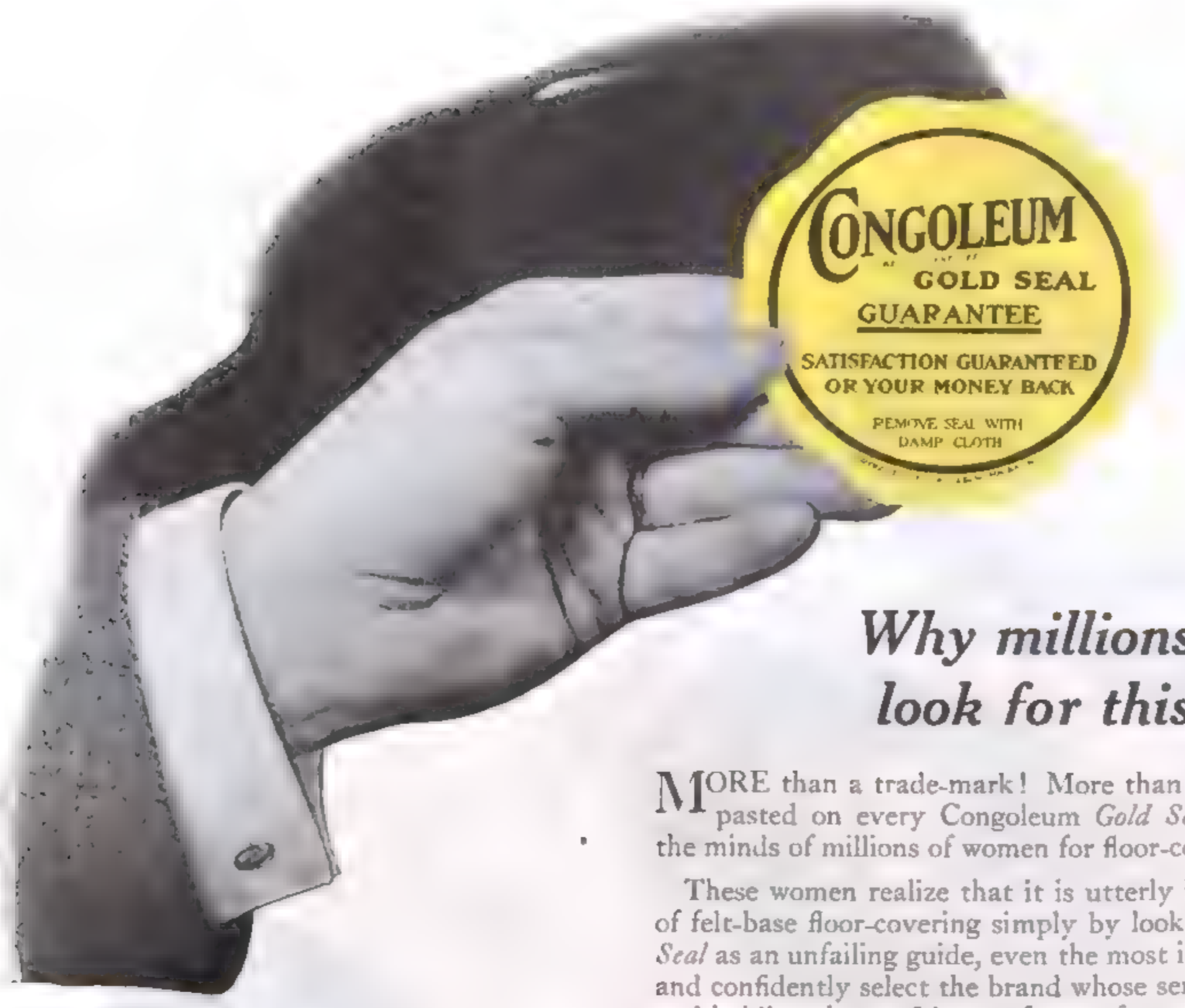

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(Continued from Page 28)

waned, he took her bridle; and still afoot, the horses at his heels, he crept out across the bare hillside, heading for the gully that led up to the crest. The rock behind which Truby Cole lay huddled was close at hand, and as they went by a wail came from it, "Help me up, Dozey. Judy, you wouldn't leave me lay yere, would ye?"

If they heard, they gave no sign.

Lippitt, his head bent, his arm held up to shield him from the blasts, crawled upward, all his wits centered on the battle with the darkness and the storm. Half an hour later a gasp of relief escaped him. They were over the crest of the ridge of bare, exposed rock, the slope falling away before them. An hour later, down in the timber on the mountain's side, he pulled up abruptly.

"We'll roost here, I guess," he mumbled.

Slipping down from the saddle he wiped the streaming moisture from his face. "Now don't you worry none," he grunted to the silent figure on the other horse. "Yer all right now; 'nd as fur that thur fellow, if ye're thinkin' on him yet, he ain't gone fur, not on any sech night as this yere. We'll find him when it comes daylight."

But whether dead or alive, Lippitt didn't say. He ventured no opinion.

"Help me down, Dozey," said Judy. "I can't move."

XXI

AT DAYLIGHT, though, all contrary, they did not find Lippitt's assurance to the Rand Farlow.

Dawn came on at last, the day breaking in quiet, stately solemnity, a vivid contrast to the burly violence of the night. It was, in fact, another evidence of the way Nature seems to delight in the jest of making a travesty out of human effort and suffering; for, as morning came, the sun burst out bland and bright from behind the hills, the light air sweeping from the skies the last tattered pennants of the storm. All was peaceful and smiling. It was as if there never had been a storm.

The east was just pinking when the camp below the timber line stirred itself

One calls it that by courtesy. In the night's resting place, however, there was little that was fitting either for rest or shelter. There had been only one horse between them when they'd started; and already fagged out by its journey in from the Cayuse, the animal was hardly fit to be burdened even with the food they'd need—that and a blanket for each. Both, of course, had slickers, though in the wind, with the rain volleying against them like bird shot, these hadn't proved of much use. They already were drenched from head to foot by the time they reached the timber. However, by dint of ceaseless effort and almost when he had given up in despair, Lippitt had managed to get a fire going; and having put on the kettle to boil, he had hacked down enough branches to erect a framework against the bowlder under the lee of which they'd halted. Over this he spread the slickers, and it was under this that they'd sat out the night.

They talked little. At intervals Lippitt got up and flung fresh wood on the fire; and in its light Judy's face looked wan and pinched. What her reflections were, one might imagine. There was the pain, too, from her injury. She made no complaint, however. Then, along past midnight, the rain ceased; and a while afterward her companion jerked a thumb toward the sky above. "Stars," he grunted briefly.

She looked up through a gap in the ragged tree tops. The scudding rack had parted, a gleaming point of light twinkling down at her; and into her dulled mind stole the memory of a whimsical, jingling verse she recalled, the relic of her early days down at the schoolhouse in Lattimer:

Starlight, star bright;
Very first star I see tonight. . . .

She got this far when a little sound caught Lippitt's ear; and from the fire, at which he again was stirring, he shot a quick look over his shoulder. "Why, Judy-gal!" he mumbled.

A frown of trouble crept into his eyes, and he shook his head at her. "Don't ye cry now. Hit all'll come out right."

"I just got to thinking, Dozey, that's all."

He nodded. "I know; on'y don't you be a-doin' that. It ain't no good, nohow; 'nd mebbe, too, when we all gets back t' Pinto we'll jess find all this is jess moonshine, so to speak. Why, yeah!" added Dozey, brightening; "how do we know these yere lawyers han't got it set t' rights already now?" The lawyers? "Uh-huh," nodded Dozey sagely; "'bout this yere money 'nd all—Harbison's."

"Oh, that," murmured Judy.

If she had thought of the money it was in one way only the yawning and impassable gulf its loss had laid open in the way. Her eyes dropped wearily and she did not look back to the stars again. She still was silent when the dawn came.

Lippitt was up and working at the fire. With him life once more seemed to have taken up its accustomed habit; and coughing and wheezing from the smoke, he was carving bacon into strips and otherwise making preparations for the serious business of breakfast. His face, though, had in it a furtive uneasiness, and at times he cast a glance at the figure beside the rock. As she stirred he spoke. "Feelin' tollable?" inquired Dozey.

She smiled, the smile thin; and at the same time she nodded. She had yet to utter any complaint. Flipping the bacon into the fry pan, Dozey spoke again, "Mind if I talks now? I git suthin I'm wantin' t' say; 'nd I'd like if you'd let me."

"I'm listening," she murmured.

He squatted down at the fire, his eyes fastened on the sizzling bacon as if that were his only care. His air, though, for all that, still was covertly uneasy. "Hit's thisaway," said Dozey slowly, his tone halting and thoughtful; "I ben figgerin' out this yere state o' doin's; 'nd hit seems like t' me one thing more'n another would be what we'd best do. We all'll be wastin' time hullabalooin' round this yere piece o' huts, huntin' this feller's tracks 'nd tryin' t' pick up whichever way he's a-gone. In fack, it han't no more use'n a-tryin' to find a grasshopper in a snowdrift; so you lissen careful now wile I tells you how I plans. We'll eat, you 'nd me; then you stay here wile I takes a scout around, lookin' t' see if he's yonthur, up behint on th' hill. If he is, mebbe I c'n run acrost him. If he ain't, 'nd I cain't git no signs, then I sez thur's juss one thing you 'nd me has to do. He'll make f'r the head of th' Cayuse, if he's a-headin' anywheres; which bein' the case we all'll make a break hell bent f'r thataway, catchin' him when he turns up thur."

It was sound reasoning. If Farlow was off the mountain and heading back to the Cayuse, there was just one way he could get out by that route. It was by way of the cañon through which the Cayuse ran Then, too, there was the chance—slight, true of overhauling him before he got there. What's more, Judy saw the force of it.

Breakfast was eaten in haste. Once it was consumed, Lippitt bestirred himself to set out. Brisk as he was, though, he still vaguely was uneasy; and a few minutes later he found, too, reason for his uneasiness. At all events, he was just throwing an armful of wood on the fire, when she halted him. "Put out the fire," she directed.

He stared down at her, his round face wried into a sudden scowl. She was to stay there, wasn't she, till he got back? Judy's answer to this was to hobble to her feet—one foot, rather. "Get my hawse," she said

"Wot!" stuttered Lippitt.

In vain he argued. "I'm going," she repeated doggedly. She went too. Nothing he could say in the least budged her. A few minutes later once more the horses retraced their way up that weary slope, though both they and their riders could have been spared the effort for any good it produced. There was no trace anywhere of the man astray in that wild.

Of what followed then there is little to tell. Hours were lost in beating back and forth across the slope

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At Intervals Lippitt Got Up and Flung Fresh Wood on the Fire; and in its Light Judy's Face Looked Wan and Pinched. What Her Reflections Were, One Might Imagine

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

It Was Five in the Morning When John Lexham Brought His Adopted Sister Home, Sleepy as Sleepy Against His Shoulder

XVI

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

PEACH was in a whirl. It had been a day. It had been a night. "You will do the thing thoroughly, will you not?" Mrs. Mount had implored Sir John Lexham. To which he had answered magnificently, "I always do it thoroughly."

He was not overestimating himself in the least. That ten-pound note—the note of incalculable vileness—had disappeared like so much froth at the Embassy Club. The following day was his, and his alone. True, Mrs. Mount, in her dressing gown, had crept down to him on the following morning when he had called, a few minutes early, for her delectable client. Mrs. Mount had tried once more her trick of distributing a sum of money about his person—only five pounds this time certainly; smaller and more damnable than ever—the while she made remarks on other subjects to call off his attention.

"I heard a wonderful rendering of Chopin last night at dear Flora's," said Mrs. Mount. "Look, isn't that a lovely wood fire? Doesn't it make pretty flames? I am buying some special logs for little Peach now. . . . I take it the Embassy Club was very crowded last night. . . . How extraordinarily well you are looking. . . . Listen, I want to ask you something. Do you think it likely that Hugh—the butler—will live long?"

But John Lexham's attention would not be diverted and he was not having any.

"Curse it all, Ada," he said angrily, resisting the five-pound note, "I am a man!"

"Yes, dear John," said Mrs. Mount meekly, "but you make it so hard. Anyone else in the circumstances would just like a regular check sent or some arrangement of the sort; but you make physical force, or else deception—getting you to look elsewhere or something like that—the only way. You are so hard to manage."

"I am I," said John Lexham.

"Yes, dear John," Mrs. Mount agreed.

Then Peach came down, and they had a day! And by Jupiter, they had a night! It was five in the morning when John Lexham brought his adopted sister home, sleepy as sleepy against his shoulder. He had danced her nearly off even her dancing feet, although, when she opened her eyes as the cab reached home, she averred that she wanted more of it. So did John Lexham perhaps. Only, he didn't say so.

She awoke to the sound of Eve singing softly over the packing.

"Eve," she said, leaning upon her elbow the better to see the busy maid, "how happy you sound! I am happy; but I shouldn't have thought you would be, for you are leaving your friend Francis."

"Oh, la-la!" cried Eve, and she went on packing. There was a conspiratorial smile on her face.

"Have my new things come?" murmured Peach.

"They are all here, mademoiselle."

"Are they nice?"

"Adorable, mademoiselle."

"If I have to marry Lord Loring," thought Peach, "I wonder if he'll mind the bills left over." And a little shiver caught her. But it was a good day; the sun shone; frost crisped the air; the young always like the mere fact of going somewhere else, and she was going somewhere else that very day. She was going to Wareham.

"This is a great house that we go to, mademoiselle," said Eve; "not all have the entrée."

They were traveling by car, of course.

"I must write to Georgina," thought Peach, "and make her mad with envy."

The dowager duchess was very pleased to entertain Miss Peach Robinwood, the cause of her dear Ada looking so much stronger and fatter in so short a time; she was very pleased always to see Sir John Lexham; and for the rest, she had gathered together a very beautifully selected and adjusted little house party. She had two brilliant bridge players, besides herself and Mrs. Mount, so they would play bridge all day; she had a writer of great repute who would write all day; two or three men who would shoot or golf or hunt all day; two or three women who would do the same; one or two restful people who could be trusted to lie in bed all day; and Sir John Lexham and the American heiress whom, it was privately supposed by everybody, he would run after all day, if he had any sense. Also, Wareham was a great house where people might lose themselves all day.

Mrs. Mount explained these separate entities to Peach in her tactful way as they drove down in the hired limousine.

"The food," she said with quiet authority on that point, "is inhuman."

"The ballroom," said Peach, clasping her hands, "is the finest in any country house in England."

"Dear child, you will enjoy yourself."

"I shall!" answered Peach with a firmness so devout that it was almost piety.

Sir John Lexham had already arrived when they got down, and was idling about in the great firelit hall with a dog or two, looking browner than ever in old brown tweeds. Peach's entry would have been timid had it not been for him. He made all things safe, homely, in some inexplicable way. She came into the great inner hall and saw the dogs and the blazing fire, and John Lexham, and the fat dowager pouring tea from a fat teapot of ancient silver, and men looking toward her with acute interest—particularly

Continued on Page 35

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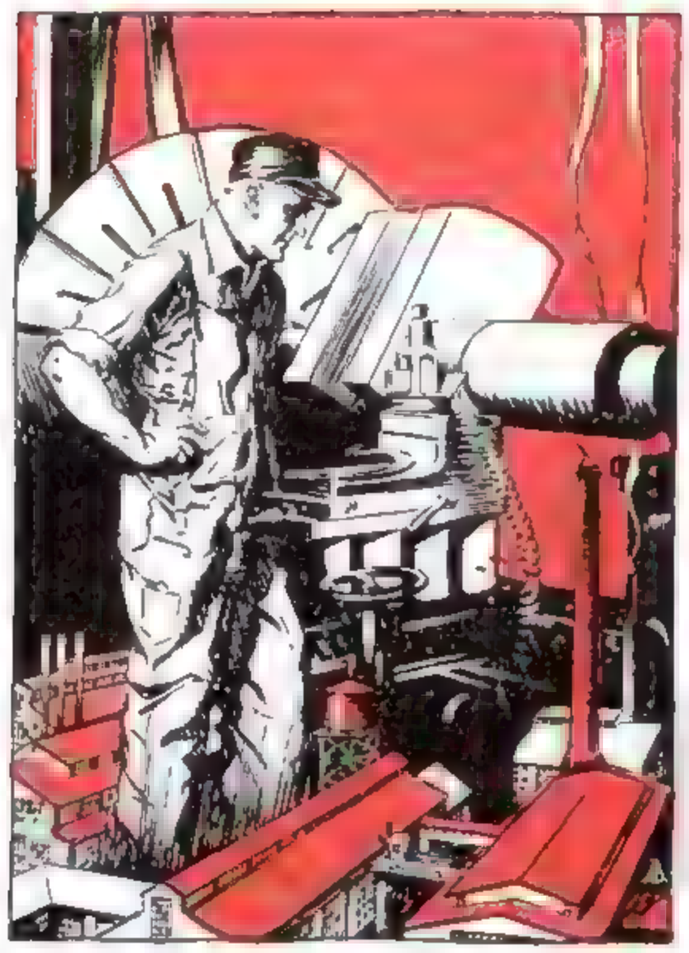

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NEW YORK

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the writer who wished to meet and batten his mind upon the modern American miss; and she saw women who had newly arrived and were still wrapped in their outdoor clothes, looking quickly at the beautiful lines of her suit; and very quiet footmen moved here and there.

John Lexham it was who sat down beside Peach and looked after her and made her feel again that the world was hers.

"She was asked for him," the fat dowager confided to a woman guest; "Ada is panting to pull it off—just in time to save Lexham, poor old place, she says. But I don't know, my dear. Girl's pretty, isn't she? And a complication has arisen that I haven't told Ada about yet. Rich, my dear? They say she has millions! The little chit!"

The famous writer was already eliciting from Peach the name of her home town and professing himself determined to question her shrewdly on the domestic life therein on the morrow.

"More cream," said Mrs. Mount to a footman, and she set about the earnest business of nourishing herself.

There was a great buzz of talk about the tea table. Peach looked dreamily around her, and John Lexham looked covertly at Peach. He eliminated the writer, soon, by some male method of his own.

"Not tired?" he said to Peach. "Dancing tonight? We shall dance—some of us, you know. And seventy-five per cent of your dances at the very least must be mine." And he laughed and said, "I have no serious competitors here."

"Why, look!" said Peach in simple wonder; and Lord Loring, fresh with the cold, came in his big driving coat into the hall.

XVII

"EVE," said Miss Robinwood sternly to her maid when she entered the vast apartment consigned to her to dress for dinner, "you have been laughing to yourself all day, underneath. I have seen you. And I remember you were singing when I woke up this morning. Now I have a question to ask you, and I want a truthful answer."

"*Mais certainement, mademoiselle.*"

"Did you know Lord Loring was coming to Wareham?"

"But yes, mademoiselle! I know all the movements and plans of Lord Loring. Francis tells me."

"And Lord Loring knows all my movements and plans?"

"But yes, mademoiselle. Francis asks me."

"This is disgraceful," said Peach, highly fluttered.

"It is very usual, mademoiselle. And after all, mademoiselle, he is a very nice lord, your Lord Loring. And his sister is a great lady, and it would be a very good arrangement."

"What would be a good arrangement?"

"Mademoiselle's marriage to Lord Loring."

"Eve," said Peach, seating herself to have her shoes pulled off, "you ought not to know so much about other people's affairs. It is wrong."

"But, mademoiselle, I am a lady's maid. It has to be one of my accomplishments."

In silence, after that, Peach suffered herself to be dressed. De Ville had made her—at twenty-four hours' notice—a little short sheath of black velvet. At least that is all it looked to the lay eye, though Eve went into raptures extraordinary over it.

"Then the pearls," said Eve, clasping them about Peach's neck.

"Pearls and black velvet sound like an old lady," said Peach.

"Or a very, very young one," soliloquized Eve.

"I feel, Eve, I just must speak to Mrs. Mount before I go down."

"Madame is already speaking in her room with Madame la Duchesse."

"Eve, how do you know that?"

"Mademoiselle, one of my accomplishments ——"

"When the end comes," thought Peach, "if it comes, I think I'll be a lady's maid. They have fun."

The maid Eve spoke truly as to Mrs. Mount's being closeted with her closest friend, Flora. Mrs. Mount had hurried into her dinner gown, and along to the duchess' room, the duchess' maid had been dismissed, and there they sat, metaphorically heart to heart.

"How could you, Flora?" said Mrs. Mount. "Although I know, darling, that all you do is always for the best. But still, how could you?"

"I did not," said the dowager duchess.

"How did it happen?"

"My darling, I got the strangest telegram this very morning from him saying he was throwing himself on my hospitality for Christmas. It seems a terrible thing for a properly brought up person to do; for after all, Ada, Wareham is Wareham, and I will not have it considered in any sense—what is that curious word mentally untidy people use?—bohemian. No, Wareham is not bohemian. His telegram said that he would explain all when he arrived. And then, my darling, I had a telegram from his sister, dear little Peppy Bleddington, imploring me to have her brother for Christmas and saying a letter was following explaining all. Their mother in her lifetime was, next to yourself, Ada, my greatest friend. I ask you, what can I do?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Mount. "But has he explained?"

"That he is madly in love with Miss Robinwood, yes; and that he thought she was going to Bleddington Tower; and then that you accepted my invitation at the last moment. The last moment, indeed, when you and I, darling Ada, haven't spent a Christmas away from each other since my husband died!"

"Nor a Christmas with each other while he lived," Mrs. Mount might well have said, for the late duke had been a piercing observer, not too hospitably inclined toward her.

However, she merely murmured, "I never intended to go to Bleddington Tower."

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Peach's Entry Would Have Been Timid Had It Not Been for Sir John Lexham. He Made All Things Safe, Homely, in Some Inexplicable Way

When the Bowery Was in Bloom

By ROY L. McCARDELL

Oh, the night that I struck New York,
I went out for a quiet walk.
Folks who are onto the city say
Better far that I took Broadway;
But I was out to enjoy the sights,
There was the Bowery ablaze with lights,
I had one of the devil's own nights,
And I'll never go there any more!

The Bowery! The Bowery!
Where they say such things and they do such things.
The Bowery! The Bowery!
And I'll never go there any more!

THE Bowery had been what it was for upwards of a century when Harry Conor, the comedian, as the happy hypochondriac, Welland Strong, first sang this song thirty years or so ago. He sang it in Hoyt's A Trip to Chinatown at the old Madison Square Theater, off Broadway in Twenty-fourth Street. He sang it every night for three years straight, for A Trip to Chinatown was the Abie's Irish Rose of its day. Ere long, everybody else sang negatively of the Bowery as they have been singing negatively of bananas. The Bowery became famous, notorious, the country over, the whole world round. There were innumerable verses, telling how the stranger on the Bowery was merrily gypped in fake auction rooms, dime museums and concert halls, everywhere by everybody.

Chuck Connors in a Chinese Store

The Forerunner of Broadway

NOTHING passes, everything changes. Broadway today is a bigger, brighter, higher-priced Bowery, where the guileless are now exploited in fake auction rooms, in bootleg jazz cabarets, by ticket speculators and in ornate and costly confidence games of all kinds. But thirty years ago there was no Gay White Way. Times Square lay in darkness by night and was but a straggle of shabby old two and three story buildings, stables, plumbing shops, and the like, by day.

Downtown was the Bowery, the people's playground, rowdy, flamboyant. Today its sailor saloon-dance halls, its dime museums, its five-cent whisky houses are vanished. Its great beer garden has been razed, its theaters are Yiddish and Italian playhouses—even that landmark, Miner's Burlesque Theater. On the Bowery now the speak-easy supplants the saloon, the movies the dime museum. Yet save where buildings were torn down to give approaches to the two newer bridges to Brooklyn—the Manhattan and the Williamsburg—the Bowery physically has scarcely altered. As you are rattled through it, high up on the L, you will see the old dormer windows, the patched roofs, the vividly painted cloth signs attesting to fire and bankrupt sales that have been ever a concomitant of merchandising on the Bowery. You will see through the upstairs windows the shabby men by scores, reading newspapers in the lounging rooms of cheap hotels and lodging houses as of yore. You will note the garish, alien sidewalk throngs as always. In externals, the Bowery has changed but little with the passing years.

You can reach the Bowery by the East Side L lines. All street cars running downtown will take you there, some direct and others by transfer. It is but a hundred yards from the Astor Place Subway station. Better still, take any one of a dozen sight-seeing bus lines that run from midtown Broadway placarded "The Bowery, Chinatown and the Ghetto."

By rubberneck hack, you can make the round trip in comfort for a dollar, and cutthroat competition often has the tariff down to fifty cents. Going this way, the gentlemanly lecturer will broadcast information by megaphone concerning all points of interest that yet remain.

The Ghetto and Chinatown remain, but otherwise the glory of the Bowery has departed. All nationalities will be pointed out, but, alas, no famous personalities. Swipes the Newsboy and John McGurk, of Suicide Hall, are dead. Nigger Mike Salter, Max Gombossy, Owen Kildare, Silver Dollar Smith, Big Tim Sullivan, Steve Brodie, Chuck Connors have been gathered to their fathers. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The more enterprising of the old Bowery characters that survive have all migrated to Broadway and sport spats by day and don Tuxedos by night—Irving Berlin, Paul Kelly, Sam Harris, Al Woods, Joe and Nicholas Schenck, Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Paul Salvin and many more too numerous to mention.

A bird's-eye view, an airplane photograph or a map of downtown New York will show the broad fair mile of the Bowery proper running from Cooper Union to Chatham Square, and you will see the streets that come higgledy-piggledy to the Bowery from either side at its lower end, for their origins were winding lanes and cow paths.

Old Family Names

SOME of these streets are named for the old families and their scions who obtained land grants from the British Crown or acquired property hereabouts by purchase after 1664, when the English took New Amsterdam from the Dutch and rechristened it for the Duke of York of those times. Thus Pell, Mott, Baxter, Doyers Streets after the families; and Elizabeth, Hester and Catherine Streets after their sisters, their cousins and their aunts.

Even in 1664 the Bowery had its name, because it was the road to and through the Bouwerie, or farm, of the last and most famous of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam—testy, pig-headed, brave old Peter Stuyvesant. This doughty warrior official of the Dutch West India Company fought the Portuguese, the Swedes, the Indians and the English from the Caribbean Sea to Albany.

The Portuguese shot a leg off him on the tropic isle of Cape Martin in 1644. He had him a pegleg of hardwood and shiny silver made in Holland, and returning to the New World fought on gallantly for twenty years more and browbeat the contumacious among the Dutch settlers and persecuted Lutherans and Quakers in his spare

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Chuck and His Dog

Carrie Nation, the American Saloon Smasher

To the joy of Christmas in more than one million American families is added the year round happiness of Buick ownership.

The Better Buick

(Continued from Page 36)

time, the old dear! Having to surrender New Amsterdam to the hated English, stout old Pegleg Peter retired to his Bouwerie and died in 1672, eight years later, but irreconcilable to the last.

After old Peter Stuyvesant was dead, taverns and stores sprang up on the Bowery. Emigrants from all lands settled about. Pigs and cattle roamed around. Rough-and-ready Americans bred and throve, and the earliest Bowery boys displayed their bellicosity as volunteer firemen. The volunteer firemen were the first gangsters, in the sense of street loafing and fighting, when old New York was young.

The Bowery was in bloom when I came to New York in my impressionable youth in 1890 to be a reporter on the Evening Sun. The old Sun Building that had once been Tammany Hall was at the outer edge of the Bowery, for it was on Park Row. Park Row is in part the Bowery extended, and is narrow and dark under the Third Avenue Elevated road running down from Chatham Square to its terminus at old Brooklyn Bridge.

The Bowery made news for us then, lots of it, and lively. On assignment or merely on pleasure bent, I hastened by way of Park Row to the Bowery, past the cavernous entrance to the bridge. The endless shuffling of feet overhead, as the myriad passengers changed from New York's L to Brooklyn's, was the undertone to the constant deafening clamor of trains, trolleys and horse-drawn trucks.

Doyers Street, Chinatown. Chatham Club at Right

The Tale of the Terrible Tekulsky

AS ONE crossed the cobbled roadway at the upper side of the bridge entrance, where the stream of vehicles from the Long Island side of the river debouched into New York, the scent of sawdust and the effluvia of beer, both fresh and stale, assailed.

You were passing Andy Horn's saloon, with its doors wide open, the crowd of thirsty at the bar and the scores of hungry at the free-lunch counter. A favorite house of call for printers, pressmen and reporters.

Then Tekulsky's same sort of saloon. The terrible Tekulsky, who in single combat had worsted the East Side Tammany leader and Tombs Police Court Magistrate, Paddy Divver. This to the astonishment of all New York, including the redoubtable Divver. Of this Homeric combat a song was made which the little children sang on the sidewalks of New York:

"T'row him down, Tekulsky!" was to be the battle cry.
"T'row him down, Tekulsky, you can lick him if you try!"
And all the future ages, with wonder and delight,
Will read on history's pages of the great Tekulsky fight!

Of course this was but a paraphrase of Maggie Cline's famous T'row Him Down, McClusky, but the Bowery sang the parody with glee, for the Honorable Paddy Divver had much personality and but little popularity.

After Tekulsky's saloon came Spellman, the Hatter's; in his window the proud placard: Maker of Fashionable Hats for Leading New Yorkers. Est. 50 Years.

Spellman carried special blocks for all the Sullivans—John L., Big Tim, Little Tim and Florrie, and also for Chuck Connors. Spellman long ago moved away, but his hats still drive the last hacks and horse hearses to Calvary Cemetery. They saved half a century of Bowery warriors' brows from bruises, when beer mugs were in flower in Bowery barroom brawls.

On up Park Row we went then, past Crook's Hotel, where honest men resided; past ten-cent lodging houses, pawnshops; Delaney's Publishing House, whence issued the ballad broadsides of all the latest songs of the day, with parodies of them by Willie Wildwave. These were vended on the Bowery for five cents each.

Next we passed the magpie-nest windows of Nickel's Old Curiosity Shop; novelty stores where street fakers were supplied; more pawnshops, saloons, ten-cent lodging houses, basement coffee and cake shops and beaneries, Beefsteak John's and the Jim Fisk Restaurant. Then the Brewers Academy—a club for brewers, chemists, and brew masters—in the big Koster & Bial restaurant and saloon building, and then we were at Chatham Square. The Bowery proper begins here.

Mulberry and Mott Streets, vivid with colorful Italian and Chinese shops and restaurants, come into Chatham Square from the west. Catherine Street runs down to the East River from the other side of the square. Division Street comes in from the northeast, where the Second Avenue L makes junction with the Third and then goes on its way down New Bowery and Pearl Street, under the Brooklyn Bridge, to South Ferry and the end of Manhattan.

Division Street, the unique, is one bonnet shop after another, in front of each a persuasive and sturdy lady puller-in. To Division Street came hunters for bargains in bonnets from all over New York and even New Jersey. Here are Broadway styles at Bowery prices. The lady from the East Side or Williamsburg, the Bronx or Jersey City, pauses to glance in a shop window. She is seized and dragged within and turned over to the inside force, whose psychology of salesmanship ranges from blarney to browbeating—one price to all, all prices to one, so long as at least a 50 per cent profit is included.

On Baxter Street, the other side of Chatham Square, and known locally as The Bay, there are men's clothing stores, and here for a century the male pullers-in have been famous. All that will save you from being dragged in and outfitted with clothes you do not want is to be penniless. Sometimes that won't save you, for forcible trades are made for a better suit on a customer's back for secondhand clothes just newly scoured, repaired and pressed. Here the Original Solomon Levi and his compeers have made fortunes by selling goods "below cost" for generations.

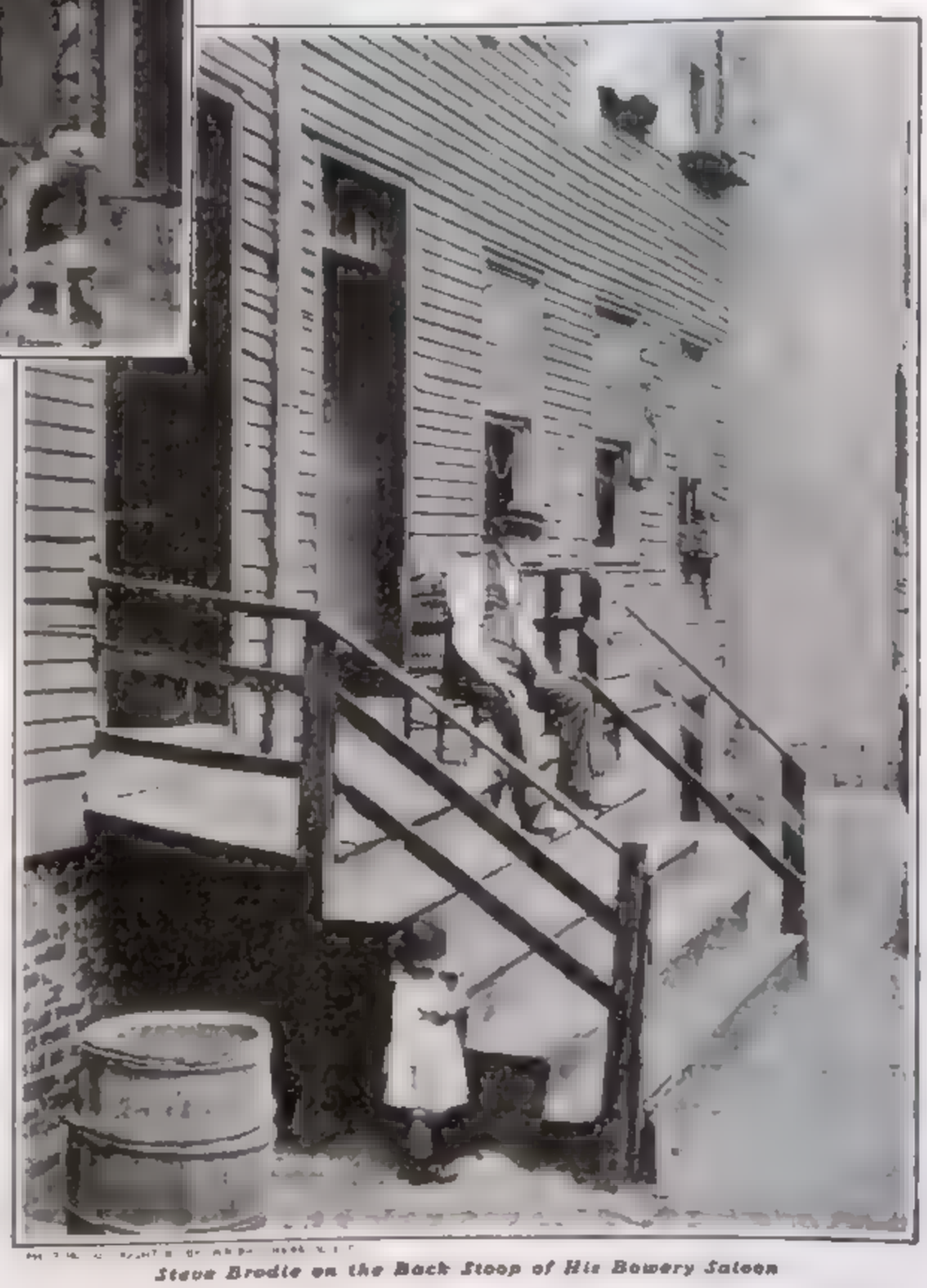
Baxter Street, Division Street, the Italian quarter and Chinatown are still as they were, save that they are saloonless. Pell Street and Doyers elbow and twist their short but crooked distances hereby. Paul Salvin—"The Tailor On The Square"—and his long-established clothing store are gone. Paul went to Broadway twenty years ago and bought Rector's gilded restaurant. He, his son and his associates opened one Broadway jazz cabaret after another.

While yet Paul Salvin stuck by the Bowery, Professor O'Reilly was his most noted neighbor. Professor O'Reilly, the World's Champion Tattooer, was a sturdy, genial, mustached man of fifty. He had been Jimmy Legs, so called from the insignia on the arm of a master-at-arms, or ship's discipline officer, of the Navy. Mustered out from the old flagship Tennessee, one of the last wooden ships of the United States Navy, O'Reilly took up tattooing on the Bowery. He had become an adept body decorator at sea, but he told me he could never achieve the beauty of coloring and design of the Orientals, though he essayed their dragons and butterflies occasionally.

The World's Champion Tattooer

HIS studio was in the window and forefront of a barber shop on the corner of Pell Street. Many mixed-ale prize fighters he tattooed, although sailors and dime-museum exhibitionists were his patrons in the main.

In plain view from the street, or the doorway of Barney Flynn's across on the other corner of Pell Street, at all hours of the day the master might be observed at his art operations, for he tattooed you while you waited. In the privacy of their apartments, he had once tattooed two beautiful shapely ladies, he blushingly informed me. They could have been beheld on the dime-museum circuit billed as Burmese princesses till they retired with competences. But the initiated knew they demonstrated O'Reilly's native art work, and his alone.



Steve Brodie on the Back Stoop of His Bowery Saloon

"And it ain't dime-museum attractions or mixed-ale fighters or sailors only what's my patrons," O'Reilly confided. "It's the fad for society folks to get tattooed—but small designs. And yet I see this scientific Italian guy, Lombroso, says that being tattooed is a stigma of criminal degeneracy. Well, you'd be surprised how many ladies and gents from the Four Hundred have come to me to be tattooed with such designs as a burning heart, a rose or a forget-me-not, and the names of their loved ones.

"Yes, as a general thing, they come later to have the names tattooed over with a covering design, impulsive lovers being usually changeful."

The Chinese settled in Mott, Pell and Doyers Streets before the Civil War, establishing lodging and gambling

(Continued on Page 80)

A NEW KIND OF INVENTORY EVERY MAN SHOULD TAKE

The New Year . . . A time for taking stock, computing business profits or losses, and determining new policies, based on the results of the year before.

An excellent custom in business—indispensable. Yet how much more important that this inventory should begin with *yourself*—with your *health*. Measure your *physical* gains or losses. Determine what is to be done to turn losses into gain!

A good time for doing it—the New Year—*now!*

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS

How DO I USUALLY FEEL? Bright and new—or shop-worn? Am I riding on top of my job—or is it riding me? Do I wake up refreshed and optimistic, or jaded and depressed? At the end of the day am I too fagged out to enter heartily into the enjoyment of my leisure?

The New Year—a good time to check up. A good time to decide on a definite plan of rehabilitation, so that next year will show new assets, instead of new liabilities, in your health account!

During the last year, hundreds of thousands of people in this country began their program of rehabilitation by making the thirty-day test of Postum. And in four out of five cases this test resulted in the permanent barring of caffein!

These people were not entirely satisfied with their physical condition. They knew or learned something about the character of caffein—how it *seems* to give new energy, but how this energy is actually drained from the body's reserve. They felt the menace of a dwindling reserve.

So when a way was shown to measure the effects of caffein, through an easy and convincing test, they were glad to take it.

In place of caffein beverages, they used Postum during the test. They learned how good it is—how fully it satisfies the natural desire for a hot drink at mealtime. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor!

At the end of thirty days they were able to judge fairly what the change had meant for them—and the vast majority decided that Postum was *their* drink, from that time on!

Doesn't it seem foolish—just a little bit short-sighted—to stay in a rut? Why not start the New Year with the thirty-day test? It won't inconvenience you in the least, and it may mean so much for the future!

Accept the free offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will send you one week's supply, free, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, send me your name and address. Please indicate whether you want Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (the table thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

COUPON

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich. S. E. P. 12-19-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . ☐ Check which you prefer
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Pieces of wood – – – pieces of wood, *or a single stream-lined disc of steel?*

Goodbye, buggy wheels!

A single disc of cold-rolled steel, tough and resilient as only steel can be —that's the Budd-Michelin Wheel.

It can't collapse in collisions.

Clean and stream-lined—beautiful! The exclusive *convex* form permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering . . . for better protection of brakes from mud and water.

No rims to remove. The whole wheel is *demountable*—removed by unscrewing the self-locking nuts at the hub. A minute to expose a brake for adjustment. Three minutes to change

You've seen fragments that were once wheels scattered around a wrecked car in a ditch . . .

Good bye, buggy wheels

You've heard the merry rattle of loosened spokes—you've seen the wobble-wobble of a wheel out-of-line . . .

Good bye, buggy wheels

You've tugged and hammered a rusty rim, with your mouth full of dust and death in your heart . . .

Good bye, buggy wheels

You've scraped and cussed the hard-baked mud in the joints and crannies that collect the mud . . .

Good bye, buggy wheels

to the spare tire, which is mounted on an extra wheel.

This extra wheel dresses up the rear of the car—makes it look as good going as coming.

The first automobiles were buggies with an engine underneath, but every step in the history of the motor car has made it look and act *less* like a buggy and *more* like an automobile . . .

With Budd-Michelin Wheels, the last buggy tradition goes overboard. Good-bye, buggy wheels . . .

Here's Budd-Michelin—one big reason why your next car will be a *better* car!

BUDD

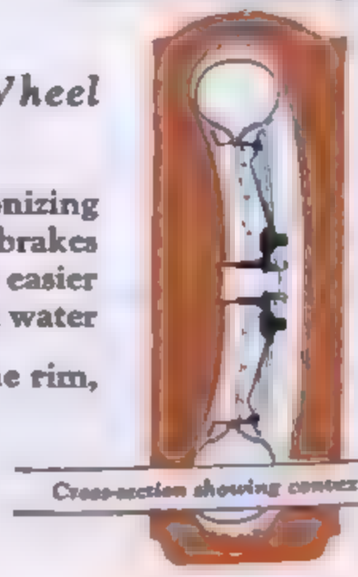
WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit and Philadelphia

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel gives you these advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood), tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier



Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

What Does it Really Cost to Make a Movie?—By Catharine Brody

WHAT does it really cost to make a movie? Like To be, or not to be—that is the question. Now and then astonishing figures percolate through the tight walls of defense between the production department and the publicity department and find their way into the outside world, to be sniffed at or exclaimed over by the movie-going world and its wife. Thirty thousand dollars for the set in Passion's Progress! Fifty thousand dollars for just one of the splendid wedding gowns which have been featured of late in so many pictures that stars complain, with reason, of being too often brides and never bridesmaids. A million dollars and two years of work thrown to the cutting-room scissors on another production. Fifty thousand dollars paid for two weeks of the valuable time of a foreign author. Ten thousand dollars a week for a star's pay envelope and another $10,000 for the simple little hand-embroidered smocks and slips she wears as an unsophisticated peasant girl in the Balkans.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYER-LASKY CORPORATION

A Realistic Motion-Picture Set Showing New York's Bowery Fifteen Years Ago

Of course these figures percolate to the publicity department for a purpose. They are supposed to impress the fans with the contempt for mere money that is shown when it comes to the matter of their entertainment. "Give 'em the best and hang the expense!" Unfortunately, the fan's imagination fails before the numerous noughts. Either he disbelieves and puts in his time at a picture in convincing himself that it couldn't possibly have cost what it is supposed to have cost, or he is filled anew with subconscious envy of a strange people who welter in thousands—that public envy which surrounds the picture industry with its many pitfalls.

Poverty Row in Hollywood

THE fan is not quite wrong in his distrust. But neither does the producer absolutely exaggerate his statements. About $150,000,000 a year is spent normally in this country on the making of motion pictures. For the year 1925 Louis B. Mayer, of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, says their production schedule alone called for about 540 pictures at an expenditure of about $75,000,000.

In simple arithmetic, as the publicity man views it, this would make the average cost of a picture somewhat under $150,000. Except that there is no average cost in pictures. Each film is a law unto itself.

I know a girl who met an idea and an expert cameraman simultaneously. They hired half a dozen chorus girls out of jobs, dubbed them bathing beauties, bought some film, spent two days on a friend's private beach and made a movie for $500. There was a man, a director, newly risen to a good contract and much fame, who also had an idea and a cameraman and a friend who had a genius for borrowing money. With $5000 he shot a feature film which has already made $100,000. There is Poverty Row in Hollywood, where by much arduous work, men with megaphones can, and do, turn out a Western thriller a week for $4000, $8000 and $10,000.

On the other hand, only a few miles from Poverty Row a superspectacle approaches slowly to completion. In the two years of its embryonic existence it has devoured three directors, a ton of film, numberless shifts of actors, mechanicians, electricians, scenario and title writers, and about $2,000,000 in cash. And again, near by a director is patting himself on the back and praising his fortitude and decision in having made a picture with an adequate number of pretty dresses and sets for only $80,000, while the production manager, whose estimate he has bettered by $20,000, calls him blessed.

There is one story every production manager tells with a chortle as the best illustration of the striking disparity between the varying costs of various pictures. The chief character is the proprietor of a lunch wagon on a sidewalk of New York. Competition had been outrageously keen. Pennies were being slashed to the right and left of him. On a day when his competitors had reduced the price of coffee to three cents, these quiet signs appeared on the side of the lunch wagon.

One said simply:

"COFFEE—THREE CENTS"

The other read:

"COFFEE—FIVE CENTS. BUT COFFEE!"

Not the price of the ingredients—the story, the sets, the cast, the clothes—these aren't the things that mount up on the cost sheets. It's the treatment of the ingredients—the attention, the thought and the direction which went into the making of a simple coffee into "BUT COFFEE!"

Each picture is different, as it reflects the differences in the treatment to which it is subjected and the minds and temperaments of the people subjecting it. No picture ever yet cost exactly the same amount of money or took exactly the same amount of time to shoot as any other picture. In other words, the average picture is as much of a phenomenon as the average person. That granted, it is possible to make a general rule, bristling with exceptions, for the cost of the ordinary six-reel feature. It runs from $80,000 to $150,000. It takes about a month to shoot and at least another month of preparation and final shaping.

The average picture we have chosen for illustrative purposes is a society domestic drama—they usually are. It has been chosen because it is all inclusive without being exceptional, and because it was made by one of the huge motion picture companies, as the majority of our pictures are. It should have been filmed, according to our rule, in one month. But like California weather, the shooting of a picture is often unusual. This feature took six weeks. Also it includes a sequence in technicolor. But in other respects it's not extraordinary. No big names in the cast. The director's salary $1500 a week. Only one elaborate set which had to be specially built, and one trick scene.

Yet here stands its page in the cost book as authorized by the producer:

TOTAL ESTIMATE

SALARIES	
Director	$20,000.00
Production manager	970.08
Assistant directors and clerks	1,244.92
Cameramen and assistants	2,060.80
Editors and cutters	991.35
Cast	18,115.59
Extra talent	5,785.83
Compensation insurance	315.27
Book or story rights	3,500.00
Continuity	13,792.39
Salaries—scenario department	292.27
Expenses—scenario department	75.00
Designing sets—labor and material	1,375.00
SETS	
Construction—labor and material	15,310.00
Operation and maintenance	2,070.00
Expenses, including strike	207.00
Technicolor	4,725.00
Speed cameras	300.00
PROPS	
Purchased and rented	1,262.00
Special construction	750.00
Expense construction. Prop men and pick-up men	1,193.20
Wardrobe—purchased and rented	6,461.25
Salaries—electricians	3,003.50
Auto and truck hire	2,040.00
Hotel, traveling and meals	155.55
Location fees	250.00
Negative raw stock	4,278.00
Negative laboratory expense	1,779.67
Positive raw stock	654.82
Positive laboratory expense	1,581.75
Titles—salaries and stock	650.00
Titling	1,500.00
PUBLICITY	
[illegible]	1,548.46
Expense	291.11
Stills	750.00
Miscellaneous expense	1,000.82
Proportion of general overhead	21,300.00
Total	$142,148.49

Things You Don't See on the Screen

THE cost sheet of the average picture is fed by from thirty to fifty accounts, many of which the average public cannot possibly surmise as it watches 6500 feet in the imaginary life of a pretty young woman and a handsome juvenile unwind, on lavish sets, accompanied by soothing music, to the foreseen happy ending.

Take the humble negative raw stock, for instance, without which the young woman and the juvenile would have no pictorial existence. It costs only about four cents a foot. But when the average picture comes to the cutting room it consists of two negatives, totaling about 100,000 feet of film, or $4000 in cash. The cutters slash and chop each negative down to about 6500 feet, and when they have done their worst with it, more than $3500 worth of film lies on the cutting-room floor, part of the waste of picture making.

It is easy to see why a picture cannot be shot in the hour and a half of time that it consumes on the screen. Not even the most impecunious desk-space owner on Poverty Row who works from an iron-bound script and shoots with the precision of a machine gun, questions this. The mechanical labor of arranging the lights and setting up the cameras alone eats into an enormous amount of time, and the temperamental difficulties of working with many human beings account for much wastage. But it is not so easy to see why many thousand dollars' worth of film must be used and then thrown away, until, of course, one is shown.

The other day I sat in a projection room with a director who was in the midst of a war picture. We were looking at the rushes—that is, the unallied bits of photography of that day's work.

"It won't be so interesting today," he apologized. "They're just shots of the company walking along a road in France."

For two hours we watched photographs of these soldiers walking along a road in France, and all the things that could happen to a company of soldiers walking along a road in France happened to those men. First they swung down the road singing, then they came down the road silently. Once they walked right from the screen in a close-up and vanished in mid-air. Then they appeared in a long shot. In one scene the three heroes had a conspicuous position in the first line, arms about one another's shoulders. In another the camera picked them out here, there and yonder, in the front, rear and middle of the company. Hundreds of feet were devoted to the expression of fear and anguish as an enemy plane swooped down very low above the men and scattered fire. Other hundreds of feet showed the heroine saying good-by to one of the soldiers as the company filed for the last time down the road.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

A Scene From Monsieur Beaucaire

Making Up the Estimate Sheet

MEANWHILE the director pointed out flaws to the cutter. All the airplane rushes were spoiled because the plane didn't come low enough. They would have to be retaken—a half day's work and new expense of airplane hire. But it was no one's fault. The wind hadn't been right. The heroine's good-by was fine, all but one sequence, where the film showed a decided crack in development. Another scene to be done over. Probably a long shot of the initial incident of the men walking down the road would be better than the close-up, vanishing in mid-air, which, after all, has been done to death.

More feet of film had been used in these rushes than would be exhibited in the completed picture, and each foot was unavoidable. How could the director tell beforehand that the wind wouldn't be right, that the negative would be damaged in development, that a long shot of the men on the road would be so very different and so very much more effective than a close-up?

To go back to our cost sheet. Here similar accidents account for the obviously large cost of the negative. But all the other items, to the layman's eye, call for immediate analysis. For instance, why $20,000 for the salary of the director, when the entire cast, including two very well-known feature players, whose prices are around $1500 a week each, received only $18,115? That brings us to the nice problems of the production estimate and schedule of a picture, the scientific system which, with variations, has been the fashion in the studios for the past five years.

As soon as the continuity—the script from which the director works—has been written and approved of by the executive head of the studio, it is assigned to a director. The moment he receives it, like a summons, the accounting department chooses a fresh sheet of paper, sets down the charges to date for the story rights and the continuity, and each day thereafter the director's salary is automatically checked against his picture until it has finally passed beyond his supervision. A picture which has required only a month of actual camera work may need another month of preparation and finishing touches. This picture of the cost sheet took up thirteen weeks and two days of the director's time, at a salary of $1500 weekly, which, by the way, is not extraordinary compensation. Directors get anywhere from $500 to $2500 a week, sometimes with a percentage of the profits. Often they are paid by the production, so many thousands per. Occasionally the lesser fry must be satisfied with half pay between pictures.

The script has been delivered, usually after many vicissitudes. Only that member of the scenario department whose treatment or adaptation of the story has been turned down numberless times, and only the various free lances and staff continuity writers and assistants who have been called in and incontinently called out again, know just how many vicissitudes. In this cost sheet thirteen thousand odd for the continuity is somewhat exceptional. The usual is from $2000 to $6000. But I have said before that there is always at least one exceptional element in every picture, and this happened to be one of those scripts which go from expert to expert before the thin story of the book can be fattened to a satisfying plot.

Anyway, the script has been delivered. The production manager's eye lights on a reference to the settling of the territory where the hero's ancestors made their money. He at once calls upon the executive. How does he want this reference brought out—by a couple of covered wagons and hardships, which will swell the cost by a number of thousands? The executive thinks no; a few feet of stock film of unsettled territory which the company has on file, and perhaps a flash of a battle between Indians and white men, also on file, with a snappy title or two, will be enough to establish the contrast between the heroism of the leading man's forefathers and his own inanity.

And also about that railroad wreck. The production manager wants to know whether stock film can't be used for that. Absolutely no, says the executive. The public pays good money to see this picture and we must give them good value. They must have a real wreck, faked by means of a miniature set and a photographer who is also a skoled higher mathematician.

Thus the treatment, which largely determines the cost of a picture, is settled. Now comes the production conference At least half a dozen people haggle over the estimate sheet—the production manager, director, assistant director, art director, head of the wardrobe department and head of the casting office.

"It shouldn't take you a minute over a month to shoot this," says the production manager decisively

"I can't fake that railroad-wreck scene for less than $2000," declares the art director.

"I'll need every cent of $10,000 for the costumes," announces the head of the wardrobe department.

But when it is all set down on paper, so well schooled to this sort of thing has the production manager become that the paper estimates seldom guess more than $15,000 below or above the final cost. The sheet goes up to the head office and returns with a neat O.K. to the production manager's desk. He then reaches for a production schedule. Across the top are listed the sets and the exact number of days each should be in use; along the sides are the names of all the members of the cast, down to the least of the bits When the production manager has figured out by check marks how long each player will work and on what set, the chart looks like a crossword puzzle. This guide is the director's severest critic and the greatest thorn in the flesh of some dozen people who figure more or less ingloriously behind the scenes of the average picture.

High Time

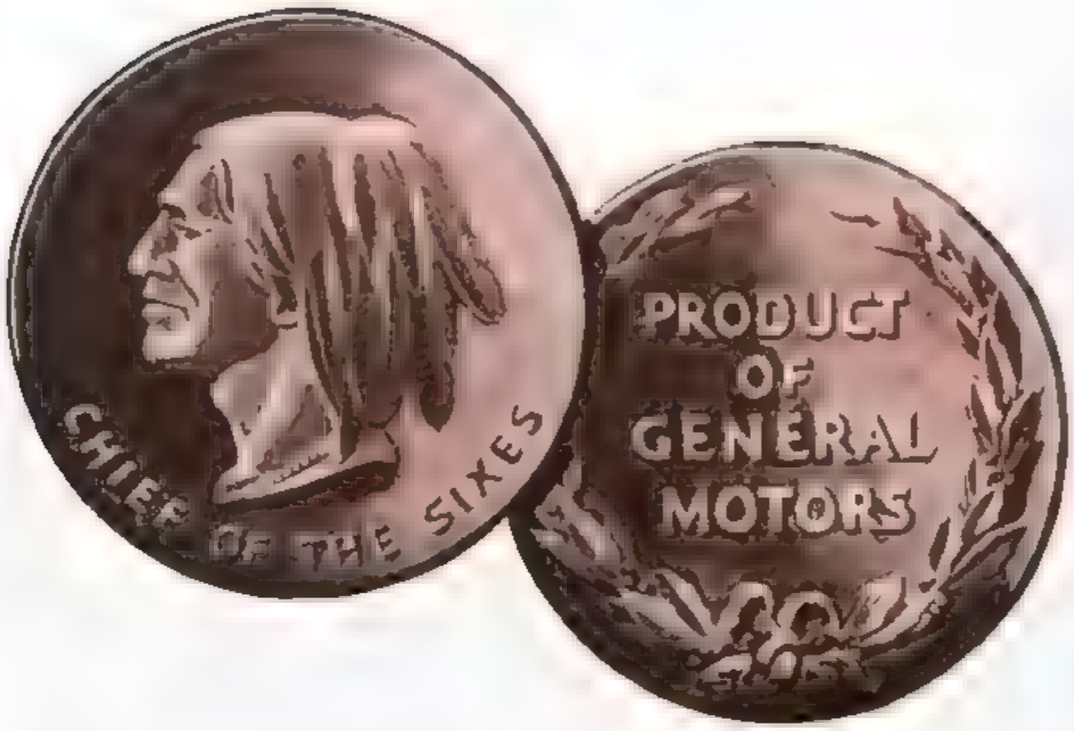
BESIDES the director and the cast, a production carries on its particular pay roll an assistant director; a unit or business manager, who watches expenses: two cameramen; at least one assistant cameraman; a still man, who takes all the photographs used for publicity purposes; a head electrician; a grip, or handy man, who picks up things and moves them about; a property man, an assistant art director, a publicity man, at least two musicians and a script clerk. The number of additions to this staff varies with the picture and the company. A head electrician may have from six to fifty men under him; there may be half a dozen grips, several assistant property men, four cameramen and a whole orchestra. But except in the lowest type of Westerns and comedies, the skeleton staff of twelve remains immutable.

Schedule in hand, we leave the director to his grief—the general studio locution for the million things that interfere with well-laid plans, lengthen the time of production and add the dollars to the cost.

Nowhere is it truer than in a studio that time costs money, and nowhere is so much time wasted by freaks of fate or in dealing with personalities. After all, the picture business at present lives on personalities—the personalities of its stars as detailed in print and impressed on the public from the screen; the personalities of its directors as they add that distinguishing touch to their pictures which brings popularity. Much time must be consumed in smoothing ruffled personalities, in being nice to people, in making an impression on people, in keeping in right with people.

Here is a scene staged in some form daily in the office of the production manager of a large studio. It takes an hour if you want to listen in, but it's worth it for the insight it gives into the reason why pictures cost so much.

(Continued on Page 58)



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COLLECTORS' PITFALLS

By MARGARET LATHROP LAW

Time Enhances Both the Beauty and the Market Value of Such Finely Executed Examples of Early American Cabinetwork as These, Which Belong to a Philadelphia Collector

WERE you ever really gypped or fooled?" I guilelessly asked my very good friend, the collector. He took another puff at his cigar, shook the ashes into a wee porcelain bowl of the Ming dynasty and leaned closer.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Don't tell! But I've been stung, bitten, bunkoed more times than I could count. There were many months"—he rolled an eye sadly in the direction of a Morland print—"oh, it lasted over a period of years—I could not bear the mention of a refectory table. Even now I have a sinking sensation. My first love was a refectory table on which I lavished pride and devotion, which I foolishly thought possessed of all virtues. Never was man more grossly deceived—but that is another story.

"Though I have been at the game these past twenty years and don't intend to stop riding my hobby so long as breath lasts, I expect to keep right on stumbling into snares and traps. If I said this openly, the public would doubt my ability and lose interest in my collection. But the truth is, pitfalls are so many and so varied that 80 per cent of both collectors and dealers can be duped."

He brought a firm fist down with a bang on the butterfly table which might have graced a museum and which I feared would, instead, be splintered to shavings. Then he sank back as comfortably as a Charles II chair will permit.

"But collectors won't tell you about their slips," he sighed.

Indeed they will not. In writing and speaking of collectors' luck, it is always good luck that pursues them and never bad; such is not life, however. When the collector has you imprisoned in his lair, he will tell endless tales of triumph, for this is the measure of his prowess in the chase—an Angelica Kauffmann cabinet for one-ninety-eight—a Queen Anne love seat for three-sixty—a walnut lowboy for forty-nine cents—such is the burden of his song.

Hard and Fast Hobby Riding

WHEN he sees you at the club, he calls out jauntily, "Just found a curly-maple four-poster in that old barn in Connecticut—yes, indeed, reeded posts and the finest turnings. Drop in and see it." Or he comes to your office and slyly unwraps a silver beaker with exquisitely chased design. "See the markings, leopard and lion and old George—yes, found it right on the dirty floor of the cabin."

Pups and pickaninnies and the priceless beaker all rolling there together, it is not difficult to conjure up the picture, and you listen to this ten-times-twice-told tale with an air of patient resignation.

But when a collector inadvertently errs in his way he maintains discreet silence. Those nearest and dearest, mother, father, sister, son, never know the worst. As for spreading the news to fellow collectors, he'd just as soon invite you to come and have a peep at the family skeleton.

Yet the harder and faster a collector rides his hobby, the higher the hurdles he takes, the more completely smashing are his falls. Every good horseman in the zest of the chase comes a cropper now and then. If he tumbles into quagmire or quicksand, pride makes him pull out unaided. He peeps around to see who is spying, rubs off all traces of the spill, doctors his own wounds; thereafter he avoids this particular bog, and he continues to prate of the delights of hunting.

People often ask why a man must suffer these bruises and broken bones in antiquing, when his keenness of mind and impeccable judgment are unquestioned in the business world. Why not simply turn his intelligence into this channel and become nondupable? Well, it simply can't be done.

Mr. Howard Reifsnyder, a Philadelphian who has an unusually fine collection of American and long-since naturalized English furniture, says to incipient collectors: "Not only watch your step, but have someone who knows far more than you to watch also. In furniture buying choose some *fidus Achates* whose judgment you trust. When you are in doubt about a piece, either in public sale or private offering, a word from him can bolster your confidence to advance the price if necessary or can leave you content to abandon a less good piece without an aftermath of regrets. A man with practical experience of cabinetmaking can teach you to judge from line and workmanship what lies incognito beneath the paint and dirt of ages. Personally, I value this sort of sturdy fine-tooth-comber of my collection more highly than art advisers and decorators.

"Expert museum opinion is at times invaluable, but be sure to ask it of the man whose life study has been in the field of your contemplated purchase. Do not be so unreasonable as to expect the specialist in Persian rugs or prints or Cambodian sculpture to recognize transitional Chippendale simply because you inquire." This is a common error on the part of collectors who suppose that everyone in a museum possesses technical knowledge about every sort of antique and *objet d'art*.

"Above all," continued Mr. Reifsnyder, "let the collector of furniture avoid the lure of late Empire massiveness. When I began to collect twenty years ago, it was the beauty of old mahogany that held my eye. How weary I soon became of the heavy columns and clumsy feet, how I came to detest the period of the 1840's! With all the hue and cry against Victorianism today it is scarcely necessary to warn even the most enthusiastic and inexperienced collector against this period, which, with the Empire, has failed to increase in value. Study, time and disillusionment teach us that the best investment of the collector's interest and dollars lies in finely executed examples of early American work. Nearly every collector eventually drifts to some particular period which appeals to him most."

But why do busy men and women become collectors anyway? As Balzac says, "It takes the fleet legs of a deer, the patience of Job, and time to burn." Yet in general, you do not find the American collector, like many on the Continent, a vague and temperamental creature who goes supperless and coatless that his eye may rest forever on some flawless bit of marble or bronze or tapestry; rather is he a shrewd man of affairs who measures his ability in terms of financial success before he even turns to paintings or prints or glass or porcelains or rugs. Those who prefer to pursue golf and tennis balls, those who feel the call of big-game hunting or salmon fishing, refuse to understand why anyone wants to collect. But I really believe that deep in his heart every collector is a thwarted artist whose love of beauty finds this outlet and becomes cumulative instead of creative.

Heirlooms Short on Ancestors

AS ONE develops a more and more electic taste, he comes to pore over numerous copiously illustrated volumes on his especial subject and to know the thrill of comparing his own purchases with those worthy of illustration on the impressive pages. But it is in the school of experience that most of a collector's tooth cutting is done.

You may buy in several ways; from individuals in homes, from dealers in shops or at auctions, city and country. Each source of supply offers its unique pitfalls both for novice and for expert.

In homes, perfectly honest men and women who are veritable pillars of society give you obviously vague and incorrect information.

"Isn't this a beautiful bed?" says the dear old lady. "It has been in my family more than two hundred years. Lafayette slept in it, and George Washington ——" Her voice trails on, and you begin to wonder if she will add Martin Luther or the Queen of Sheba. The bed is a scant seventy years old anyway. Without blinking an eye, the farmer in New Jersey or Pennsylvania will point to some dusty luster pitchers on his cupboard shelves or some mock-Sandwich glass, and smile sadly.

"Yes," he will say, "it was Aunt Mary's wedding present; but I suppose I could let you have it."

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(Continued on Page 79)

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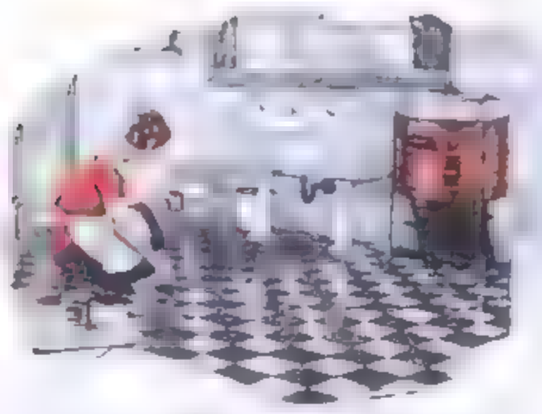

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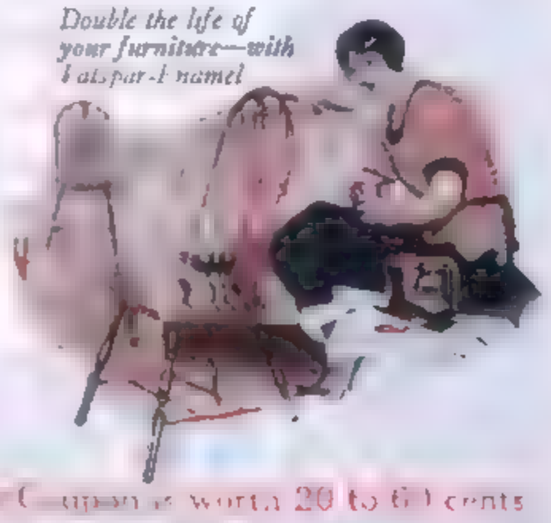

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Result of
QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE WOODLANE FOLLIES

If Icy Stares Could of Froze Me I Would of Been Stiff Before I Got Halfway In

By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

POOR Mikado, he's been murdered again," said Dorothy Arden to her chum, Madeline Vancastle.

"Where—in Japan?" asked Madeline.

"No, in Brooklyn," answered Dorothy.

"I guess that means another war an' buying Liberty Bonds," sighed Madeline. "I wish them foreign kings would stay home and be shot by their own people instead of traveling round where outsiders can get at 'em."

"Now don't get excited or nothing so quick," exclaimed Dot. "There ain't no danger of a scrap; so you don't need to worry your brain about whether you'll look good in a Red Cross uniform or not. What I just read in the paper was that the old comic opera Mikado was performed in Brooklyn an' I took the murdered part for granted."

"Oh, I see," said Madeline, "it was a amateur performance an' no blood was spilled, even if they did butcher old Mik. What did they use for their excuse—charity?"

"Sure. How else could they get people in to see 'em?"

"There should ought to be a law against it," said Madeline, "like selling gold-mining stock where there ain't no gold. We got enough competition from the movies an' radios without lodges an' societies making it harder for us."

"But they raised two thousand berries for a good cause," said Dot.

"You mean they held up a lotta harmless, home-loving people an' took money away from 'em what they would of rather lost playing bridge, where they could at least quarrel with their partners over a bad play. Nobody never really wants to witness two hours of missed cues an' flat notes except the stage hands of a vacant theater, an' they gets money for it."

"But think how much help all that coin will be to the blind it was give to," said Dot.

"If home-talent shows was played to the blind an' deaf, instead of for 'em, nobody wouldn't kick. It's the people who can see an' hear what has to do the suffering an' pay for it besides."

"Has somebody just sold you tickets to a benefit or something?" asked Dot. "You mustta been bragging about how much salary you was getting, not knowing they had pasteboards to sell, an' so you couldn't get outta taking one or two."

"I don't never brag," snapped Madeline, "an' I ain't bought no tickets."

"Then why are you so down on amateur shows an' all?"

"Because I helped put one on once."

"An' it flopped," laughed Dorothy.

"It didn't do nothing of the kind," said Madeline. "It was a big artistic success an' they're still talking about it."

"Yes," said Dot. "Well, they're still talking about Noah an' the ark, an' that was an awful one-sided boat race, so you can't never tell what's going down in history. Besides, I'd like to know how you ever come to do something for somebody for nothing."

"It was like this," said Madeline: "A cousin of mine, what had married a stockbroker with oodles of money, ast me to visit her one summer. Friend husband was forced to go to Europe on business an' Cousin Amy had been over so many times it was like Main Street to her, an' she wasn't a good sailor anyway. She wanted me to keep her company 'cause they didn't have no children an' lived in one of them big, old-timy houses with so much ground around it you call 'em estates."

"I thought an estate was something what was willed to you," said Dorothy.

"This place was willed to somebody once before Cousin Amy's husband bought it. You don't think they dropped it down from an airplane overnight, do you? Well, anyway, I was laying off a couple of weeks, not because I didn't have no bookings or nothing like that, but simply to rest my throat, which had got awful sore on account of me doing two or three extra encores at every performance."

"I understand," said Dorothy. "Applause gets on my nerves too—when the other act gets it. Where was this estate your cousin married into?"

"Woodlane, Long Island, dearie, an' very exclusive."

"Whatcha mean—exclusive? Didn't nobody call on you?"

"Certainly they did, but you had to be somebody or they didn't pay you no attention. Cousin Amy was in the inner circle, an' me being a headliner an' all, of course they took me up right away. None of 'em wasn't in the show business, but they was very nice people just the same."

"You mean they wasn't frozen-faced or ritzy?" asked Dot.

"They was real people, I'm telling you, dearie, an' didn't use big words or French or nothing. The first night I got there Cousin Amy ast a big bunch of 'em over to the house. We used up so much orange juice an' gin an' wore out so many phonograph needles that by the time they went home I was calling 'em all by their first names."

"It never did take you long to get familiar with people," remarked Dot. "You'd be calling President Coolidge Cal in fifteen minutes, if the secret-service men let you get near enough for him to see you."

"I always tries to make people feel at home with me," retorted Madeline. "Just 'cause I'm drawing down twelve hundred berries a week in vaudeville an' billed like a circus ain't no reason for me to put on airs or nothing. Of course, Cousin Amy's friends didn't have no wonderful talent, like me; but it wouldn't of been right for me to look down on 'em for that. Besides, they was the best dressed women I ever seen. Them females had so many clothes, if they got a spot on a dress they give it to their personal maid for a present instead of having it dry-cleaned. An' novelties an' things! Why, Dot, some of 'em had a different string of beads for every gown, an' they wasn't five an' ten neither. I betcha they paid as much as fifty berries for just one strand of plain white crystals, an' they didn't even finger 'em while they was talking to you so you'd notice 'em or nothing."

"Didn't they wear bushels of diamonds too?" asked Dorothy.

"Not except with evening dress," answered Madeline. "You see, Cousin Amy was a member of the big ten an' they had declared diamonds during the day vulgar. Some of the women in a lower-down set wore 'em an' consequently wasn't bowed to on the street. Woodlane was so divided up into sets you had to look in a blue book or something before you dared smile at a woman buying Swiss cheese in the village delicatessen store. Dearie, there was more cliques in that little burg than there is in the lock on a speak-easy door."

"Oh, I see," said Dorothy. "It was just like vaudeville. The one-an'-two-spot acts played seven-up among themselves; the dramatic sketch people read books; an' the headliners used taxis back an' forth from the hotel."

"It was even worse than that," explained Madeline, "'cause in vaudeville everybody at least lets the others know they sees 'em. In Woodlane, Set Number One closed their eyes when anybody from Set Number Two passed by, an' if a member of Set Number Four walked within half a block of 'em they went right home an' got fumigated."

"They was graded, I guess, according to ancestors," said Dot. "Them what had relatives on the promenade deck of the Mayflower was highest up, an' it run all the way down to them what had come over steerage on a ship with a ticket agent in Moscow."

"They even had private schools for their kids, that's how far it went. Every child in the upper school had to come from a home with at least twelve in help an' the chauffeur riding out in the rain. I didn't spend but three weeks in Woodlane, so I don't know what the examinations was for the lower grades. Anyway, there was one thing the whole village was interested in, an' that was the orphan

asylum. Whenever those poor little tots needed a milk-bottle sterilizer or a new colic ward or something, everybody in the place waved a flag of truce, got together an' raised the money for it. They was in the middle of rehearsals of a revue for the benefit of said orphan asylum when I got there, an' nothing would do but I should help 'em. I knew how bad the rest of the show would look if I went on an' did my act, so I told 'em I didn't know how long I would be there an' for 'em not to count on me. They ast me, even if I couldn't take part, wouldn't I help 'em put it on, an' I said yes."

"Then they unloaded the whole thing on you."

"Not quite, but almost. When I saw the first rehearsal, I come mighty near packing my trunk an' catching the first train for New York. They'd been practicing two weeks an' the more they rehearsed, the worse it looked. The committee in charge of the thing was composed of one banker, one lawyer's wife, one insurance president an' one female poet, so you can imagine without no help from me what kind of show they'd hatch out. Everybody was so afraid of hurting somebody else's feelings they let the cast get up their own stunts, an' the cast didn't know what to get up."

"Wasn't there no talent or nothing in the village?" asked Dorothy.

"Sure there was. Some of the women had real dramatic ability, in their own minds, an' would of gone on the stage as professionals only they had tried an' couldn't get a job. Several years before, some of 'em formed a little acting club which they called the Perhaps Players or something like that, an' of course, naturally, the members of that group was the shining lights in this Woodlane Follies stunt."

"Could they really act?" asked Dot.

"They could," answered Madeline, "'cause nobody had nerve enough to stop 'em. First, there was Mrs. Elizabeth Warner. She was about thirty-five, with three children an' a romantic nature. Mrs. Warner liked to play morbid parts, so if you didn't let her hold a bottle of poison in one hand an' a sharp paper knife in the other, she couldn't act at all."

"What good company she mustta been," remarked Dot.

"Then there was Mrs. Alice Lanier. She was shackled to a short fat husband what was slightly deaf, so Alice always wanted to be kittenish an' do sweethearts of the King of France or something."

"Women like that has to bust out some way," remarked Dorothy. "There ain't no harm in it, if they only acts."

"Then there was Beatrice Merriman. She was old enough to know better, but didn't. Somebody had once told Beatrice she would of made a great character actress, so she was always sore at her husband for forcing her to keep house for him instead of letting her emosh—an' she with two flapper daughters. There was also a few others what had been straining their ears waiting for the call from Mr. Belasco what never came."

"How about singing an' dancing?" asked Dot. "You gotta have songs in a revue."

"Oh, the woods of Woodlane was full of singers, dearie, but most of 'em had grand-opera voices an' wouldn't sing nothing even as peppy as Oh, Promise Me. There was others though. They was the ones what had bought sheet music with Try This on Your Piano printed on it. They tried, but nobody applauded except the family, an' that was weak."

"No wonder you wanted to throw up the job an' go home," sympathetically remarked Dorothy. "How did you fit 'em with material—have it wrote or something?"

"Oh, that was all taken care of by the executive committee, dearie. You see, Woodlane was a very versatile village an' they could do everything. The lawyer's wife, what was a member of the committee, was a well-known authoress. While at college she had scribbled off a one-act play. Her class produced it while their elocution teacher was sick in bed with pneumonia an' too weak to stop it. The proud author mailed a program home to her family an' they showed it around. That's how she got her reputation as a author."

"Did she write lyrics too?" asked Dot.

"She would of killed the person that accused her of doing such a degrading thing, but there was a feller named Preston Willard what rimed a few. He had once wrote a song entitled, My Heart Is Thine, Oh, Clemendyne. He submitted it to a music publisher who thought it was great an' wanted to print it right away. Also he ast Mr. Willard for fifteen hundred dollars to defray advertising expenses, so it wasn't never published. Well, when Mrs. Smythe, the lawyer's wife, an' Mr. Willard handed in the book an' lyrics of the show it took the executive committee three nights to read through it an' then they discovered it was only half of the first act. They ast my opinion of the mess an' I told 'em it had possibilities, but needed a lotta cutting."

"You was playing politics yourself, eh?"

"Sure I was, so I took the script home with me an' misplaced it for a while. Then I telephoned in to Moe Shenk at Besmark's, also to Jimmy Brown at Watson's, an' told 'em to mail me out professional copies of everything they had special delivery. They, thinking I was framing a new act for myself, sent me enough of all kinda songs for four shows. We picked out the best of 'em, so the music part was sitting pretty. I got the orchestrations for nothing, too, which anybody could of done, but the committee thought I was just wonderful."

"You didn't try to persuade 'em they was wrong, did you?" asked Dot. "Couldn't you of used none of that stuff what had been wrote?"

"There was a few good ideas in it, so me an' Mrs. Smythe an' this Preston Willard gets together and revamps it so it could be played. From the way they argued about the cuts you would of thought the lines meant something. Them two would-be authors thought more of every 'and' an' 'the' than I do of a catch line what gets a laugh. I had to fight 'em through one whole day an' half the night, but finally I wore 'em down an' they let me have my way. I used up two blue pencils on the script an' rewrote the balance myself. Dearie, I don't like to talk about myself, but I certainly got something outta nothing."

"Wasn't they awful sore at you for mutilating their brain children like that?"

"They was at first, but I got 'em around all right by making 'em believe they had done the rewriting themselves, an' also insisting that they get all the credit on the program. When they heard that, they was my friends for life. Ain't it funny how crazy amateurs is to see their names in print? Well, with the skits an' the songs all set there wasn't nothing left to do but put 'em on, so we rehearsed three nights a week from eight till twelve. They was hard workers, I'll say that for 'em, an' with me to tell 'em how to do everything the show begin to shape up great."

"Did you paint the scenery an' design the costumes too?" asked Dot.

"I helped an' they come out fine. The feller what painted the special drops was a civil engineer or something what had wanted to be a artist, but on account of having to support a wife an' two children he give it up. It was a pity, though, 'cause he certainly did smear an artistic brush. He painted a scene of the Woodlane railroad station so natural the conductor on the train would of signaled the engineer to stop if he'd a seen it. The only mistake he made

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"Them Woodlane Janes Could Dance Pretty Well, But They Wasn't in My Class. Some of the Women Was So Jealous You Could See It in Their Faces, They Was That Disgusted"

BODY BY FISHER
The emblem—Body by Fisher—is frequently the deciding factor in discriminating motor car selection. Simply because it is so widely known that a Body by Fisher gives an over-plus of value to be found only in cars carrying Fisher equipment
FISHER BODIES

CHINESE MERCHANDISE

By CALVIN BALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

AT ONE O'CLOCK in the afternoon, a wheezing rattler with a skip-stop engine back-fired and stopped in front of the garage. Sliding over to the door, I took a look at what's there. Being a mechanic of high grade, and having been parked in this country highway garage since it opened up under new management and worse, I seen so many tourists passing through that I can tell by the first squint at one whether he is the kind who hangs onto it like glue, or whether he throws it around. By a quick once-over, I knew that here is another one that we got to squeeze hard to make any profit on.

He was a slippery-looking customer, with eyes which bulged out while he twisted his neck to see what kind of a place he was stopping at. I didn't like the way he had his cap pulled down over one eye, and while I don't take snap judgment of any man, I couldn't help sizing this one up as being one who would lie like a streak if I give him the chance.

The secondhand car was battered and ready to run into the river for insurance, him looking like the kind of bird who wouldn't hesitate to do it. It had a covered top on it like a laundry delivery wagon, with a heavy padlock on the back doors, and everything was closed in so I couldn't see what's inside. The driver was by this time eying me close.

While I stands gazing at him, he crawled out of the machine and for a minute peeks around over the top of the engine. Pulling up his belt a couple of notches he waddled over to the front door where I was standing.

"My name is Earnest Brown," he says, catching my elbow and forcing a handshake on me. "You could call me by my first name, as that's the way I get acquainted."

"That so?" I says, sizing him up a little closer. "My first name is Homer, and how do you know I want to get acquainted?"

"That's all right, Homer. This looks like a garage."

"It's bound to look a little like that," I states, "as that's what it is. You looking to have some work done?"

"I happened to see your place, and decided to come in, so I stopped."

"Maybe you mean the engine stopped," I answers back, "because that's the way it sounded to me. How long you had that machine?"

"I've had it for some time. It ain't much for looks, but it sure is a good car and stands a lot of racket."

"It has got to stand a lot of racket," I says, "because it makes it itself. You want professional help?"

Pulling off his cap, he rubbed the top of his head like he was thinking.

"I kind of run short of gas," he explained in a cautious way, "and thought maybe I might patronize you, if you could be reasonable at your prices."

"We don't run any bargain counter," says I, "but our price on gas is printed on the platform."

He jerked his head around in the direction I pointed, his eyes popping open like he was surprised.

"Well, well. Are you getting twenty-three cents? A few counties back I could get it for twenty-one."

"Then maybe you better run back a few counties," I says, "as you could save a nickel that way. How much gas you want?"

"I figured about two gallons."

"I wouldn't overstock if I was you. Maybe you might get along for a while on six quarts. Push your bus to the platform so the hose will reach."

He rubs his chin and takes a slant at the gas pump

"All right, then, I'll take this six quarts."

By the time I got out to the pump, he had the car up close, and had dragged out a quart measure from somewhere.

"What you going to do with that?" I asked.

"I think we better measure it."

I certainly handed him a hard look.

"See here," I announces, "this is a standard pump, which beats you only a standard amount, the same as every first-class garage, and if you think you are going to wiggle out of it, then you have made a mistake. You could put away that tin mug."

While he pushes the quart measure out of sight, I put in the hose to pump out six quarts, and it was while I wound the handle that I first heard the squeaking noise which come from somewhere inside the car. If my ears didn't fool me, it was a squeak from something alive. He heard it the same time I did and began coughing loud, trying to drown it out. It looked suspicious, but I had enough experience of prying into other people's business, so I kept my eye on the pump, acting like I heard nothing.

"There you are," I says, beginning to pull the hose out.

He grabbed it with his hand to hold it steady.

"Wait a minute!" he shouted, excited. "Give it a chance to all run out."

Pulling the nozzle up he peeked into it.

"Maybe you better squeeze it," I says, "as you might get another drop."

When he paid up, I started back for the job I had been working at, figuring I had seen the last of such a spendthrift, and glad of it; but I hardly got my back turned when I heard a snap, a couple of flat pops, and a holler from him to come and see what's the matter. As he insisted I look over the engine complete, I went through the motions and give him my decision.

"Three hours' work," I announces finally. "And besides, you need some extra new parts. Now can you pay for this?"

He held up both hands, and turns the palms upside down.

"Do whatever is needed, and I'll foot the bill," he tells me.

I went to work, but at the same time I couldn't help feeling that there was crooked work somewhere, and that he must have something locked in the car which he didn't want the public to see. At three-thirty in the afternoon I mops my brow, shows him that the car will run, and then gets the jolt I been half expecting right along.

"Now, Homer," he says, dropping his voice down to a confidential tone and using my first name like a old friend. "I'm just a little bit surprised that this bill is twenty-four dollars, as you claim it is."

I looks him in the eye.

"Of course," he adds on, speaking fast and wiggling his fingers through his pockets, "I'm willing to pay, but am a little short on funds, now that I think of it."

"How does it happen you couldn't think of it sooner?" I asked. "Are you trying to worm out of this bill?"

"You needn't be afraid of losing any money, Homer, but at

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Matilda Peeked Over My Shoulder and Saw It Was the Truth That He Was Gone. We Stood Looking and Nobody Speaking

The New-Day Jewett Sedan

at Jewett's Lowest Closed Car Price $995

f. o. b. Detroit

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The clearest vision of any closed car

With high quality certified throughout by standards from which Paige has never deviated in 17 successful years

The New-Day
JEWETT SIX

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present I ain't got it. You heard about you couldn't get blood out of a turnip, didn't you?"

"I couldn't get any out of some turnips," I says, "unless I squeezed pretty tight; but as I have had plenty experience, I am the kind which certainly knows how to squeeze."

"How you going to squeeze?" he asked.

I tossed the stub of my cigarette away, and gets my face into a businesslike look.

"Now see here, Earnest; this thing has gone far enough. I fixed the car on your false representative that you got money. Now if you ain't got it, I will say that you are in a bad fix."

His eyes got round. "What you going to do?"

"I am going to take security for twenty-four dollars."

He stands there for a minute rubbing his chin.

"What you going to take?" he asked finally.

I rolls my eyes over toward his car.

"I am going to take the only merchandise which you got."

He got excited when he sees what I mean.

"You figuring on taking my car?"

"That's what I am going to take, as the law allows it."

"Now Homer," he says, shifting his weight over to the other foot, "I got to use this car, and as I am in a bad fix, I might as well admit that I got other merchandise which I could leave you as security."

"What you got?" I inquired, skeptical.

He slid his voice down a tone lower, and peeks up and down to see if anybody is listening.

"I have got a Chinaman."

Keeping my eyes fastened on him, I pulled out a package of cigarettes, and took my time lighting one up.

"What you say you got?"

"A Chinaman is what I said."

The way I eyed him was a corker.

"Where you got this Chinaman?"

"I got him locked up in my car."

"You got him in there now?"

"I can show him to you," he says, "and then we could talk business, as he is valuable."

"I don't know whether we could do any business with a Chinaman," I objects, "but I am willing to take a look to see if you have got one, because you got to admit, Earnest, it don't look reasonable you could have such a thing."

While I followed him he led the way to the back end of the bus, and digging up a key from his pocket, he unlocked the back door. As he swung it open a couple of inches, I heard some more squeaks of the kind which had sounded while I was pumping gas, and taking a squint through the crack, my eyes opened up wide.

"You have got one," I admits at last. "What's that rope around his neck?"

"That is not a rope, that's a queue."

"What you doing with such a Chinaman locked up like this?"

"Ha! When I tell you, I bet you would hardly believe where I got him."

"Not after looking you over close," I says; "I wouldn't believe much of anything. Where do you claim you got him?"

"Didn't you ever hear about a Chinese custom where a Chinaman's father can't pay his bills, so he bonds out his son to somebody to work it out? As this one's father couldn't pay me money which he owed, I instead got his son for working purposes."

I straightened up my back and turns around.

"Don't you know, Earnest, that this is the U. S. A., and ain't this slavery?"

"It is not, because this is not a colored one, but Oriental. Now as I am going to meet his father here at twelve o'clock tonight, I figured I could leave him with you as security until his father arrives. And when his father pays me I will then have plenty, and can settle with you up square. Is this a satisfaction with you?"

For a minute I scratched my head and looks at Earnest, because I never before heard of a deal like this where you get a Chinaman as a deposit on repairs.

"I don't like the looks of this game, Earnest," I hedges, "but on the other hand, if you are sure that this one's father is going to pay up his bill to you tonight so you can then settle with me, maybe I might take a little chance. Why can't you meet his father in the daytime instead of twelve o'clock at night."

"Because, as maybe you have heard, it's a dishonor to a Chinaman's family to have such a thing happen, so this one's father is keeping it a secret. Have you got a place to put him, and I will be back tonight with his father at twelve."

The more I talked over the situation, the fishier it begun to look. When you are running a business, though, you got to keep a eye out for profit and no loss, and I figured if I could keep the Chinaman only a few hours, it might be a good business policy to do it. While we talked, once in a while looking in through the crack, the Chinaman rolled his slant eyes around at us, but kept meek and said nothing, except now and then a squeak.

"Maybe I can put him in the woodshed," I suggests. "Can he talk?"

"He can't say a word except in Chinese, but that don't make any difference, because he will stay wherever you squat him, and to make sure, you lock the door also."

"All right," I consents. "If there is nothing underhand about it, then back up the car and we will set him in the corner of the woodshed."

When we got him stowed in the woodshed with the door locked from the outside, Earnest climbed back into his car.

"For the afternoon I'll be in Pine View City," he tells me, "but will be back in time to fix this up tonight. His name is Sing Lee, and as he's a quiet one you won't have trouble."

Earnest's car disappeared, and I stepped back in the woodshed for another peep at Sing Lee; and when I moved him into a opposite corner where it was a better place to sit, he didn't offer even a squeak of resistance. It seemed like he was used to being handled around like merchandise.

After stepping out and locking the door, I turns around, and there standing beside me with his eyes stuck out interested, was Timothy. If you lived around Pine View City you would heard about Timothy, as he is one of simple mind which all the town knows him. As he went to school in the same grade until he was seventeen, and as prospects wasn't looking bright for getting farther ahead, they give it up and turned him loose. Not being bright enough to hold a job, he drifted out here to the Drop In Garage where, for his meals, he is been helping out with odd jobs, but sleeping most the time.

"What you got in there?" Timothy asked, sticking his tongue out at one side and trying to peek over my shoulder.

"Why are you sneaking around here, Timothy? I have got nothing in here! I am looking to see if there is a good supply of wood. Now you go back in the garage and stay there."

"You got a Chinaman in there?" he asks.

"I haven't got any Chinaman," I denies, "and if anbody asks you any questions, don't you mention a word about Chinaman."

"You want me not tell them you got Chinaman?"

"It's better, Timothy, you keep your mind busy with something simple so you won't notice too close what's going on. A good job for you is to take that big box behind the garage, and nail up a crate large enough to hold that bird dog which Joe is going to ship by express to his brother. Now you get busy with nails so you can ship that dog this afternoon; and also you forget about a Chinaman as there is none there."

Timothy grabbed up the packing box with also nails, and disappeared back of the garage. I hustled around to the front door, then up the stairway to the rooms above where the boss, Joe Slatter, lives with his family, I living with him. The daughter, Matilda, who I am going to marry, was the only one now at home.

She give me a sharp look when I slid into the room.

"Who you been dickering with downstairs, Homer?" she inquired.

"A man," I says, evasive. "I just done some work for him."

"You get paid for it?"

"Well, I got security."

"What kind of security?"

"That's all right, Matilda. I got good security."

"Did I see you putting something in the woodshed?"

I saw it's no use trying to fool Matilda as she is not the kind you can pull the wool over her eyes.

"It's a bill for twenty-four dollars," I explains, "and as he couldn't pay it, I took for security a Chinaman, because that's all he had."

"You took a Chinaman?"

"And I now got him in the woodshed until twelve tonight."

Matilda was by this time eying me up and down.

"Homer," she says, "do you mean to say you are such a easy mark that you accept a Chinaman for security? Every tourist that hits this garage puts something over on you, and this certainly is the limit. Who is this Chinaman?"

"He belongs to his father, but was lent to Earnest Brown for purposes of working out a debt, as that's a Chinaman's custom. Earnest couldn't pay me twenty-four dollars, so I am holding this one, which his name is Sing Lee, until Earnest pays up the bill to me before twelve o'clock tonight."

Putting her hands on her hips, Matilda gives me a iceberg stare.

"I am surprised, Homer, that you would swallow such a story. Don't you realize who is this Chinaman? And can't you see what a slick scheme Earnest Brown is working on you?"

While I stands there looking at Matilda, she flips around into a corner and drags out a Pine View City newspaper from the day before, which she pokes into my hands.

"If you would keep your eye open, Homer, and read some news, you would know better than to get yourself into such a kind of pickle as you are now in."

When I had took a squint at the back page where Matilda was pointing, a headline I saw there was enough to floor me. I read the piece through careful, and as I am pretty bright about such things, I could see what it was I was caught in. It was a smuggler's net, or I made a mistake. Pine View City, it claimed, was lately found out to be a point where they smuggled in Chinamen from Canada and turned them over to relatives who took them back to Chicago. As bringing Chinamen into the U. S. A. is against the immigration law, the paper claimed that a handsome business was going on between Chinamen smugglers and rich relatives who could pay well to get their families in.

When I read it, I dropped the paper on the floor.

"Do you think, Matilda, that this Chinaman I got below could be smuggled goods?"

"He is a smuggled one, you can be sure about that, as otherwise what is this funny business that he has not got twenty-four dollars so he would then have a good chance to hide him in the woodshed until twelve o'clock tonight! What he wants is, you should keep him safe until he turns him in to relatives and gets his money."

I sat down in a chair and looked at Matilda. I am one who does not believe in breaking the law, and this plan of helping to smuggle a Chinaman in is certainly one I didn't like. I was beginning to feel weak in the knees.

"This is a hot one, Matilda," I says, "and what am I going to do about it?"

"The thing you better do about it, is call up the sheriff in Pine View City, and don't lose any time. If Timothy finds out you got a Chinaman, he will tell about it in town, and if you get caught harboring such a thing in our woodshed, you know what is the consequence."

For a minute I wrecked my brain trying to think what to do.

"The sheriff is out of town, Matilda, and as the deputy is now running things, I am up against it. Since I had trouble with the deputy about he was a bootlegger, he has got it in for me bad. All he wants is a chance like this and he sure will make a hot time for me."

"Couldn't you explain it to him how it happened, Homer, so he will arrest Earnest Brown and maybe say nothing to you?"

"I know how I stand with that deputy, Matilda, and what he will do is arrest me and maybe say nothing to Earnest. You have heard about it that if you change your horse in the middle of a stream you might get your feet wet, so my best plan is to say nothing."

"All right then," Matilda says, giving me another frozen look; "if you want to also become a outlaw, then it's your own risk."

I went back down into the garage, being by this time worried about the whole deal and wondering would I be safe. In the garage I met Timothy.

"Think maybe the Chinaman might be hungry?" he asked.

I give him a tough look.

"You could stop speaking out loud about Chinamen around here, Timothy," I says, "as I ain't got one in the woodshed, and don't know what you are talking about. You go back at your job and get busy nailing up that crate for the dog, so we can ship him out today."

"Maybe will he eat a mouse?" he asked.

"Maybe it will be you who I will feed to him," I says, "if you don't quit talking about it."

"All right then," Timothy answered.

Timothy disappeared, and I started through the motions of overhauling a bus. Every time I swung the hammer my mind jumped back to the Chinaman, and by the end of two hours I was worried so bad I quit work. I takes a squint at the clock and sees that it is nearly six. While I dumps my tools into a corner, I looked up toward the front end of the garage, and there standing in the doorway grinning at me, and at the same time puffing at a cheroot, was the deputy himself. I got a empty feeling at the sight of him. Picking up a piece of waste, I begins wiping my hands calm, like I was not surprised to catch him standing there watching me.

"Hello, deputy," I greets in a friendly tone. "Nice day out, ain't it?"

Without answering, the deputy twisted his cheroot into the other corner of his mouth, and with the smile widening out a couple of inches, and a cloud of smoke shooting out, he folds his arms and began rocking up and down on his toes and heels. He was looking at me hard, but saying nothing.

"Haven't seen you for a few days, deputy. Have a chair to sit down on for a rest."

"The kind of arrest I am going to make, I don't need any chair," he answered, squinting at me through the smoke.

"That's so, deputy? You figuring on making a arrest?"

He pulled the cheroot out and held it between his fingers like he was pleased about something.

"Homer," he says at last, "I guess I have now got the goods on you right."

"What kind of goods you got on me, deputy?"

Keeping the smug smile stretched across his face, he slipped one hand into the inside pocket of his coat, and pulls out a extra-long envelope.

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for Christmas

The car owner who receives Gabriel Snubbers at Christmas will remember the giver with the kindliest thoughts. For Gabriels put genuine comfort into every mile. The easy way they ride you over snow and ice is but a foretaste of the delightful comfort you will enjoy over all kinds of roads

Improved
Gabriel Snubbers
Balloon Type

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
CLEVELAND, OHIO — TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 52)

"This paper which I have got here, Homer, is a search warrant for this garage and premises."

I could see by the way he tapped his finger against the envelope and narrowed down his eyes that I must be in for it.

"What you want to search here for, deputy?" I inquired, surprised. "You could search this garage any time without a warrant, as with one look you can see the insides of it. What you expect to find?"

"I have got reason to believe that a Oriental person of the name of Sing Lee is concealed on your premises."

"You mean you think I am hiding a Chinaman here, deputy? Ha! What would I have such a thing like that for, hiding around here? You could look for yourself. Do you see one?"

Pulling another cloud of smoke out of his cheroot, he rolled his eyes over the place.

"There is nothing visible," he admits. "How about upstairs?"

"Go up and look," I invites him. "You'll find no Chinaman in this garage."

"Then maybe I have made a mistake?"

"You bet you have," I told him in a hearty tone, thinking I might bluff it through.

"Do you give me your word that you got no Chinaman concealed hereabouts? If so, I wouldn't look any further."

While I grabbed up another piece of waste, my mind was working fast. For a minute I wondered wouldn't the best way be to tell him the whole story, but on the other hand he had a crafty look in his eye like he was scheming some way to get me. I figured if I could get him to searching upstairs, I would in the meantime run Sing Lee out of the shed and down the road.

"You better go upstairs and look, deputy," I insists, "so you won't have to take anybody's word."

"All right then. You come along with me."

"I better stay down here, deputy, as I got business to attend to."

"Maybe the business you want to attend to is in your woodshed."

When he begins mentioning about woodshed I see the game was up.

"What makes you speak about the woodshed, deputy?"

As he stuck the cheroot at a upward angle he shuffled his feet wide apart, and folding his arms behind him began patting his hands together.

"Look at here, Homer," says he. "I am not the kind of deputy that you could break the law before my eyes. In Pine View City at the present moment, we have got in jail your accomplice, named Earnest Brown. He has spilled the beans, Homer, and you are at the end of the rope, because he has confessed where you have got the smuggled Chinaman hid. Now you come along with me, and we will peep into the woodshed to see if my facts are straight."

As for a minute I couldn't speak, I filled in the time lighting a cigarette.

"I can explain this accident, deputy," I says at last.

He shrugged his shoulders. "There is a court for explaining things like this, Homer, because when we catch a Chinaman smuggler, it's not a question for a deputy to settle. A judge is for that purpose."

"There is no use taking this in court, deputy," I protests, walking with him toward the woodshed. "I am no partner of Earnest Brown, and if he says so he is stretching the truth, because that's what you would expect by the looks of his face. This was only a business deal between us about security."

"Pretty shady business I calls it, Homer; and I am surprised to see you mixed up in such a affair."

We was by this time almost to the woodshed door, and I saw my chances was getting slimmer.

"Deputy," I says, as I stopped for a minute before unlocking the door, "we being fellow citizens, let's settle this between us."

"How about why couldn't we settle that other deal between us when you complained I am a bootlegger? Open up the woodshed, as I got to do my duty."

The deputy pulled back the door and squints around inside. Figuring the game was up, I stood at one side and said nothing. I noticed the deputy's face screwing into a puzzled look, as he stretched his neck out to see farther in the shed. While I watched him he stepped inside and when I looked in after him I saw at one glimpse that Sing Lee has clean disappeared. I was more surprised than the deputy to see a empty chair, but at the same time this turn of affairs give me courage. I tightened up my belt and looked independent.

"Do you see a Chinaman?" I asked.

Without answering me the deputy goes over the shed thoroughly, examining the ground, and peeking behind rafters like a detective. Suddenly shooting out the door, he hustled into the garage and up the back stairs to the rooms above, where I could hear him slamming things around while he searched it. By the time he had finished and come downstairs, I was waiting at the front door of the garage. Whatever had happened to Sing Lee was certainly a mystery to me, as he couldn't get out that shed without somebody from the outside opening the door.

The deputy walked through the garage with long steps, and stopped at the front door where I was standing. He pulled his hat down tight on his head.

"You are a slick customer, Homer. You are getting away with it this time because the evidence is gone. I am pretty sure you had a Chinaman here, but it's no use taking you to town as you would deny it anyhow. Some day I will get the goods on you, and when I do I am going to press hard."

I kept quiet, figuring it's the best policy to say nothing, and while I stood there the deputy climbs into his flivver and disappears towards Pine View City. When he was gone I took a long breath of relief.

Hurrying to the back end of the garage I made the stairs three steps at a time to the floor above. With a scared look on her face Matilda was waiting for me at the top.

"Is he gone?" she whispered.

"He's gone," I answers, "and what kind of a miracle do you think has happened? When he accused me I am a smuggler partner of Earnest Brown and looked in the shed for Sing Lee to prove it, I nearly dropped flat when I saw the Chinaman has got away."

"Got away!" Matilda exclaims. "Do you think a Chinese one could get away from such a place? He didn't get away because I am the one who took him away."

I opened my eyes, surprised.

"Did you take him out?"

"I certainly did."

"Where did you put him?"

"In the corner clothes closet."

I twisted my neck around in the direction of the clothes closet in the corner. As it had shelves built over the door so the shelves and all open up when you go in, it was a place that nobody would think a clothes closet could be.

"Is he in there now?" I asked, still eying the corner.

"That's where he is, and has been for three hours. I cooked him up a little dish of rice, and as he has air holes in the wall he is all right."

Taking a quick look out the window to see for sure that the deputy is not coming back, I walked over to the closet, opened up the door and stares inside. Nothing was there but a empty rice dish on the floor.

"How long since you looked in here at Sing Lee?" I inquires, turning to Matilda.

"Not since I put him in three hours ago. What is he doing?"

"Maybe he is running over the hills about thirty miles a hour by this time," I says, "as you have got nothing left in this closet but a rice dish."

Matilda got a look on her eyebrow like she can't believe it. She peeked over my shoulder and saw it was the truth that he was gone. We stood looking and nobody speaking.

"It's a bad accident, Matilda, because somebody is sure going to catch that Chinaman, and when they bring him to Pine View City, and the deputy gets the laundryman for a interpreter, he will worm the whole story out of Sing Lee."

We could hear a flivver outside stop, and a minute later Timothy climbs up the back stairs, walking into the room with a heavy smile. I motioned to Matilda to say nothing about a Chinaman while Timothy was listening.

"Did you fix that crate, Timothy?" I asked, changing the subject.

He sticks his tongue between his teeth at the side of his mouth, and grins.

"I fix it," he says, grinning wider. "I fix everything."

"What you mean—everything?" I asks.

"I fix Chinaman."

I throws a quick look at Matilda.

"So you are the one which let him out the closet," I says to Timothy.

"I no let him out. I put him in."

"Where did you put him in?"

"Put him in crate, plenty air holes, marked dog on all sides, and shipped him by express in Pine View City for immigration office, Winnipeg, Canada."

I dropped down limp in a chair.

"Timothy," I says, "you only made one mistake. You should have sent him C. O. D. collect twenty-four dollars."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

Go on, and pull ye cave-mann stuffe—I have ne strength nor skil!"
Ye prince he sneezed as he would brast, and sayd, "Like hel I wil!"
Then fleat as stagg he legged it for ye fire within ye hall,
Nor would he speke to Ahsoun that evening at ye ball.

Envoy

Remember wel, ye lovesik mayds, tho fierce may be your crushe,
That when a felawe's feet ben cold, ite ben no time to mushe;
Had Æsop ben on live today, his morall would be thusse,
You can lead men to ye mistletoe—you cannot make them kisse!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

There Aren't Any Santa Clauses

LITTLE Vergil, our four-year-old son and heir, has been quite excited lately about Santa Claus. As a reward for the faithful consumption of prune juice and spinach, we promised, in a reckless moment, that he should meet the old gentleman in the flesh, as the motion-picture entrepreneurs say.

Vergil has long been familiar with the portraits of Santa Claus, from repeated perusal of standard works of juvenile literature, and from the hosiery and automobile advertisements in his favorite current periodicals. Consequently, it was but a matter of a few minutes, for he is an unusually bright child, for him to cry out in great delight as we approached the street corner, "There's Santa Claus there!"

And, sure enough, it was. He was a rather unprepossessing Kriss Kringle, in his faded red garments and his mangy white horsehair whiskers. He stood beside a tripod from which hung an iron pot. In one hand he held a little bell which he rang listlessly. Vergil rushed forward and greeted him as an old friend.

"I want a scooter," he said, "and box of crayons."

Santa seemed a bit embarrassed, but he rose to the occasion manfully.

"Anything you say, kid," he replied. "How'd ya like a bicycle and an air rifle and ——"

We dropped a coin in the pot and made a hurried departure. As we neared the next corner, Vergil gave a frightened yell.

"There he is again!" he shrieked.

"Who?" we said, but it was not necessary to ask. For there on the next corner stood another Santa Claus beside an identical tripod and pot. We clutched Vergil's hand tightly and hurried him on.

"That's Santa Claus' younger brother," we explained. "His name is Otto—Otto H. Claus."

"There's another one!" cried Vergil, as we turned a corner and came face to face with a third Spirit of the Christmas Present, as Dickens punningly christened him.

"Hello, son," said the old man. "Don't you want to shake hands with Santa Claus?"

Vergil looked at us with growing suspicion in his youthful eyes. Sometimes, we think, he is lacking in that confidence which a well-behaved child owes to his parent.

"Come on," we murmured. "You can write him a letter when you get home."

"He said he was Santa Claus," protested Vergil.

"Yes," we said feebly, dragging our struggling hopeful away. "That's the oldest son. Junior, everyone calls him. He's learning the business, and just as soon as he gets the hang of it, they say that the old man's going to retire."

"But he's an old man," said Vergil with exasperating logic.

"Prematurely gray," we said. "It's a sad story. An unhappy love affair ——"

"Junior's whiskers just fell off," said Vergil. "He's picking them up from the street."

"Yes, that's the tragic part of it," we said, hurrying on. "They're always falling off. His father has spoken to him about it repeatedly, but it doesn't seem to do any good. They've taken him to all the leading specialists ——"

"There's another ——" howled Vergil.

"Yes, I know," we replied hastily. "That's Herbert—Uncle Herbert. He's the black sheep of the Claus family. You can't imagine the trouble they've had with that boy."

"Why?" asked Vergil.

"He gives caramels to the reindeers and it sticks to their teeth. It's a pity, too, because he's one of the best bell ringers in the whole Claus family."

Vergil seemed to be pondering over this last explanation, for he remained silent for some time, and we passed three more Santa Clauses without any further excitement.

"Why does he give them caramels?" said Vergil finally. Before we had a chance to reply, our son had clutched one hand frantically and was dragging us across the street to where a large crowd was gathered before the window of a department store.

"Look," he exclaimed. "There's three of them." On the sidewalk before the store stood two Santa Clauses violently ringing their bells. In the window of the store, surrounded by toys, was a third—a plump, rosy-faced, prosperous-looking Santa.

"Lookit," said Vergil. "That's the kind of scooter I want."

Santa Claus in the window bowed and smiled genially to the crowd.

"Let's take a taxi," we said, suiting the action to the word. Once in the cab we devoted ourselves to assuaging the tears of our offspring.

"That was just the kind of scooter ——" sobbed Vergil.

"People may say what they like about Santa Claus," we said judicially, "but his family life is something beautiful. You have to admit that he is good to his family."

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WHAT DOES IT REALLY COST TO MAKE A MOVIE?

(Continued from Page 42

The characters are the production manager, a famous foreign director and his assistant. The props—a buzzer and a telephone. The famous foreign director has the day before lost half a day on his own production and kept another company waiting half a day for the return of a trick cameraman loaned to him only for the morning, and without whom the other director couldn't proceed. This time has shown on the daily cost sheets, and the production manager will hear of it in the front office. The scene opens with the famous foreign director stepping blithely into the production office.

P. M., with jest in his eyes but menace in his heart: "Ah-h! I've something to say to you."

F. F. D.: "Who? Me? Vat? Ven?"

P. M.: "You promised to let Watkins off at noon yesterday, didn't you?"

F. F. D., all in italics: "Me? I promise? Ne-e-ever! Dat would be simply not possible. I know nothing. No one says the word to me. Three o'clock, I see all funny faces—Collins' funny face looks at me like that—Irwin, he comes in like this"—he mimics the soft step and large reproachful eyes of the executive—"everyone rush, rush, rush me. I say, 'Vy, vat for, vy the rush so?' Everyone say"—and he bends his head and cheeps—"'Ooh, ooh, Watkins, Watkins, off at noon.' I say, no, that is not simply possible. Vy you have not told me?"

P. M.: "I told your assistant, Collins. Didn't he tell you?"

F. F. D., scorn personified: "My assistant! Lis-s-s-en, ven I vant something, do I come to tell your assistant? No, to you I come. Collins, vat he knows? Excuse. I use your telephone."

For some fifteen minutes, then, the F. F. D. makes a lunch date over the telephone in his native tongue. In the meantime the production manager has been busy with the buzzer, in spite of the F. F. D.'s gestures to leave everything in peace and quiet, and Collins walks in. After another half hour of conversation pro and con, it develops that this is what has really happened: The director had been told that the trick cameraman should be returned, and he expected to be through early. At lunchtime, however, the star reminded him that she intended that afternoon to participate in the favorite outdoor sport of Hollywood, meeting at the train the various homecoming stars and greeting them with long wooden keys to the city, borne aloft like palms on Easter Sunday. His star is far too important to be denied, so the company suspended.

When she was ready to work again it was long past noon, but he rushed, rushed, and finished his shots with the trick cameraman, whom he had expected to dismiss at noon. And that, he found, was all he could accomplish that day. And this was why two companies had each lost half a day's work and added money to the cost sheets.

Little Work But Many Alibis

"It is really your fault," concluded the F. F. D. for the benefit of the production manager; "for vy you not tell me instead of my assistant that you wanted Watkins at noon?"

Which the manager dismissed with perfect good nature: "I know it's my fault. Everything's always my fault."

Then director, manager and assistant shook hands on it and parted in what they hoped was friendliness. The office finally peaceful, the manager merely sighed: "You do hear the craziest things in this business."

But he would have been the first to explain to you that this was all absolutely unavoidable. Since a zealous publicity man first originated the meeting of stars at trains, stars must be met with due ceremony. Neglect might mean the loss of good will and the subsequent loss of a profitable personality that it had taken far more than a few measly thousands to build up.

This story of wasted time and money is only one of the more salient ones. Most directors on the big-time lots think they deserve Victoria Crosses when they have shot twenty scenes a day, and with the exception of a few bright young men they seldom enough shoot even that many. Any director can reel off one good reason after another as to why he was able to take only one or two scenes in one day, and why it would take him a day more or a week more or a month more to complete the picture, and they are good reasons. Meanwhile the overhead ticks on.

It will be noticed on our cost sheet that the overhead is the largest single item of expense. This includes the studio rental charged to each production, interest on investment, electric current, and the expenses of every department not directly concerned but indispensable in picture making, such as the accounting department, the cost of upkeep, and so on. What the total overhead of a huge studio must amount to can be imagined when one realizes it costs $1000 a week just to clean and keep up the grounds of a certain organization which covers fifty acres of land and has six acres of stage space. When everything is in full swing, every company working, it costs about $6000 an hour, everything included, to run this studio. Its usual weekly pay roll is $100,000. Its largest weekly pay roll has reached the $250,000 mark. Its purchasing department O.K.'s $25,000 worth of vouchers a week.

The Wardrobe Room

The next most important single items of expense on the cost sheets are the various salaries. On the whole they have not been greatly exaggerated. Like nearly everything else in the making of pictures, they have jumped 1000 per cent in the past ten years. Though the really huge salaries, which include usually a percentage of the profits, are numbered, the average weekly envelope of a well-known leading man or woman easily contains from $1250 to $2500. Character actors get their $500 to $1000, sometimes as much as the leads, and even a little child walks away from a studio with from $150 to $250 for the week in his infant fingers.

Besides salaries, two of the most varying elements in the average picture are clothes and sets. There have been films where the expense of the sets bulked larger than the salaries or overhead. The interior of a hovel may look on the screen as if it wouldn't fetch a paper dollar, with contents, at auction. It is meant to look like that. But at the studio, expert plasterers and carpenters and painters have been working for days to give fresh wood an appearance decrepit enough for purposes of the story, and when the value of their labor and the cost of the materials are added together, lo and behold, the price of the hovel on the cost sheet is $1000.

As for clothes, the leading woman in an ordinary domestic drama can't be dressed for less than $2500, at the actual cost of materials, labor and overhead of the studio workroom, plus the due proportion of the salary of the well-remunerated studio designer. It's hard to believe in the value of these clothes until one makes the tour of a studio wardrobe room and really inspects the $1000 worth of ermine on an evening wrap, the $225 negligee specially designed by a famous costumier, the simple little masquerade costume for one of those balls so popular in the movies, which contains twenty yards of silk at five dollars a yard, eighteen yards of lace, and a couple of lengths of brocade at ten dollars a yard.

Of course $2500 doesn't begin to represent the value of the clothes of a real star. These are designed for her alone, made for her alone, they eat into thousands of dollars of special dress allowance, and the contract contains a clause in which the producer crosses his heart that they will never, never be used again. Many studios still expect players to furnish their own wardrobes for modern films, and either allow them extra salary or an expense account for the purpose. Others, however, find it more economical to dress their actresses in their own workrooms. The advantage is that while a prominent member of the cast must have a new wardrobe for every picture, her dresses may be worn, cleaned, and when the picture has been released, made over again, worn by a less important person, cleaned, and regarnished *ad infinitum* for a period of years. A wardrobe woman showed me costumes the other day that had been in use in this way for four years, at an ever-diminishing cost to production.

A typical modern wardrobe room looks like a prosperous specialty shop, with $100,000 worth of gowns, hats and wraps on its racks, and under the hands of its seventy-five workers is sometimes $50,000 worth of uncut materials—glittering brocades, hand-woven peasant stuff from Austria for humble cottagers, clouds of chiffon for debutantes and yards of calico for peasants. It can, under pressure, turn out 100 gowns a week, and every dress, even sometimes those intended for extras, must be photographed and approved of by the head office on the screen before it may be actually worn in a picture.

The wardrobe room is only one of the sizable factories on the lot of every large studio. There is the furniture factory, which can manufacture antiques just as good as the real stuff; the drapery department; the toy makers; the dye room; the electrical shops; the prop shops, where are made the fall-away elephants that collapse at the touch of a hand, the candy glass windows that break but do not cut motion-picture actors; miniature houses and ships; polished knives which gleam wickedly in the villain's hand, yet which do not wound; furniture which can be broken over a man's head and yet not leave a mark. And there are the blacksmiths' shops; the paint and plaster shops, where wood is deftly turned into iron, where a spick-and-span door with shavings still peeling off it passes through fire and water and appears in its final metamorphosis as the ancient stone gate of a venerable castle of the Middle Ages.

The Cost of Superproductions

This is merely the organization that takes part in the making of an average picture. When a real superspectacle comes along, one that exists not only on paper or in the minds of the publicity men, then do the movies pile Ossa on Pelion, and dozens of subdivided shops and departments, complete in themselves, spring up on the lot. Each superproduction is more costly than the last.

Cecil De Mille's most lavish Biblical picture cost $1,800,000 in real money. Ben-Hur used up more money than any other picture ever made. The rights to the play and book alone cost $1,000,000, some of it in cash and some in rights in the production. For the building of one set, the Circus Maximus, the company paid $200,000 in Rome. Two million feet of negative—$80,000—were used in the sequences filmed in Rome.

So far we have dealt only with how much it costs to make a movie. There is another side to the story, and this side has to do with how little it costs to make a movie. If you ask in Hollywood they will tell you that the comedy companies and the independents know most on that subject.

This is not quite true of the comedy companies, for almost as much is spent, in proportion, on a good two-reel comedy as on a six-reel feature—that is, from $13,000 to $25,000 a reel. The comedy director takes his two weeks to shoot, and the cameraman will use about ten times as much film as the 1700 feet finally unwound at the local theater. Salaries are much lower of course. Few actors in the comedies get more than $500.

Curiously, the best comedy companies spend as much on clothes as the dramatic units, nor do they save on sets. If you watch the comedies closely you will see that fashion shows are often interpolated between the pies, and that funny scenes are staged, with much damage, in lavish motion-picture surroundings.

The "independents" is a rather ambiguous word which originally meant companies that had no regular releasing channels back of them and peddled each production anew to the big distributors. Nowadays many of the hundred or so independent firms have not only definite backers but regular contracts for the sale of their films. They don't expend any more energy on peddling. They devote it to saving money.

The Street of Cutting Corners

"I figure that I can save $30,000 on the estimate sheet of any average picture made by a big company," one of the largest of the independent producers told me. He was eating his lunch at the time—a ham sandwich and a paper box of ice cream—right on the outskirts of the set, instead of in the secluded spots reserved for the executive on the big-time lots. The studio had no commissary, unless you could dignify by that name the lunch wagon at the corner. He rented his studio and equipment at from $100 a day up. When he needed a set beyond the ordinary he borrowed it at a nominal cost from the stock of the big studios, though unfortunately this is becoming harder as the latter grow more economical.

"In the end we can't save so much on salaries, clothes or sets," explained this man. "We can't even save so much time on actual shooting. Where we do save is on the overhead between pictures. We've got no staffs and no contract players and no equipment to carry over and deduct from the profits. The minute we're through with a production, we're through. Nothing goes on but the cost of an office and a stenographer. That's why some of the independents make more money today on their investment than the big companies."

At this moment the property man approached with a grin and a cigar. He had bought the cigar for the villain in the society drammer.

"Another nickel gone, Sam," he said.

And the producer solemnly put the nickel down on paper. Every nickel counts at least once in this studio.

Not far away stands a street of flimsy stucco houses, its lunch wagon hunched up against a corner, where every nickel counts twice. This is Poverty Row, or, if you prefer it, the Street of Cutting Corners. "Cutting corners" in the dictionary of moviedom covers every trick by which money may be saved in the making of a picture. The method is illustrated thoroughly by the legend of the man who used six people to ride furiously down a hill as the escaping bandits, and the same six to ride furiously up the hill as the pursuing posse.

On Poverty Row directors shoot at least fifty scenes a day, and can turn out a picture in from three and a half to ten days. A dozen companies turn out perhaps 100 five-reel pictures among them in a year, as well as countless two-reel comedies and Westerns. Apparently it is profitable, for one of the companies is supported *sub rosa* by a very well-known motion-picture actor. Others have existed for years.

The regulars of Poverty Row make mostly Westerns. They don't shoot ten times as much film. They can make a five-reeler for from $4000 to $10,000 as the limit, a picture without any splendid sinning or

Continued on Page 58

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CHRYSLER FOUR

(Continued from Page 56)

cabaret scenes, to be sure, but with a deal of action and even a big name.

Sometimes an independent is not able to sell his feature without a star in the cast. So, with the ingenuity of cutting corners, he goes down to a big-time studio where the name he needs is working, not, of course, under contract, and makes an offer.

"I'll give you $100 for an afternoon."

The name accepts. A cameraman shoots him, walking on and off a set, clasping a fair lady in his arms, glowering at a rival, and a final clinch. With perhaps the judicious use of a double and expert cutting, the big name becomes the star of Whoozis' production.

Poverty Row doesn't build its sets. When it hires a studio it has the use of one stale interior, and this must serve for all the purposes of the picture from drawing-room to business office. Consequently it prefers exteriors for its settings. Nice back lots can be stolen when the owner isn't looking, and unoccupied houses can be utilized for days before those interested sit up and take notice.

Within the last year Poverty Row has been thrown strongly into the limelight by one picture which it unwittingly contributed. Hailed as a masterpiece, this film is chiefly remarkable for the fact that its five reels were made for $4800, or just about the cost of the negative of an average movie. A young man with an idea directed it for three and a half weeks, between attacks of neuritis and intervals when work stopped to borrow money. He used one interior, rented; he shot most of his exteriors on the property of a friend. When the picture was finished his cost sheet included just four items!

Cast of five people, including the name, who worked for five hours at $100	$1,000
Cameraman and staff	600
Studio expense, lights and set	1,200
Film, negative and development	2,000
Total	$4,800

This total bears a strange contrast to the average movie at $100,000 and the superspectacle at $3,000,000! A strange contrast, that is, until one remembers the two signs of the lunch-wagon keeper—"Coffee—three cents" and "Coffee—five cents. BUT COFFEE!"

THE WOODLANE FOLLIES

Continued from Page 48

was in putting too much glue on the canvas, 'cause when it dried it was so stiff it wouldn't roll an' had to be taken to the theater on a ten-ton truck. It took two hours to hang it, but the stage hands didn't kick, they getting overtime out of it. Well, about a week before the big night the committee come to me an' told me Peggy Porter had just got home from Newport, an' couldn't I find something for her in the show.

"'Who is Peggy Porter?' I ast.

"'She's the daughter of our society leader,' says they. 'If she's in the play we'll sell 200 more tickets.'

"'What can she do?' asts I.

"'She drives a car, rides horseback, swims, rows, plays golf, also tennis, an' knows what to do with a no-trump hand when she gets it,' says they.

"'If she can do all them things well,' answers I, 'learning to act in four days will be easy for her. Bring her to a rehearsal so I can see what type she is.'

"'Thank you,' says they, 'we knew you'd be able to fit her in somewhere. How could we have ever put on the show without you?'

"When people talks to you like that, giving you credit an' everything, why you would be awful hard-hearted not to help 'em out of a hole. Well, the committee called on the Porters an' told 'em the show would be a rank failure socially an' artistically if Peggy wasn't in it, an' for 'em to please let her take part. Mrs. Porter objected at first on account of having heard that grease paint ruins the complexion. She finally give in when Peggy begged, an' the committee promised she wouldn't have to use nothing no more dangerous than face powder."

"I betcha the old woman was crazy for her daughter to be in it all the time," said Dot.

"Sure she was, but that's the way society leaders does things. Well, Peggy was a regular feller all right an' me an' her was good friends before the first rehearsal was over. She had took part in a school play once an' knew what part of the theater was the stage an' what part was the audience."

"She wasn't put in no chorus?" remarked Dot.

"I should say not," answered Madeline. "Whatcha take me for, a fool? I got Mrs. Smythe an' Mr. Willard off in one corner an' told 'em we'd overlooked a very important thing in the show—we didn't have no love interest.

"'But they never have romance in revues,' said Mrs. Smythe.

"'Sure they do,' comes back I, 'only you don't notice it.'

"'An' it's too late to write any in now,' adds Preston Willard.

"'It won't take long,' says I. 'All you gotta do is have Peggy Porter an' some nice-looking young feller stand in the center of the stage an' hold hands all through the opening chorus. Next we put in the complication. We have a good-looking waitress or French maid faint convenient where our hero can catch her an' save her from bumping her head on the hardwood floor. While his arms are around her an' her head is nestling on his shoulder, Peggy walks in unexpected, sees 'em, shrugs her shoulders an' exits. That ends the first act, so the curtain drops. Now in the middle of the second act the hero finds Peggy out in the moonlight, explains about the maid an' the faint, an' sings My Heart Is Thine, Oh, Clemendyne, only the Clemendyne is changed to Peggy. For a finish we have a wedding with bridesmaids an' everything an' there's your love interest.'

"'It sounds simple enough,' says Mrs. Smythe.

"'It's as easy as flirting with a sailor,' says I. 'Now you two go over in a corner somewhere an' write not over ten lines explaining about the ladies' maid.'

"'We'll try,' says Mrs. Smythe, 'but don't you think ten lines will be rather short for so grave a situation?'

"'We're gonna try to ring down the curtain before midnight,' says I, 'so everything is got to be snappy.' An' with that gentle hint I walked away to look for the committee to tell 'em everything was fixed."

"They thought you was a whiz, I guess," remarked Dot.

"By that time they knew I was, an' nothing I done surprised 'em. They thought the love-interest idea was great an' wanted to know who I had picked for the hero. I said I was gonna leave that to them, but they hung back about calling names an' didn't seem to want to reach no decisions. The trouble was there was two fellers in Woodlane in love with Peggy. Both of 'em was in the show an' the committee was afraid to play any favorites. If we'd known which one Peggy liked best, it would of been easy; but we didn't."

"Hadn't they proposed to her or nothing?" asked Dorothy.

"They was both afraid to, dearie, for reasons. You see, it was like this: Jack Remington had a family tree, all the way back to the Garden of Eden, but the lands had been worked too much an' got poorer an' poorer. Jack's pedigree was O. K., but his bank account was awful shrunk. He didn't have more than a quarter of a million to his ancient name an' that was less than pocket change in Peggy's set. Why, it was common talk that she spent about a hundred thousand a year on sport dresses alone, so you couldn't blame a pauper like Jack for being afraid she'd promise to be a sister to him if he talked marriage to her."

"Ain't men foolish?" asked Dot. "Maybe Peggy was in love with him an' would of been willing to endure the hardship of living in a ten-room house with twelve baths an' eight servants if he'd ast her."

"Fellers like him has pride an' things which is easily hurt; anyway, Jack hadn't proposed. The other side of the triangle was named Dick Sanford. He had more money than he could spend the interest on, but there was a skeleton in his great-grandmother's closet or something. She had spilled soup on the tablecloth at a dinner party once an' her future generations hadn't never been able to live down the stain. Dick was a nice feller an' everybody liked him, but he knew old man Porter had heard about the soup an' wouldn't consider him a proper son-in-law. So he hadn't proposed to Peggy neither."

"That's the first time I ever heard of money not being a good cleaning fluid," remarked Dot. "Why didn't you go after him yourself?"

"I don't run after no man, an' besides Cousin Amy told me not to make any advances or nothing, so I didn't. Well, when the executive committee wouldn't decide which one of them boys was gonna be Peggy's hero, I went right over an' had a talk with her."

"What is that old saying," asked Dot, "about fools butting in where even angels mind their own business?"

"Oh, I didn't come right out an' ast her which one she was in love with," exclaimed Madeline. "I had too much sense for that. I just told her about the love interest we was gonna put in the show an' then I ast her to select the feller she would prefer to marry in the last act. She said she didn't know which one of 'em was the best actor an' for me to do the picking. I told her neither of 'em wasn't no John Barrymore an' for her to take her choice. She insisted on me being the casting director, an' I was just gonna name the happy man, when she changed her mind an' said she's select the bridegroom if I'd promise not to tell she done it. I promised an' she picked Dick Sanford."

"Was he the rich one with the tainted grandmother?" asked Dot.

"Yep," answered Madeline. "She had a good business head on her shoulders just like her father. Well, I got the two boys off to one side an' explained the plot of the show to 'em. Then I told 'em both of 'em could play the hero so well we couldn't make no choice so it would have to be left to chance. Then I took a quarter outta my purse an' told Dick Sanford if it fell heads he would be the hero, an' if it fell tails Jack Remington would lead Peggy to the altar. They both agreed that was fair enough, so I flipped the quarter an' it fell heads."

"How could you tell it was gonna fall heads?" asked Dot.

"Ain't you never seen my trick quarter?" asked Madeline. "A vaudeville actor give it to me. He'd took two quarters an' sawed 'em in half. Then he had the head sides soldered together by a jeweler an' after that he never paid for his lunches. Well, anyway Dick Sanford was mighty happy about it an' begin learning his part right away. Every time him an' Peggy went to one side to rehearse, Jack Remington looked like he wanted to lay right down an' die. He was so in love with Peggy it almost broke his heart to see Dick marry her, even in a play."

"How did you console him, make him the best man or something?"

"That is a better part than a usher, ain't it? I at least let him be a principal, but even that didn't cheer him up much. Well, Rev. Dr. Edmonds, the most popular minister in Woodlane, was awful interested in the show on account of its being for the benefit of the orphans. He come to some of the rehearsals, so I ast him would he take the part of the preacher at the wedding an' tie the knot for us. He was a good feller an' said he'd be happy to do anything he could to aid a worthy cause, so everything was all set."

"That was a great idea all right," remarked Dot, "having a regular preacher officiate."

"Didn't I tell you in the beginning it was such a good show they was still talking about it? Well, a few nights before the performance Dick Sanford gave a big party at the club for the cast an' everybody, so of course I went. Dearie, I don't like to talk about myself but I was the most popular girl on the floor. Them Woodlane janes could dance pretty well, but they wasn't in my class. Why, in one or two fox trots where I cut loose I could see everybody looking at me. Some of the women was so jealous you could see it in their faces, they was that disgusted. Cousin Amy told me my contact was a little close for Woodlane, but I just laughed an' kept on snuggling. The rest of 'em could dance far away an' be wallflowers if they wanted to, but not me."

"I'll bet you had a lotta wives worried an' everything," said Dorothy. "You shouldn't ought to have teased 'em that way."

"That downcast eye an' keep-your-distance stuff don't get you nowhere these days, dearie, 'cause a little petting now an' then is relished by the best of men. Well, anyway, while me an' Dick Sanford was doing one of them slow soul waltzes, with the lights down low, he begin to get confidential. Something he said to me give me a idea for a wow of surprise finish for our show. I didn't say nothing to him about it right then, but before we went home I ast him didn't he wantta take me shopping the next morning in his sporty roadster, an' he said yes."

"I wouldn't trust no man in a two-seated speedster with you," said Dot. "Somebody should ought to have tipped off Peggy Porter."

"You've got me all wrong, dearie," exclaimed Madeline. "I sometimes has unselfish intentions just like other folks. Well, the next morning Dick come for me an' I bought a spool of thread here, an' a dime's worth of ribbon there, an' a few other little things like that so he wouldn't catch on. After we'd shopped around about an hour, I suddenly ast him did he believe in cave-man stuff?

"'What do you mean?' asts Dick.

"'Winning a girl by force or surprise,' says I.

"'I still don't get you,' says Dick.

"'You'd rather have this wedding between you an' Peggy real, instead of make-believe, wouldn't you?' asts I.

"'You bet your life I would,' says Dick, 'but Peggy wouldn't.'

"'How do you know?' says I. 'You ain't never ast her.'

"'I'd be turned down if I did,' said he.

"'You don't know women like I do,' says I.

"'Stop talking in riddles,' says he.

"'Well,'" says I, "'if I was you, which I ain't, I'd marry Peggy Porter during the show an' tell her about it afterward.'

"'Quit your kidding,' says he. 'Peggy would never speak to me again, an' besides it can't be done.'

"'Dick,'" says I, 'you're a nice feller, but you ain't never gonna get nowhere with women if you don't perk up. Grab Peggy while the grabbing's good.'

"'Suppose she don't love me?' asts he.

"'That's out, on account of your money,' answers I.

"'Wealth don't count with her,' remarks he.

(Continued on Page 60)

The Keys to Happiness

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THE car you've been putting off so long . . . . they're talking about it, perhaps in hushed tones when you're not around . . . it's what they want this Christmas, more than anything else in the world. They may not tell you—but they're hoping you'll buy it. In a mysterious jewel box—for the very top of the Christmas tree—are the keys to that car.

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Watch This Column

RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT IN "HIS PEOPLE"

The East Side of New York is to all intents and purposes a city apart. While it lives under and obeys the laws of the American metropolis, it represents the four corners of Europe, and its ways are ways that we all do not appreciate or understand.

In this colorful setting Universal's tender and stirring home drama of *"His People"* is laid. All New York went to see it at the Astor Theatre where it played at regular theatre prices, ranging as high as $1.65 per seat. The critics gave it remarkable praise.

Briefly the story is that of a Jew who came from abroad and settled on the East Side. He was a Rabbi, but his calling proved a poor breadwinner for his family. He took to peddling, and he and the rest of the family give all their money and efforts toward educating the oldest son who is studying law. The son becomes ashamed of his people and at a dinner where his betrothal to the daughter of a Judge is to be announced, he declares that he is an orphan. The younger son, whom the father has regarded as a black sheep because he became a prize-fighter, wins his way to the top and devotes his winnings to the support of his parents. He hears of his brother's disloyalty and, going to the dinner, drags the traitor home and forces him to beg forgiveness. Through the picture is a beautiful love story.

Perhaps you can imagine RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT in the rôle of the Rabbi-peddler. He is one of the finest character actors in America today. And the supporting cast is worthy of comment, consisting of ROSA ROSANOVA, GEORGE LEWIS, BLANCHE MAHAFFEY, VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE, KATE PRICE, NAT CARR and others. Direction by Edward Sloman.

At this time I wish all my friends of this column a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, coupled with the hope that we will continue friends for many years to come. I have enjoyed our mail acquaintance beyond measure.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet —just say the word—it's free—you can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10c in stamps

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Continued from Page 58

"'Then why did she pick you?' comes back I.

"'Pick me for what?' asts he.

"'For the bridegroom?' laughs I.

"'We matched for it, didn't we?' asts he.

"'That was all framed,' says I, showing him the trick quarter.

"'Is this on the level?' asts he.

"'The quarter ain't, but the choosing was,' says I. An' I told him how it happened. After that soaked in good I explained what a wow of a finish a surprise wedding would be for the show, an' ast him was he game.

"'How about the license?' asts he.

"'I got that all figured out too,' says I. 'I told Peggy I had been through two weddings an' knew all the ropes an' ribbons an' would she let me handle the details. She told me to go ahead, anything being all right with her. I ain't much of a lawyer, but it seems to me them words gives me powers of attorney or something like that, don't they?'

"'It might be so construed,' said Dick.

"'It's up to you,' says I.

"'We're on our way to Mineola,' says he. an' he stepped on the gas.

"Well as we drove to the courthouse he told me how old Peggy was an' her parents first names an' everything. The license clerk was a awful nice feller an' didn't ast me no fool questions what I couldn't answer with a straight face, so getting the permit was easy. I took it an' put it in my purse where it couldn't get lost or nothing."

"But you committed perjury, swearing you was Peggy Porter," exclaimed Dot.

"What's a little thing like that when I could unite two loving hearts an' get a wow of a finish at the same time? Well, on the way back to Woodlane I made Dick swear not to breathe a word of our surprise to anybody. By the time we got to Cousin Amy's an' he let me out on the front steps, he had decided on four different bridal tours, an' changed his mind about all of 'em 'cause none of 'em wasn't good enough. As he started away I whispered to him 'Bring a wedding ring.'

"'I'll use my mother's,' says he.

"'Be sure it ain't your great-grandmother's,' says I, an' it looked to me like he blushed the whole length of the driveway."

"Did you tell your Cousin Amy what you had done?" asked Dot.

"I did not," answered Madeline. "She couldn't keep a secret fifteen minutes, an' besides it wasn't none of her business anyway. Well, Dick mustta been tight mouthed all right, cause at the dress rehearsal two nights later nobody didn't suspect nothing, so I knew he hadn't told. While we're talking about dress rehearsals, I'm here to state the one that night was the rawest I ever seen. Everything went wrong, even my temper. Before it was over the entire cast was disgusted an' down in the mouth, an' would of give up the whole business, if the tickets hadn't been sold an' the theater engaged. Of course I cheered 'em up the best I could with that old gag about a bad rehearsal foretelling a great show, but they went home believing they had an awful flop on their hands."

"Amateurs is always like that," said Dot. "I guess a good night's sleep brought 'em back to normal, didn't it?"

"Something did, dearie, 'cause when they showed up for the performance they was as lively as a bunch of trained fleas. Well, you never seen such a swell audience in your life. Limousines was parked solid, five blocks around the theater, an' everything out front was in soup an' fish. The cast was on their toes the minute the overture started, an' they played every scene as if Ziggy was out front looking for new figures to glorify. Of course a few curtains dropped in the wrong place an' the lights went out in the middle of a important climax, but I don't think the audience noticed it.

"Every song went over great, flat notes an' all, an' the chorus kicked so high I betcha their muscles was sore for a month. Well, finally we come to the bridal scene an', dearie, it was grand. The house had a organ for pictures, an' we used that for the wedding march. First come Rev. Dr. Edmonds, an' then the bride an' her father. Dick Sanford an' Jack Remington, his best man, with murder written all over his face, entered from the other side an' met under a big bell of orange blossoms. Then come the bridesmaids an' groomsmen. There was enough of 'em to fill the Hippodrome, but they all had to get on. Doctor Edmonds had a soft, sweet voice an' he married 'em so impressive everybody was crying on account of the unpleasant recollections it brought back. Well as soon as I heard the words 'I now declare you man an' wife,' I signaled for the curtain an' it come down to the biggest applause I ever heard, an' you know that's a lot for me to say. I hollered for everybody on the stage to stand still 'cause it was a cinch they'd have to take not less than ten bows. Well, them folks out front clapped an' cheered an' did everything but break up the seats. I figured I'd let the cast take three bows before I uncorked my surprise, an' after that it would simply be a case of how long the stage hands could hold out, pulling that heavy curtain up an' down. I hadn't counted on them Woodlane folks for no trick stuff though an' therefore wasn't prepared for what happened. About the second time the curtain went up, somebody grabbed me where I was standing in the wings an' dragged me on the stage."

"Which made you awful sore," said Dot.

"No it didn't—I was dressed for it," replied Madeline. "Well, when I got out there the Rev. Dr. Edmonds reached in his pocket an' pulled out a big purple jewelry box. Then he cleared his throat an' began making a speech to me.

"'Miss Vancastle,' said he, 'this community would indeed be unappreciative if they allowed you to go unrewarded for your untiring efforts in behalf of one of our local charities—the poor little orphans. You have assisted in raising funds which will bring sunshine an' happiness into their lives.

"'A great deal of the credit for the success of this splendid undertaking is due you, an' we, the members of the cast of the Woodlane Follies, want you to accept this slight token of our esteem an' good will.' An' with that he handed me the most gorgeous gold vanity case you ever laid your eyes on."

"Wasn't it nice of 'em to do that?" asked Dot.

"Well, dearie, for a minute I was took right off my feet, but I got started somehow an' told 'em it had been fun to help 'em, an' I didn't need no rewards, but just the same I would always treasure that solid gold vanity, not for its intrinsic value, but because it would ever remind me of the happy days I had spent with them. Then I told 'em I had not only made the orphans happy, but had united two loving hearts at the same time, 'cause the wedding they had just seen was real instead of play-acting. I had figured when I sprung that it would be the signal for the fireworks to begin again, but the fuse mustta been wet 'cause it didn't explode. Some of the cast turned green an' the others grinned like they had the colic or something. The Rev. Dr. Edmonds smiled that kindly smile of his an' stepping forward told the audience I must be playin' a little joke on 'em. He said the wedding wasn't really real 'cause he hadn't been handed no license, without which it couldn't be legal.

"'Oh, yes, you were,' says I, 'but you mustta forgot it. Feel in your pockets.' He did an' pulled out the parchment I had slipped in during the show when he wasn't looking. He read it over once to himself, while everybody held their breath. Then he cleared his throat again an' said, 'Ladies an' gentlemen, strange as it may seem I hold in my hand a legal license for the marriage of Richard Sanford an' Margaret Porter. It is signed by the county clerk an' bears his seal.' Well, dearie, I never seen so much excitement in any one minute in my life before. Peggy screamed, 'No, no, it's all a mistake,' an' fainted dead away. When she said that, Dick Sanford turned red an' Jack Remington laughed so loud you could have heard him in the box office out front. Somebody hollered for water for Peggy an' others yelled for whisky, so they took her in the dressing room an' give her both. Well, it suddenly begin to dawn on me that I mightta been wrong in not consulting the executive committee about the wedding, 'cause there they left me standing in the middle of the stage, all alone, like I had the smallpox or something. Finally I went into the dressing room where they had took Peggy to see if she'd come to enough to receive congratulations. If icy stares could of froze me I would of been stiff before I got halfway in.

"'Who obtained that marriage license?' asst Peggy's old man as soon as he seen me.

"'I did,' says I. 'What's the matter with you people, you seem put out over something.'

"'Put out!' yells he. 'That's what should have been done to you before you got in. What do you mean by projecting yourself into our affairs in this manner?'

"'Peggy wanted to marry this Dick Sanford, didn't she?' asts I.

"'She did not,' answers he.

"'Well, she told me she did,' comes back I.

"'I didn't do anything of the kind,' sobbed Peggy. 'I wanted to marry Jack Remington, but he wouldn't propose. I thought if he saw me wedded to Dick in the play he'd get jealous an' tell me he loved me.'

"'Well, I'm no mind reader,' yells I.

"'No, but you're a great little cupid,' says Jack Remington, walking into the room, he having overheard Peggy's remark. 'I do love you, dear, an' I now lay my ancient name an' shrunken bank account at your feet. Will you accept them?'

"'I would, but I'm married to Dick,' wails Peggy.

"'Oh, no, you're not,' laughs Jack. 'My lawyer just told me it wasn't legal an' you don't even need to have it annulled.' Then they went into a clinch.

"'I'm sorry I mixed things up,' says I. 'I didn't mean no harm. All I was trying to do was get a wow finish for the show.'

"'You got it,' says Peggy. 'Let's forgive her, dear.'

"'Gladly,' answered Jack, 'but Dick Sanford an' his friends never will.'

"An' they didn't—neither did Cousin Amy. That's why I'm so down on amateurs; they give too many wrong cues. Wasn't I lucky though? They presented me with that solid gold vanity before I told 'em about the wedding, instead of afterward."

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 31)

and trailing blindly among the thickets in the gulches. "Rand! Rand Farlow!" Once the shrill cry routed out a distant band of bighorn that went scuttering over the rocks toward the crest; another time a black-tailed buck leaped out from a gully and went crashing through the brush to the cover of a patch of timber. Well on in the morning Lippitt all at once pulled in his horse. "No use, Judy-gal," he mumbled.

His red face was streaked with moisture. The sun shone down fiercely; there was no wind, besides; and even the tough range horses had begun to show in their heaving flanks and the sweat caked on their coats signs of the toil they'd been put to. "'Taint no good," grumbled Dozey Lippitt.

With an effort Judy raised herself in the stirrups. "Rand!" she shouted.

She shouted, true, or tried to; but it was little more than a whisper that came now from her rasped, burning throat. Lippitt without further ado turned his horse around, and after that she did not shout again. The reins hung limply in her hand, and giving her mount its head she let it pick its own way as they made a hurried descent from the mountain. Lippitt's one aim now was to reach the head of the Cayuse cañon before dark.

They stopped only once during the day—then only long enough to boil the kettle, snatch a hasty bite. That is to say, Lippitt did. Judy, however, touched nothing except a sip or two of the black tea he urged upon her. Her face listless, she stared back at the country out of which they had come, her eyes roving over the valley and the open spaces along its sides. But there was nothing to be seen, only hills; and Lippitt having finished with his food, she silently let him help her into the saddle again. Darkness fell just as they neared the cañon through which ran the Cayuse.

As the hillsides pinched in toward it Lippitt headed into a patch of timber. "We'll camp yere," he said sullenly.

Judy looked at him blankly, as if she didn't understand.

"Camp?"

Without replying, Lippitt lifted her down.

He himself was well-nigh tuckered. For all that, though, through the last two hours or so there had been about him a fever of haste and energy in the way he'd ramped the jaded horses along. Miles back, after a sharp, sudden glance at her, he had leaned down and taken her horse by the bridle. Judy made no remonstrance. By now she had ceased to sweep the valley and the hillsides with her eyes, and lurched forward in the saddle, she clung mechanically to its horn. Once she was on the ground, however, she leaned against a tree, her face to the valley, her eyes once more roving. Lippitt hurriedly built a fire, and near it he spread the damp, soggy blankets.

"You lay down here," he directed.

She shook her head. "I've got to watch. He might come along any time," she said.

Darkness had fallen, its mantle blotting out the hills, before she gave up and crept in to the fire. "I'm cold," she said; and silently Lippitt wrapped the blankets about her. "In the morning, if Rand don't come, we'll go back," she said.

There was no doubt she meant it; and under his breath the horse wrangler growled a curse. Rand Farlow could be damned. After his one glance at her that time back up the valley, Dozey had seen enough in her glazed eyes and hot, dry face to fill him anew with fright. His one purpose now was to get that girl at all speed out of this hell of broken hills, its maze of rock, trees and blind gullies. He slept little through the night. She tossed fitfully, moaning to herself; and his time was filled in keeping the fire going and the blankets tucked about her. At the first peep of daylight they were off.

She was talking to herself when somehow he got her on her horse. "Custard or apple, brother? Two eggs, Mr. Murchison, upside down. Doughnuts are two for a dime, friend." Dozey Lippitt caught her by the shoulder, steadying the tall, slim figure in the saddle; and for a moment he was nearly frantic. "Judy, hit's juss Dozey here as is a-speakin'. Don't ye know me?"

She smiled at him giddily. "Mawnin', Dozey. Did ye see Mr. Farlow this A.M.? He went out on Number 88, a-going home to his folks back East. He's rich, you know."

As they went on down the cañon, Dozey holding her in the saddle, for the first time in his life he was sniveling openly. Meanwhile, back in the direction of the Cayuse ranch other events were occurring.

According to the terse but graphic opinion of one Hog Eye Peters, in Pinto "hell wos a-poppin hot!" Somehow a whisper had crept out that something had happened to Rand Farlow, the nephew of Ross Harbison, deceased; and as Farlow and his sister were now the late ranchman's legal heirs, the lawyers at Lattimer had offered a reward for any trace of him, dead or alive. Egged on by this, stray knots of nesters and cow hands were hunting the foothills high and low on the chance that he might have wandered into them. Then a rumor of the truth, that Farlow had been shanghaied, carried off by force, spread like a range fire up and down the railroad; and that was enough for Peters. He knew where Farlow was, why he'd been taken there. He knew, too, who was with him; and if Pinto learned it, too, a gang would break headlong for the Clawhammer country, their eye on the reward; and there would be trouble back in among the hills. Thus, a day and a half later, the hour some time about noon, Hog and a half dozen hands from the Cayuse ranch were bustling along up the cañon trail when a madman on a horse rode into view, shouting. It was Dozey Lippitt. His horse was caked with foam, its flanks were heaving; and wild-eyed, it was being spurred over the rocks as if the bed of the Cayuse had been open prairie. Yelling something from afar, its rider swung about; and he was already frantically heading back upstream when Peters overtook him.

Lippitt didn't halt. He struck off fiercely the hand that tried to grip him by the arm. "Didn't I tell ye!" he snarled. "She's outer her head, hurt—dyin' mebbe!" At the word "dying" Hog galloped too.

Lippitt gasped out what had happened. He had spied them from afar; and though they would have reached him in time he hadn't waited. "She fit me, Hog. She wos hell bent t' turn back 'nd hunt him, ravin' so's I c'd no more'n holt her." Regardless of the others he let himself go and choked over a man's-size sob. "She's a dyin' on us, Hog."

But Judy, of course, didn't die.

XXII

SHE did not die. It would take more than even what she had gone through to kill a girl of her vitality; and three days later, back in the ranch house and lying on the same bed in the same room out of which Jeff Caswell had passed two years before to the big range out beyond, the tawny head pressed down among the pillows stirred of a sudden, Judy's eyes at the same time opening.

As they did so a dim figure beside the bed rose and bent over her. "Yes, deary," soothed a voice.

It was Mrs. Castro's voice.

The doctor had come. Hog Peters, it seemed, had sent one of the men on ahead; and when the others and Judy reached the ranch at dead of night the doctor was there, waiting. With the doctor had arrived Mrs. Castro, the pony she rode creaking, it might be said, under Mrs. Castro's not too girlish figure. She had declined, however, other means of conveyance, though indeed the offer had been made to send to Lattimer for it. "A spring wagon? What do I want of any spring wagon?" she'd inquired, adding vehemently, "I'm a ranch girl, I am; not any punkin-rollin' nester's woman. You gimme a hawse!" Thus, skirts flying and elbows pumping, the lady had arrived full tilt at the Cayuse ranch, though it's to be said the horse for some time to come would not be of much use to anyone. "Now, how's she?" Mrs. Castro had demanded the instant the doctor had emerged from the patient's bedroom.

The patient would do, the doctor had replied; and Mrs. Castro had nodded sagely. "Yeah, it would take an ax to kill her," she remarked.

No jest was intended. It merely conveyed in Mrs. Castro's manner her admiration of Judy Caswell's indomitable grit and resolution. True, it might be days, perhaps weeks, before she would be able to use her foot again; she might also always hobble with a limp. But the fever was gone now; she already was on the mend; and as her gray eyes opened, Mrs. Castro smiled encouragingly. "Feelin' some better, girlie?"

Judy bobbed her head silently.

Though Mrs. Castro may not have known it, for a long while she had been lying awake. Presently she spoke, her voice barely audible, but Mrs. Castro must have heard. Starting, at any rate, and her air evasive, all at once she began hastily to fuss with the bed covers, tucking them in energetically, though already they were neat enough. "Now just you lay 'nd snooze, dearie," she soothed, adding hurriedly, "I'll be right here by you, a-sittin'."

Judy's response was to sit up instantly. The line of her mouth, too, straightened rigidly—the old look of stubborn determination. "You haven't answered me. Have they found—found him?"

"Why, no," returned Mrs. Castro grudgingly.

Instantly, however, she volubly qualified the statement. "Understand now, I'm not a-sayin' they won't. A hull bilin' o' folks, cow hands 'nd sech, is out a-searchin'; 'nd they'll fetch to him aw right, aw right, or I'm a liar. Yeah; five hunnerd reward's offered f'r him, you know; 'nd wot thet thur bunch wouldn't do for five hunnerd ain't fit for no lady to mention. Now juss you close your eyes 'nd go day-day, sweetie."

Judy, though, didn't go day-day. She remained sitting up, her eyes set on the distance. Then she spoke again; and the man astray in the hills seemed for the moment to have gone from her thoughts. "Fid Murchison hired anyone at the lunch counter yet?" she asked abruptly.

"Huh?" Mrs. Castro inquired.

Judy repeated the question, and the lady shook her head. "Not so's t' speak, Judy. He did take on a hussy f'm up th' line, a sassy thing, all curls 'nd giggles; but Fid, he bounced her prompt. He said she scandalized even th' doughnuts; on'y wot's that gotta do with you now?"

"I? Why, I'm going back to work," murmured Judy; and Mrs. Castro gave her a baffled look.

"Wot, biscuit shootin'!" Then suddenly remembering the change in Judy's fortunes she added hastily, "Oh, yes; I plumb forgot. Ain't life rough to we women!"

Judy smiled, the smile wistful. "You mean the money, I suppose. The money's nothing. It never did seem real—only a kind of dream and all; though I did hope it would help make me what I wasn't, never will be. He 'll go home now, back East."

"East? What say, dearie?"

"Rand," Judy answered absently.

Mrs. Castro peered at her queerly.

She still was eying the figure on the bed when Judy again spoke, her voice far away, like her glance. "It's not as if he was my man, mine. If he was I'd not be lying here. I'd be out in the hills, hunting, riding everywhere till I found him. The others are doing that though. They'd find him, too; and he'll be all right, what's more. I did that much for him anyway; she never could have!"

"She?" Mrs. Castro gaped.

"Adelaide—yes."

"What say?" inquired Mrs. Castro.

Judy gave a little laugh. "Isn't life just funny? When he was worthless and low-down it was like he was all mine, nobody else's. Now, when I've made him and he's on his feet and stepping, a man you could be proud of, he isn't mine any more than if I'd never seen him. Oh, well; I guess I'll go to sleep now."

She turned and gave the pillows a businesslike jab. "Kind of reckless of me when I heaved that alarm clock of mine out of the window."

Mrs. Castro was seen to start. "Which?"

"I'll have to be up bright and early," said Judy, "if I'm getting back to Pinto." Mrs. Castro was still baffled, and Judy gave the pillows another jab. "Fid Murchison, Minnie. He's always fussy when I turn up late. There'll be pie and doughnuts all over the place unless I get there early."

Of all this, however, one thing remains to be said. Judy was right in her calm assumption that Rand Farlow was on his feet and stepping. Two days later the news burst in Pinto.

XXIII

"APPLE 'r custard, friend?"

It was 6:30 A.M.—not P.M., understand. The way train from Lattimer, Red Gulch, Quartzite and other stops was in; and eastbound Number 88 momentarily was expected. A throng of early morning passengers crowded the lunch room; and behind the nickel-plated boiler, working actively, Fid Murchison's assistant was put to a test of her abilities. In these she somewhat was hindered by a heavy homemade crutch, a mere stick with a crossbeam, tucked in under her arm. The customer she addressed not wishing for pie but eggs, two fried on both sides, the tall, slim girl smiled brightly and hobbling to the slide in the kitchen-cubby door, she bent down to the opening. "Two in a hurry, upside down; ham for a side," she called. Then, hobbling back to the counter, still active and alert in spite of her injury, she was busily drawing coffee from an urn and passing out pie when all at once she paused, an audible gasp escaping her. "Why! You still here?" she exclaimed.

It was a youth in brass buttons and a peaked hat she addressed. Under his arm was a sheaf of mornings and weeklies; and laying these on a stool, he looked up and snarled, "Cut out the razz, queenie. It was on'y lass week I come through. You sawn me."

Last week! Was it only that? With all that had happened, Judy could have thought it a lifetime; and as if in a dream, she stared at her old friend, the news butcher. "How're ye fixed f'r custard?" he growled.

Absurd and grotesque, all this, perhaps; yet what it had cost the girl with the crutch to return to the sordid, commonplace surroundings of the junction lunch room was something not to be reckoned lightly. It had taken grit, sheer heroism. She had no illusions as to the place and what its work involved; she had no illusions, either, as to the nature of the people she would have to face. Pinto was not different from other towns. It makes little difference, too, whether the towns be large or small. Human nature is hardly a matter of population.

The junction cow town still buzzed like a hive. It knew the story now—most of it, anyway—and the rest lost little in the telling, though who had let out the tale still was a question. It may have been one of the Cayuse hands or it may have been Truby Cole. Again, the mere winds may have spread it, for the tale was one not likely to be kept. Truby, however, had turned up again in Pinto.

(Continued on Page 67)

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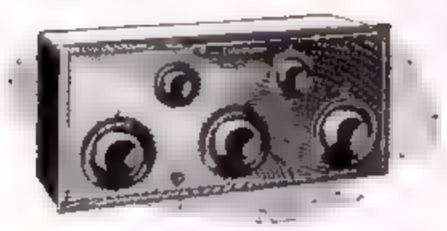

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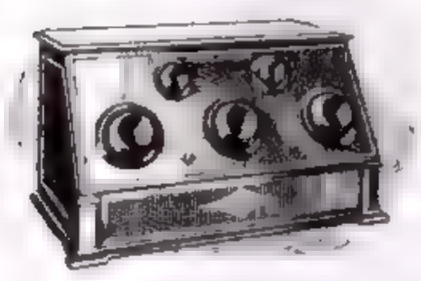

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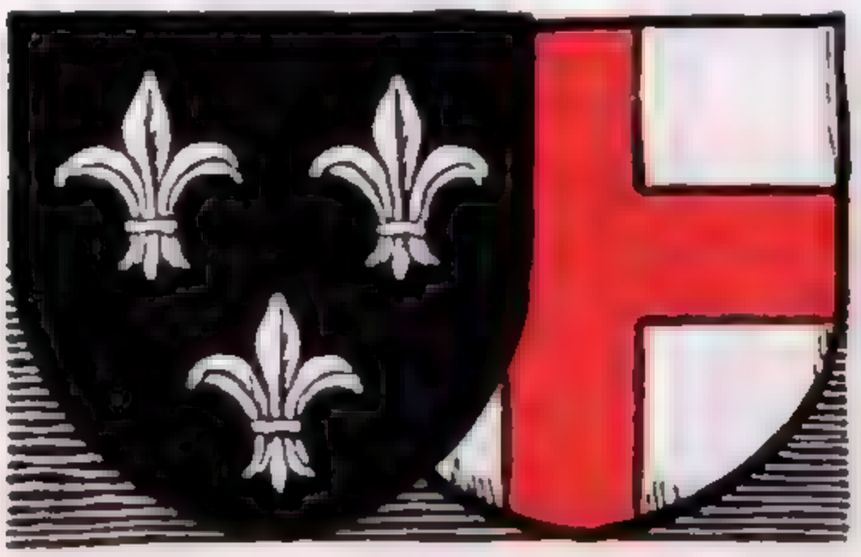

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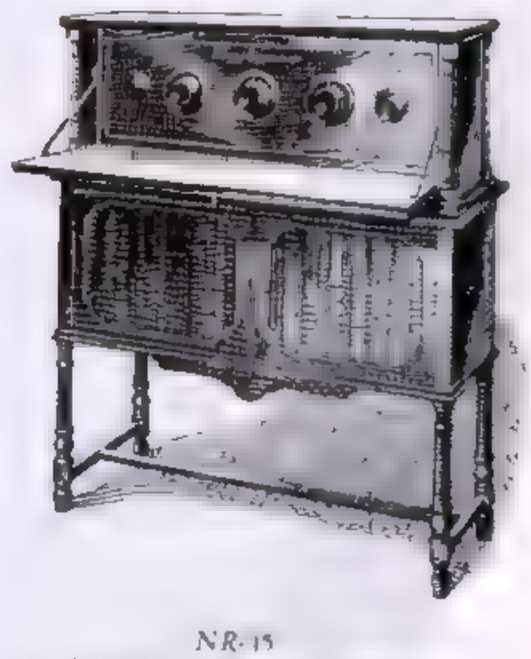

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(Continued from Page 62)

It was the day before Judy returned that Truby got there. Before that Truby also had wandered in at the Cayuse ranch. Battered and limping, he drove up to the horse corral the six pack ponies he had run off back at the Clawhammer; and loosening the gun in the holster on his hip, Dozey Lippitt had sauntered toward him. "Wal, you sneakin' hawse thief!" Dozey greeted pleasantly.

Truby's air was hangdog yet defiant. "Whur's she?" he mumbled.

Lippitt spat. "She hain't nowheres, feller, as consarns any rustlin' jayhawk like you!" Then, rancor and contempt getting the upper hand, the horse wrangler had turned loose the batteries of his invective, flaying Truby till he faded white. He cocked his hat, however, his air gallus. "Fire away, Gridley, till ye bust," drawled Truby sardonically; "I blammed that feller good back thur on th' mountain, I reckon. Ain't seen him yet, hev ye? 'Nd I lay on you won't mebbe." Then he, too, spat. "Wot gits me, juss th' same, is this yere Judy-gal! Hit ain't me only, hit's th' hull of us. We're like we're dirt underfoot, when along comes this yere dude, that low-down, 'nd she falls f'r him like he was a storybook."

"Dude er not, he trimmed you proper," Dozey drawled.

It was like a blow in the face. Truby apparently hadn't thought of that; and a man proud of his warlike prowess, his jaw now fell. "I'll thank ye f'r my hawse," he snarled. However, whether it was Truby or not with his troubles who had let out the tale of what had gone on back in the Clawhammer country, this was not the point. The point was, with the story known and Judy aware of the grins and the talk she'd have to face, she'd faced it notwithstanding. She had, for one thing, to earn her living. For another thing, still further, she had to pay back the money she had borrowed from the bank. The amount was two hundred dollars; and though all this, in that escapade, had been spent on Farlow, she still had to repay the debt. And on eleven dollars a week ——

What's the use? Briefly, eastbound Number 88 had left; the way train bound back for Lattimer, Red Gulch and Quartzite had pulled out, too; and settling into its usual between-trains quiet, Pinto had lapsed into sleepy somnolence when the news that Rand Farlow had been found burst upon the town.

"Wot you a-doin' now, Judy?"

It was Fid Murchison who spoke. Fid had perked his head in through the slide in the kitchen door; and his air alert, he eyed his assistant.

"I'm shining the boiler; it's a sight!" she answered; and Fid nodded.

"Yeah, the hand I had on wile you wos away raised hell, she did," he remarked.

His eyes furtive, Fid plucked his chin. "Say, Judy. Remember that thur hatchet-face wot wos in here a week past—his ma, savvy?" His? Judy knew what both the "him" and the hatchet-face meant; and for a moment the arm energetically burnishing the boiler came to a halt.

"Well?" she breathed.

"Wal, I wos meanin' t' tell you, Jude. Afore this I'd 'a' done so, on'y I didn't wish none t' hinder y'r work, you wos doin' so fine. Anyways, they wired her about him, it seems; 'nd lass night she come through f'm the East. She was ridin' Pullman."

Judy resumed her polishing. Sucking his teeth meditatively, Fid again spoke: "I wos talkin' with th' operator, Judy; 'nd mebbe you'd like t' hear, you bein' interrusted, so's t' speak. He jess got a flash over th' wire from up Quartzite. This fellow Farlow come outer th' hills this A. M., forty mile west."

There was a momentary sound in the lunch room, the noise of a crutch scraping suddenly on the floor.

"Yeah, come a-runnin' too," nodded Fid; "all rags 'nd tatters, he wos a reg'lar sight. I guess mebbe he was outer his head, too; on'y he wos yellin' 'nd screechin' sunthin' 'bout you, sayin' you wos a-dyin' up yont by the Clawhammer, when everyone knows you're right here. Say, wot's ailin' you, anyways?" inquired Fid.

Judy did not faint. She never had fainted in her life. She was clinging to the counter, though, her clutch wabbling uncertainly; and the face she turned toward Fid Murchison was pasty white.

"Oh, dear God," whispered Judy; and Fid forgotten, all at once she slipped down on a stool, her arms out on the counter and her head laid on them.

XXIV

RAND FARLOW was alive, yes, and further to boot, not much the worse for the adventure, considering what he'd been through. For eight days, anyway, death had stared him in the face; but with a grit and a stubborn resolution new perhaps to the man, he had fought his way through one obstacle after another, making out to the railroad in a fashion that caused men who knew the hills to gape in amazement that he had done it. The wire from Lattimer was busy all day in talking to the Pinto operator about it.

As was said, Quartzite was forty miles to the west, and that made it a mile or so over fifty miles from Pinto. How Farlow had gone that far astray was not to be wondered though. The marvel was that he hadn't gone farther. Back on Clawhammer horseback after the fight with Truby Cole and when he had gone stumbling off in the dark, he had reached the crest, then gone on traveling. Truby's bullet, it seemed, hadn't done much damage; but still dazed and bewildered from his battle, all Farlow had been able to keep in mind was his purpose, the fact that he must get help to the girl left helpless at the shack. Plunging down the opposite slope, he had in fact strayed from the trail even before he reached the foot of the horseback. However, having come at last to his senses, sometime during the night he had crawled in under a ledge for shelter; and his matches wet, unable to light a fire, he had lain out the hours till dawn. Then he had gone on again, confused even in daylight by the gullies and blind box cañons; so that by the time the day was half spent he was hopelessly astray and befuddled.

Not much is to be told of the days that followed. All were alike, perhaps hopelessly so. Two miles an hour is the utmost even an able-bodied man can make through wild land; and often it is less. Farlow, though, knew enough to keep bearing south. Following the gulches and valleys when he could, he hit out over the peaks when he couldn't. On the fifth day his hoarded food, a mere mouthful for each meal at the best, gave out utterly; yet he still hadn't caved. The streams held fish, trout; and he managed somehow with his bare hands to catch enough to keep him alive. Thus, over back of Quartzite on the eighth day a nester up early at his spring plowing saw a ragged scarecrow lurch out of the sagebrush at the edge of a near-by foothill. "Hi!" he yelled. The figure turned and plunged toward him.

Farlow's eyes were sunken and his lips were swollen and cracked. He hardly could articulate. "Quick! Come on—get help!"

The nester knew instinctively who he was, and he had collared Farlow when he turned to run on. "Here! They ain't no hurry. She's safe a'ready down t' Pinto."

Farlow's legs went out from under him and he crumpled like a sack. From the ground he looked up at the nester. "Help me to my feet," he said; "my legs won't hold me."

So much for that. The man given up for lost had been found—or he had found himself; and there was an end to this element in the local excitement. Having lugged Farlow to his shack, the nester and his wife put him to bed, after which the man had saddled and ridden eight miles to a ranch that had a telephone. How the news was received one may imagine; but as the day went on and the hours one by one slid by to darkness, the doings in and around Pinto Junction were of a nature hardly in keeping with what one might have looked to see. Westbound Number 79 had gone and the station platform was deserted when the door of the lunch room opened. Out of it emerged a tall, slim figure hobbling with a crutch.

The hours had dragged by leadenly. Each time the clock on the wall wheezed, then struck, its chime thick and slow, she'd painfully counted the strokes. Each time, too, the door opened Judy had looked up alertly. Those who entered, though, were the familiar transient clientele at the pie counter—train hands, nesters and traveling men. "Apple, did you say? Oh, custard; pardon me." "Doughnuts? I thought you ordered eggs." But now Number 79 was gone; the day had ended; and Fid Murchison having long departed, Judy turned out the lamp beneath the nickel-plated boiler and locked the lunch-room door.

She headed down the platform to the lighted window behind which the operator sat. As it was spring, he had the window open, and thump-thumping along, Judy paused beside it. "Anything for—for me, Homer?"

Homer was the operator's name. Westbound Number 79 was now out of the Pinto block; and having turned his board and the dispatcher's office being busy with the line wire at the moment, Homer was perusing a magazine, which he had opened at the advertisements. On the page was the figure of a man with an outstretched finger pointed directly at one; and alongside this, printed in screaming type, appeared the legend: "I want you! Big money in railroads. Be a president." On the opposite page was a similar figure with an outstretched finger similarly pointed: "Millions in radio. Yours if you come to me." His feet on the desk, Homer turned over the page. "Naw," he said.

Judy sighed and went on up the street toward Mrs. Castro's.

No news. Not any, at all events, from Farlow. He could have been dead or still lost, for all the word he'd sent to her. During the day, however, one salient bit of information had come in over the wire from Quartzite—a message relayed in the ordinary routine of railroad business. "Hold drawing-room eastbound special 126 Chicago tomorrow Saturday name Randolph Farlow at Pinto Limes Agt." Saturday! So soon too! Well, she might have expected. Hadn't she said so herself?

The Palace Pool Parlor was lighted. The usual rabble stood lined up at the bar or clustered around the single pool table; and Judy halted momentarily in a shadow across the street from it. But it was only for a moment. Overhead the stars sparkled, the skies bright with the stellar multitude; and the spring night was drowsy with murmuring sound—the hum of the insects in the grass; the lowing of a cow hunting for a lost calf among the coulees; and, far away, the eerie yip-yap of a coyote lilting its love song. As Judy pushed open the door at Mrs. Castro's a voice from the back called out, "That you, dearie? Well, how's tricks?"

"Oh, all right," replied Judy.

"That's nice," rejoined Mrs. Castro; and Judy went on up the stairs, clinging to the banister and her homemade crutch thumping on the stair treads. She had the same room as before. The same threadbare drugget was on the floor; and over the battered bureau hung the old familiar blistered mirror. Lighting the lamp, she set it on the table and looked about her; after which, still wearing her hat, she lowered herself to the sway-backed bed, sitting on the edge of it and staring fixedly at the wall paper. It was the same old wall paper too.

Dawn was breaking when the alarm clock on her bureau let go with a wild hurrah. It was a new clock, however, she had bought the day before down at Bermy Rothapfel's New York Racket Store. The old one still lay out beyond the fence where Judy had heaved it; and rousing herself, she rose, dressed and hobbled back down the street to the lunch room.

Another day had begun.

Another, yes, though it could have been counted an eternity quite as well. After it, too, other days would go on indefinitely, each alike, each as if cut from the selfsame piece. Ere she unlocked the lunch-room door, however, and lit the lamp beneath the nickel-plated boiler, Judy trudged on along the platform to the telegraph window. Inside sat the operator. He was waiting for his relief; and exactly as she had left him the night before, he sat with his feet cocked up on the desk. "Anything for—for me yet?" she asked.

"Naw," Homer replied.

But, as she had realized before, there wouldn't be, of course.

It was along toward noon that morning when Judy heard the lunch-room door open. Now, however, she no longer turned instinctively when anyone came in. Dully she went on with her work, cutting pie, stowing doughnuts in the jars. Extra 16, the mixed freight, would be along soon; and she must be ready for the rush of hungry ones. She looked up presently, to see Truby Cole standing by the counter.

They were alone. Truby had closed the door behind him, and under his hatbrim she could see his face. It still was battered and discolored; but what caught and held her were Truby's eyes. They were bloodshot and murky. "Well?" said Judy after a pause.

Truby drew in his breath, his face ugly. "I hear tell 'bout this yere feller, that dude. Goin' East, they say he is, chuckin' you; on'y thet hain't nowt as surprises, not me. That's why I blammed him back yont on Clawhammer."

"What d'you want, Truby?" asked Judy harshly.

Truby drew a hand across his mouth, then licked his lips. "You knows what I wants, Jude. Mawnin' 'nd night I've wanted, come three year now; 'nd I'm willin' t' die for it. You ain't a-goin' t' let this yere dogy put it over you; nuther am I. Say th' word, Jude, 'nd I'll go fetch him if I hev to reach into hell with these yere two hands."

Judy had caught at her breath and she was staring at him with widening eyes. "You'll do what?" she asked.

"Like I said," returned Truby—"fetch him fur ye. He's give you the laugh, making you a joke 'nd a shame; 'nd now he's lightin' out. You hain't got ary one but me t' stop him, hev you?"

"You'd do it?"

"I got my gun along, Jude."

She did not raise her voice. She set down the plate in her hand; and the crutch under her arm, she clutched the counter's edge. She had not taken her eyes off Truby. "You lay finger on him, Truby Cole," she said, "and you'll settle for it! You know me. I'll tear you bit to bit!" She bared her teeth at him then. "You hear?"

He heard. "Judy, f'r "

"Oh, go on out of here!" snapped Judy; and turning her back on him she went on cutting pie.

The hours went on. Eastbound Extra 126 was not due to leave till eight at night, and until then she must keep on working. Around five there was a scutter of pony's feet outside and presently the door opened again. Fid Murchison was having a smoke, at the same time supervising the work Judy was doing at the moment. "Howdy, Doze," he said, and went on supervising.

Over Dozey's shoulder appeared the lean, sinister features of Hog Peters. The two slouched in, their air pregnant with concern. Lippitt looked a moment at the lunch-room proprietor. "Fid, we got words we'd like to hev with Miss Judy here."

"Sure, shoot away," said Fid; and interested, he took a seat. From under his eyebrows the horse wrangler launched a look at him; then he gave his thumb a jerk.

"Git!" he said succinctly. Fid got.

Said Lippitt haltingly: "Judy-gal, me 'nd Hog here we been a-thinkin', so we come around; 'nd this yere's how we figgers: Us 'nd you hevin' been together senst

(Continued on Page 69)

A Village Growing in Beauty

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KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 67)

ye wos so high, we feels as we has some rights. Y'r poppy bein' daid 'nd him also bein' a friend to us, thet makes it further so. Which is wot I'm a-aimin' at, Judy-gal; 'nd I asks you, thet's all clear now, hain't it?"

Certainly. It was as clear as a bucket of tar. However, Judy knew the horse wrangler. All he needed to get anywhere was time; and she smiled. "Well?" she inquired.

"Hit's thisaway: You ain't cut out, 'nd we knows you ain't, no more'n nawthin', t' hang out in no sech cow wallow as this yere."

"Yeah," interposed Hog Peters. "Doughnut and pie!"

Dozey echoed him. "Hog he speaks right, Judy, li'l' gal; so I wants t' tell ye now. We been down t' Lattimer, I 'nd Hog, that a-bein' wot kep' us so long; but we ben thur, fetchin' it back along with us."

"Fetching what?" inquired Judy.

"From the bank, like I tells," replied Lippitt—"th' money, don't you know?"

Judy gave a murmur of bewilderment. Even she failed to get the drift of Lippitt's rambling speech; and his face hot, his eyes uneasy and uncomfortable, he thrust back his hat from his brow and wiped away the moisture. "Ain't I said," said Dozey—"th' money I 'nd Hog has, th' money into th' bank thur. Hit's sixteen hunnerd lackin' a dollar-eighty in change; 'nd me 'nd Hog here we figgers ye c'd go East f'r a considerable spell on thet. Travelin', seein' things, a-goin' t' college maybe, like I said."

"No, you didn't!" Hog contradicted; "you hain't never mentioned nothin' sech."

"Wal, I meant to anyways."

"Then why didn't you say it?" retorted Peters.

"Aw, go t' blazes, Hog!" his partner returned.

Judy had come out from behind the counter. She knew what that sixteen hundred was they'd brought from the bank at Lattimer. It was their savings, the stake laid up against the time when they'd have enough to buy a herd and go into business on their own; and often, over at the bunk house, she had heard them quarreling about brands, the merits of winter feeding and what breed of cows they'd run. As if she'd take that money!

She was visibly frowning as she hobbled toward them, though there was something suspicious about the frown. "You two quit fighting!" she ordered sharply. "Now who put you up to this—offering me money to go East?"

"Hog," answered Lippitt.

"He lies," said Hog; "he figgered it hisself."

"I don't care who it was," retorted Judy. "I'm not taking any travel to suit you or anyone. You put that money right back in the bank, you hear!"

"Yes, ma'm," responded Dozey meekly.

"You ain't mad any?" inquired Hog.

Judy said no; and though they lingered, they still were uneasy. "You got any plans?" Lippitt asked.

Plans? She was full of them. She was going to make Fid Murchison put up twill curtains in the window, and buy also a couple of side tables where lady passengers could sit. She also was considering whether she wouldn't put in a geranium. She could send up the line for one; and ——

"Plans f'r yerself," interrupted Dozey.

"Why, those are my plans," answered Judy.

"You might git one of these yere caneeries wot sings," suggested Hog Peters; and Judy laughed. She was, in fact, still laughing when the two clanked out, their spurs jingling. Once they were gone, though, the laugh died out suddenly, leaving her gray eyes absorbed; and hobbling to a stool behind the nickel-plated boiler she glanced about her slowly, her eyes roving over the restricted confines of the lunch room, its array of pies and doughnuts. Then, of a sudden, Judy again stretched out both her arms on the counter and laid her head on them. "Hey, wot th' haitch!" exclaimed Fid Murchison, emerging at that moment from the kitchen cubby.

Judy raised her head and looked at him, her face expressionless. "Did you order those eggs? We're out," she said.

Three hours later the clock struck eight.

XXV

EIGHT minutes after eight was the hour when eastbound 126, the Saturday extra, was due to leave Pinto Junction. Tonight was Saturday.

The local from Lattimer, Red Gulch, Quartzite and other stops was late, but down the line near Latigo Butte the special already had whistled for the yard. She was traveling heavy tonight, a long line of Pullmans tacked on behind the day coaches, and both day coaches and sleeping cars were filled. Judy shot a glance at the clock. Then she shot another glance at the kitchen-cubby slide. Behind it Fid Murchison darted to and fro, his nervous fussiness visible. Saturday was always a big night for Fid. Judy halted only for a moment.

Her face was stolid, blank. The crutch beneath her arm, however, wabbled uncertainly; and had one looked close it would have been seen that she was breathing swiftly. Just then, from outside, a screech of brakes sounded and there was a jar as the extra pulled up at the platform; and at the sound, instinctively her hand reached for the wide-mouthed bell on the shelf beside the door. Habit rules, its subconscious impulses impelling; and the bell clutched in one hand and the other grasping her crutch, she pushed open the lunch-room door. A herd of hungry patrons already were streaming along the platform, though she didn't seem to see them. At that instant, whistling stridently, the Lattimer local rumbled in and bumped to a standstill on the siding. The bell still clutched in her hand, though its clapper was mute, Judy hobbled round the corner of the shed that housed the lunch room.

"Hi!" a frantic voice yelled behind her. It was Fid Murchison's voice. Already the counter was crowded; and beside himself, Fid yelled "Hi!" again. There was no reply. His assistant had disappeared.

It was dark out behind the freight shed. The structure shielded the ground there from the light streaming out of the car windows; and from the shadow one could look out unseen along the platform to the long line of Pullmans standing in the dark. Passengers boarding the sleepers would be revealed in the glow from the Pullmans' vestibules; and the lunch-room dinner bell still clutched in her hand, though forgotten, Judy waited.

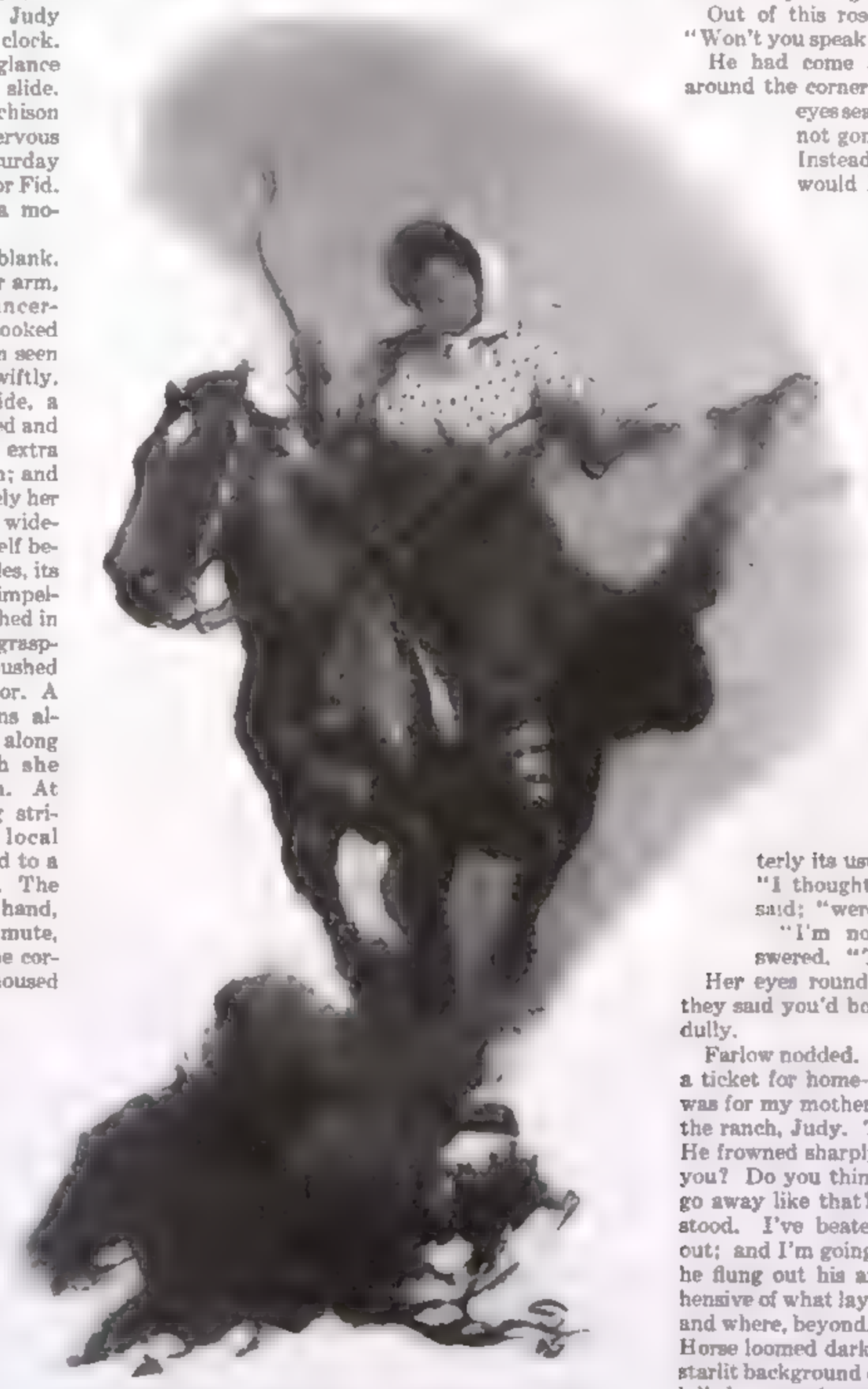
She had not long to wait.

His mother came first, her eaglish, aristocratic features familiar. This time she had no lady's maid along. Rand Farlow was just behind her, his hands filled with luggage; and stalking along silently, they made their way toward the Pullmans. The figure lurking in the shadow of the shed had a clear glimpse of the man she waited to see.

She saw him, but she did not mean him to see her. She had no wish for that. As he went by, the bell in her hand gave an abrupt, muffled clank; and a gasp escaping her, she clutched it tighter, at the same time shrinking farther into the shadow. There, bent forward on her crutch, she peered through the dark.

The man striding along the platform showed little sign of the privation and peril he'd come through. His face, true, was lined, its cheeks lean and sunken; yet both his skin and his eyes were clear, the skin burned to a dark tan, wholesome and healthy.

One would have had difficulty in separating him from the other men along the platform—the throng of wind-bitten, weathered range men and other huskies that gazed at him curiously as he went by. He paid no heed, however, to their glances. His head up, chin set and steady eyed, he strode toward the Pullmans. The next instant, following his mother aboard, he was gone.



Thus, Skirts Flying and Elbows Pumping, the Lady Had Arrived Full Tilt at the Cayuse Ranch

Judy did not move. She still was bent forward on the crutch, watching where he had disappeared.

How long she stood there she could not have told. It may have been hours; again it could have been an eternity. As a matter of fact, though, it was not more than six or seven minutes. "All-l-l aboar-r-rd!" a voice shouted.

The porters in their white jackets swung up to the cars; the last of the belated passengers scrambled up the car steps; and with a wheeze from its air line and a hoot and a grunt from the engine up ahead the train got under way. Then everything swam around Judy for a moment, and she leaned up against the freight shed, seeing nothing.

Again time, another eternity passed. She did not weep. What good would that have done? As she gazed fixedly and doggedly into the dark she had a feeling that the world about her, Pinto as its focus, steadily was closing in, engulfing her in its abyss of nothingness. Then again habit and the drear monotony of life, custom, reached out subconsciously to jog her back to existence; and she drew in a long breath, the breath audible. "Well, I got to get back," said Judy to herself. Fid Murchison was waiting, and Fid would be awful mad. "I've got to get back," she was saying, when she stopped. Then again the station buildings, the platform and the track swooped about Judy in a giddy dizzy-go-round.

Out of this rose Rand Farlow's voice. "Won't you speak to me, Judy?" he asked.

He had come abruptly and hurriedly around the corner of the freight shed, his eyes searching the dark. He had not gone East on Number 126. Instead, had she looked she would have seen him drop off the Pullman as it went by the lunch room.

He spoke again. "I came to find you, Judy. Can't you say anything to me?"

Once more the world around did a dizzy dance step. She was staring at him round-eyed, speechless, and Farlow smiled gravely, waiting. Then far away, Judy heard someone speak. It was herself. "Howdy, Mr. Farlow?" she said.

Mr. Farlow? His eyes lit quizzically. "Is that the best you can say, Judy?"

Judy tried again. Again her voice rasped, its note harsh, lacking utterly its usual deep, liquid melody. "I thought you'd gone East," she said; "were going home."

"I'm not going East," he answered. "This is my home now."

Her eyes rounded bewilderedly. "But they said you'd bought a ticket," she said dully.

Farlow nodded. "Yes, I bought a ticket, a ticket for home—if you call it that. It was for my mother. My home is here. At the ranch, Judy. That's to be my home." He frowned sharply. "What's wrong with you? Do you think, even if it wasn't, I'd go away like that? I thought you understood. I've beaten the game here, won out; and I'm going to stick." As he spoke he flung out his arm, its gesture comprehensive of what lay around him, the prairie, and where, beyond, the tall bulk of Painted Horse loomed darkly against the blue-jade starlit background of the night sky. "These hills have made me; they—and you."

Judy gave a jump. "I?"

"Why, don't you know?"

She knew nothing, as a fact. She was staring at him, her breath held, a dry sob in her throat. She did not realize yet—she dared not. Propped up on the crutch, she was shaking perilously, tottering as if she were about to fall; but if she were shaking, so was the man beside her. "Do I have to tell you?" he cried beneath his breath. "Why, those nights out in the hills were hell to me, the times when I was fighting back to the railroad. You were out there alone, hurt. And d'you think I'd have given in? I nearly went out of my head, Judy; but I kept on, never weakening. And for you, Judy—your sake! Don't you understand—you!"

She did not stir. No sound escaped her, unless it was the breath coming swiftly from between her lips. Then, as she leaned

against the freight shed, peering at him in the dark, she raised her head, looking past him at the sky; and all the haggardness and white misery gone out of her face now, there stole over it a light like the dawn.

He had her by the arm, his fingers tense. Judy, though, felt no pain from it. A sudden flood of words rushed from him. "D'you think I'd go away? D'you think I would—or could? I may be dirt—or was; but I'm no fool to chuck like that the biggest thing I've ever known—you, Judy! In all my life, I —— What's that?" said Farlow, stopping abruptly.

It was the dinner bell. She still was clutching it.

As she shook, her face still shining, the bell had clanked in her hand. Snatching it from her, he flung it far into the darkness, where it fell with another discordant clank and rattle—then subsided. By that time, though, Farlow was out of words; and the next instant the crutch thumped as it fell from the girl's grasp to the platform by the freight shed.

Judy, though, had no need of the crutch. She was caught in his arms, her head dragged down on his shoulder. His face was pressed against her hair, and as she clung to him, choking, her slender figure shaken, she put back her head and looked up at him.

He had not told her yet why he had come back. "Why?" asked Judy.

"I've told you why," he answered; and in the dark he bent down to the face upturned to his.

Well, that was all Judy wished to know.

(THE END)

WITH OR WITHOUT

(Continued from Page 23)

"Going back to him?" asked Reck.

"As fast as I can get there."

"Suppose he won't let you in?"

An odd tremor passed over Sally's face.

"I shouldn't blame him."

"No; you'd be all the keener, wouldn't you? Well"—Reck pushed back his chair and reached for his hat—"want me to put you on the train?"

"Reck, don't be unkind!"

"This way out!" said Reck. "It was a good game while it lasted."

On the way to the station, he talked business mostly.

"Don't be too definite about this. Take a couple of days off and see how you feel when it's over. You're doing pretty good stuff here—too bad to cut your own throat until you're ready."

"I've got no right ——" said Sally wretchedly.

"That never stopped a woman yet," said Reck. "I'll look out for Flo."

"Reck, whatever you do, don't let her come after me!"

"You mean don't let her come after Harris. Yeah. I'll hold the bag. I've had a lot of practice."

"And, Reck"—that was with the train whistling thinly down the track—"Reck, you do forgive me, don't you?"

"Good-by," said Reck. His smile, almost womanishly sweet, had a poignant quality of defenselessness. "Sure I forgive you. It's the best thing I do."

It wasn't in keeping with his smile that, the train not a hundred yards away, he held her and kissed her—almost cruelly.

Sally went up the Pullman steps in a sort of daze. She thought he had said something, kissing her, about hoping she never came back. She couldn't be sure. It seemed so unlike him. She didn't, in any case, waste much time on it. She was going to Harris—that effectually canceled any other consideration.

XV

IT WAS almost noon when Sally rang the bell of Apartment 37, and her finger, lingering on the button after she had pressed it, quivered uncontrollably. She was cold, she was tired, she was conscious of lines about her mouth, shadows under her eyes, all the stigmata of a sleepless night—and she waited for a red-headed nurse to open the door to her, presumably groomed to a hair, glowing with sinful vitality.

A vision for Harris' bedside! Cool hands, soft step, low voice—red head!

Sally rang again—rather violently—the first ring having died unanswered. When she had rung a third time, footsteps crossed the floor within, there was a rattle of the knob—a jerk.

Harris himself, in a frowzy old dressing gown, his left arm in a sling; no collar, no tie, no shoes—scowling darkly

"Judas priest!" said Harris. "Where did you come from?"

But at sight of her his lips twitched and his eyes softened, his right hand went out and Sally went over the threshold and into his limited embrace with a coo like a homing pigeon.

"Look out!" said Harris, grinning between pain and tenderness, drew her well in and kicked the door to with his foot.

Badly handicapped by sling and splints, he yet managed her head against his shoulder, kissing her until she drew away from him, half crying.

"Where's the nurse?"

"What nurse?"

"The red-headed one. Flo said ——"

"That why you came back?" inquired Harris happily. His eyes shone.

"Well, Flo said she and Doc Wallis brought you home."

"They did, then they got themselves some bacon and eggs and started back to Waterburg in the doc's car. Don't feel too badly about it—they seemed to enjoy the ride."

"But, Harris—your ribs ——"

"Got all but one of 'em," said Harris. He went over and sat down in one of the big mouse-colored chairs before the gas logs. His grin, fading, showed him rather white, shadows like smudges on his face, his mouth a trifle drawn. "Cold, isn't it?" he suggested with a shiver.

Sally dropped on one knee, feeling in her bag for matches. Presently flame spurted blue and yellow along the artificial lichen of the logs.

"That'll be better," she said, and sat down on the floor at his knee, hid her face against the gray-and-magenta folds of the shabby old dressing gown.

"Take off your hat," said Harris unsteadily, prodding the gardenias with a caressing forefinger.

"Shall I?" asked Sally.

"Aren't you going to stay?"

"D'you want me to?"

"I don't want nothin' else but!"

Sally took off her hat and dropped it on the floor. She cuddled her cheek into the palm of Harris' right hand and drew a long shaky sigh.

"Come on up," said Harris. "That's too far"

Sally got up and sat on the arm of his chair—the right arm. She drew his head down over her heart and slipped her arm about his neck, her fingers tugged gently in his hair.

"Sorry?" she whispered.

"Sorry!" said Harris. "I'm a broken man, Sal."

"You ought to be—tearing around the country all night with a yellow-hammer like that!" Harris smiled sheepishly.

"You should have heard her yell when we went into the ditch."

"Crowded off the road by a milk wagon—it's a good story!"

"How did you know?"

"Reck told me"

"Seen Reck already this morning? Where?"

"At the office."

"Tell him good-by?"

"Yeah," said Sally.

"H'm!" said Harris. He turned his face against her breast and shut his eyes. Tired, terribly tired he looked, but ineffably relaxed.

Sally's fingers slid down to his shoulder, tightened there possessively. Harris grinned without opening his eyes.

"Going to marry me after all, Sarah?"

"Plenty of time for that," said Sally. "Going to get you repaired first. How many ribs did you break really?"

"None—just cracked a couple. I'm all full of adhesive."

"And your arm is really broken?"

"You're darned right it is!"

"What about the internal injuries?"

"Doc said I was all right. Just got to keep still for a day or so. Nothing to worry over. How'd Flo come out?"

"Miss Hatton, to you!"

"You wouldn't have thought so if you'd seen us at the inn. Some dancer, that young person! I thought we'd be thrown out any minute. You know how fussy they are in those off-color places."

"She told me she had to warn you," said Sally demurely.

Harris cocked an eyebrow, too weary to do more.

"'—— and the brand of the dog be upon him by whom is the secret revealed!' Let it stand. I was rough."

"She has a big scratch up under her hair," said Sally happily—she kissed the top of Harris' head—"and something the matter with an elbow and an ankle. I left her in bed. She looks like the devil when she first wakes up. That's a permanent wave, not a real one."

"Miaow!" said Harris feebly.

"And Lord," said Sally, in conclusion, "how I loathe living with another woman! I swear I don't see why you ever marry us!"

"Sometimes we don't," said Harris.

Sally chuckled.

"See the joke now, do you, Sal?"

"H'm!"

"Not so high-hattish as the night you walked out on me."

"Maybe not."

"Had to crack up to get you back, though, didn't I? What'd you have done if I'd been killed?"

Sally put her hand over his mouth. He kissed it lingeringly.

"Soon as I'm a little steadier on the old feet, we'll go out and get you a second husband—very secretively."

"Righto!" murmured Sally.

"Cold!" said Harris, shivering. "This is some rain! Judas priest, the way those windows rattle in a little bit of wind! Sometimes at night, it's been lonely as Gehenna, sitting here listening to 'em."

"Not any more!" said Sally. She added a silly word and he capped it with another.

"Honeymoon stuff!" he observed, grinning blissfully.

Sally got up and went to look out of the window.

"It's a very nasty day," she announced, with deep satisfaction, "and I love nasty days indoors. I'm going to put you to bed tidy up this place a bit it looks pretty ghastly and get us some lunch"

"I'm not going to bed," said Harris firmly. "The rest sounds all right."

Sally stooped for her hat, prepared to put it on again.

"Will you read to me then?" asked Harris hurriedly.

He went to bed and lay there, sahen, pathetically quiescent, watching Sally out of dark, satisfied eyes.

Directly she was out of his sight, he called to her, "Sal, is it pretty awful?"

"It is so!" cried Sally, struggling with dreadful disorder in her once-tidy kitchen.

"Don't get yourself all tired out."

"I'm all right. I love it."

She did. It thrilled her to her finger tips to turn on the water in the sink and hear it splash upon a dirty cup and saucer—Harris had made himself some coffee after the doctor left. It filled her with a shameless sense of landed proprietorship to light the gas stove and set the oven going for toast.

All the things which had driven her forth now welcomed her back. Delicious contradiction! And the rain streamed down the windowpanes, shutting her in, close and warm, with the man who belonged to her—to whom she belonged. A small snug heaven. Sally could have gone on her knees to be back in it again—with or without benefit of clergy.

She thought to herself, "It isn't what someone says over you in church that counts, it's what's been between a man and a woman." Oddly reminiscent, that! "Marriage isn't just an institution. When you're married, if you love, you grow together, somehow; and when you try to break away, there's a hideous physical wrench—nothing to do with your intelligence. Of course, the trick in it is, if you love! If you don't love, you don't grow together at all. You just slog along side by side, liking each other less all the time for the contact. Harris and I belonged; we needed a rest, that was all. It'll be different now!"

Pandora's eternal cry!

Harris called again drowsily, "Sally, Vivian was here the other day. She wants to come back."

"Vivian! Where did you tell her I was? And didn't she get married after all?"

"I told her you'd gone to a dying uncle in California—slowly dying. Oh, yes, she got married all right! She's left him. She says he was a high-yaller fool, and she's going to wait for a man that she laks."

"Sounds too good!" sighed Sally. "Have you got her address?"

Vivian's marital disillusionment, her consequent eligibility as a wage earner brimmed Sally's cup.

She decided, arranging a tray, "I'll get hold of her tomorrow."

They ate luncheon, Sally and Harris, from a small table beside Harris' bed.

"You might never have been away at all," said Harris.

"Think so?" said Sally.

"No, I don't think so," he admitted. Sally bit her lip, flushing before the look in his eyes. "You don't know," he told her, "what it's been like—this last two months—not knowing if you were falling for Doone—knowing I had no hold on you."

"Well, last night wasn't so good," said Sally.

"Listen to that rain and that wind," said Harris beatifically.

"We won't have many callers today," Sally gloated.

But they did. About four o'clock that afternoon, the doorbell rang, and when Sally went to answer it, in walked Flo Hatton, wound well hidden beneath a pert black hat, adequately rouged, limping not at all. She set a dripping umbrella one side and put out both hands.

"Sally," she said, "I've come after you. You can't do it, sweetie!"

Sally caught her breath, crimson with anger. "Try and stop me!" she retorted.

But the situation called for more than repartee, and our heroine knew it.

XVI

"HOW did you know where I was?" she inquired aloofly.

In Flo's bright lexicon, aloofness spelled nothing at all.

"Who wouldn't, after the way you hit the ceiling last night when you thought he was killed?"

"And where did you get this address?" Sally disregarded having hit the ceiling. Denial seemed unimportant.

(Continued on Page 72)

MONTREAL OR MIAMI ~ *it's all the same to a Marmon*

Paintings by Fred Mizen

FROM one end of the country to the other the truth about this great automobile seems suddenly to have dawned on thousands who previously favored other makes of cars. You know this because everywhere you go, you see so many more New Marmons on the street —because the New Marmon causes more heads to turn admiringly upon the boulevards. And staid statisticians cast up cold figures which show that Marmon sales have materially increased.

The Greater New Marmon embodying Double-Fire Ignition and other important new developments is now available for demonstration at all Marmon salesrooms

The
NEW MARMON
"It's a Great Automobile"

(Continued from Page 70)

"Telephone book," said Flo calmly. She powdered her nose in an interim. Sally was thinking hard.

"You came all this way to see Harris?" she asked.

"I came all this way to see you—not that I'm getting any thanks for it."

"Why should you? I don't need you—I don't need anyone."

"Yes, you do, my dear. You need another woman ——"

"That's the thing I need least!" interrupted Sally vindictively.

"—— another woman to put out a hand ——"

"You've been seeing too many movies," said Sally grimly.

"—— snake you back to normalcy," concluded Flo, returning a rather soiled powder rag to her bag and snapping the catch briskly. "No man is worth it, sweetie."

"Don't call me that!" cried Sally, exasperated almost beyond control. "I simply loathe it!"

"No man is worth it," pursued Flo earnestly. "And this one less than most. Tell me nothing! I was out with him six hours straight last night—and I know!"

Sally paled, for the moment incapable of speech.

"Come back to Waterburg with me," said Flo, "and I give you my sacred word nobody'll ever know a thing of this!"

"I wouldn't go back to Waterburg with you if you gave me the beastly place!"

"I don't care what you've done, Sally. I'm still your friend."

"I haven't done anything at all."

"Then you've still got a chance."

"With you around?"

"I'm your big chance," said Flo solemnly. "I'm fond of you, old girl. I won't see you skid if I can help it."

Sally merely glared.

"A man can come back," said Flo, "but a girl—not so easy! And a man like this one is out for himself—I know the type."

"Do you?" asked Sally with terrible politeness.

"I'll say!" said Flo. "Those pretty manners of his cover a flock of snappy tricks. He's got sex appeal, all right."

"This is too much!" said Sally.

Flo corrected soothingly, "No, maybe not too much, but enough to make him dangerous—to a home girl like you. Take it from me, Sally, if I know anything at all, I know men!"

Through the ensuing silence, laced with invisible sparks, Harris called irritably from the bedroom, "Oh, Sally!"

"Yes?" said Sally breathlessly. She added, looking Flo between the eyes, "Yes, dear?"

"Who's that you're talking to?"

"Fl—Miss Hatton," answered Sally clearly.

"Flo? Well, for the love of Mike," said Harris more cheerfully, "why don't you bring her in?"

So Sally took Flo in—to the room of the green-painted bed—the two green-painted beds and the ruffled white curtains. Harris, lying prone beneath a green-and-rose comfort, his hair intimately ruffled, his eyes heavy, put out a welcoming hand.

"Where'd you come from, Flo? I thought you were in the hospital."

"Not your fault I'm out of one," Flo returned scathingly. "If this cut on my head had been an inch lower ——"

"The Girl in the Iron Mask," suggested Harris.

He winked at Sally, small boy struggling back to the surface in him.

Sally sat down on the foot of the bed. Flo sat determinedly down in a chair.

"Nasty day," said Harris. "Seems to be getting worse all the time."

"All right in a taxi," said Flo briskly. "We'll just about make that 7:10 train." She looked at Sally. Harris looked at Sally too, with an imploring question in his eyes.

"Going back to Waterburg, Sal?"

"I am not," said Sally, adding, with her chin in the air—"darling!"

"Good!" said Harris contentedly. He settled back on his pillows, not taking his eyes from her face.

"You've got a nerve!" said Flo.

"Who—me?" asked Harris pleasantly.

"What're you trying to do—ruin her reputation?"

"Trying to save it," said Harris. He lifted an eyebrow at Sally, who giggled unexpectedly.

Flo looked from one to the other of them, folded her arms and set her lips.

"You can go to blazes," she said to Harris. "It's a man's world, anyhow. But I'm darned if I'll see you take advantage of Sally's innocence—keep quiet, sweetie!"—for Sally had begun an outraged objection—"you don't know the world the way I do. You are innocent! You got no more instinct about men than a stained-glass nun. Didn't I have to tell you what Reck was up to?"

"What was Reck up to?" demanded Harris suspiciously.

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned Sally.

"Same thing you were!" Flo assured him incisively. "I stood him off—same way I stood you off last night."

"What's that?" asked Sally sharply.

"Judas priest!" muttered Harris.

The white ruffled curtains stirred, the windows rattled loudly. Gray floods swirled across the panes. Dusk webbed the corners of the room like ragged gray veils.

"I tell you right now," said Flo, "if Sally don't go back to Waterburg tonight, then neither do I. That'll save a scandal, anyhow. And if she don't see things different in the morning, I miss my guess. A girl's good name is nothing to shoot craps with."

"I wish you'd convince her of that," said Harris.

"Then why don't you send her home?" snapped Flo.

"Here she is!" said Harris.

"Idiot!" said Sally. She leaned over and kissed him tenderly, under Flo's disgusted stare.

"That the bell?" asked Harris. He released Sally reluctantly.

"I don't know who on earth it could be," grumbled Sally.

It was Reck. She stood without a word while he slipped out of his dripping raincoat, laid it and a soggy hat, a glistening umbrella, where they would do the least harm, shook himself all over like a big dog and explained briefly, "I came to get Flo—she gave me the slip."

"An escaped lunatic," said Sally, wormwood in her voice; "that's what she is."

"Flo's a good scout," said Reck reprovingly. "She got it into her head you needed another woman to put on the brakes."

"If ever there's a time when you don't need another woman, it's when you're going back to your husband—wouldn't you say?"

"Only he isn't really your husband, is he? And—how much does Flo know?"

"Not enough to get her any medals."

"No fooling," said Reck. "Have you told her about you and Harris?"

"What am I going to tell her?" asked Sally, in acute exasperation. "That we lived together seven years without being married at all? Don't you know me any better than that? Do you think I've got so little pride as to let that woman in on the most humiliating ——"

"Rot!" said Reck briefly.

"I can't stand her!" said Sally.

"That's more like it," said Reck.

He touched Sally's shoulder—and dropped his hand abruptly.

"Where is she?"

"In there talking to Harris. She's just announced she's going to stay all night—if I do."

"We-ell," said Reck slowly, "maybe you'd better let her—if you've got room enough."

"Are you taking care of my reputation too?"

"No, I'm not," said Reck curtly. "But—you may not have noticed—there's a storm going on outside. Good many streets under water. I stopped at the office to see Stickney and he tells me the bridge has just gone out at Sunset Falls."

"Between here and Waterburg?"

"Yeah."

"What was it—a cloud-burst?"

"Pretty nearly. You're getting the least of it here."

"Reck, you came all the way over in the rottenest kind of a storm—just to take Flo out of my way?"

"That's only half of it," said Reck.

"I wish I had sense enough to love you," sighed Sally.

"It's not sense that does it," said Reck. . . . "Can I see Flo a minute?"

"I'll send her," said Sally. "Sit down, old dear."

She went back to the two in the bedroom.

"That was Reck."

"So we gathered," Harris commented dryly.

"He wants to see Flo."

"Oh, good heavens!" said Flo, with languid annoyance. "What'd I tell you, Sally? Do I know 'em—or not?"

She picked up her hat, which she had laid upon the foot of Harris' bed, and trailed out into the living room. They heard her nonchalant welcome, delivered in an airy falsetto:

"Look who's here! The leading bloodhound!"

Harris held out an arm and Sally flung herself down on her knees beside the bed, snuggled her head into his uninjured shoulder.

"There's a storm."

"I hadn't noticed it, had you?"

"Not awf'ly. Listen to me! There's a storm. Reck says—streets under water—the bridge at Sunset Falls is down and she's got to stay here all night."

"That tow-headed comedy relief!"

"All very well, Mr. Devlin! She says you were a heavy lover last night."

"'Last night was the end of the world,'" quoted Harris, grinning sheepishly. "Besides—who threw me out? Who made love in the kitchen? Who ——"

"Never mind the questionnaire!" said Sally smartly. "What's worrying me now is, if I let her stay, how can I take care of you?"

"From the chaste shelter of the guest room, I reckon. You don't want to let her in on our somewhat doubtful relationship?"

"I do not! What do you take me for?"

"For better or for worse—next time with all the exits locked."

"Don't have to," said Sally frankly.

"Glad to be aboard, Sal?"

"Funny, isn't it?"

"I thought you were pretty well satisfied with your job and your cottage and your liberty."

"Thought I was too—till last night."

Harris ruffled the silky brown hair with caressing fingers.

"Jealous cat!"

"When a woman isn't jealous, she isn't in love," said Sally dreamily. "Wouldn't this be perfect—if only those two out there would go away?"

"Reck doesn't have to spend the night too, does he?"

"Why, yes, I rather think he does," said Sally. She got up and sat on the bed, her eyes on the darkening window, where the wind still beat and the rain still swirled. "He came all the way over from Waterburg just to take Flo back."

"Maybe she's right about him—h'm?"

"Maybe she's not!" said Sally crossly. "Anyhow, it's only decent to ask him to stay—such a rotten night—and if she's staying—he could sleep on the couch in the sitting room."

"Where'll you put her?"

"In the guest room. Oh, Lord! I thought I'd never have to sleep with her again! Harris, she goes to bed all smeared up with cold cream—with some sticky brown stuff on her eyebrows and lashes ——"

"Do you think you ought to tell me these things?" inquired Harris gently.

Then he laughed until it hurt his cracked ribs and Sally put her hand over his mouth.

"Darling, do be careful!"

"Sweetheart, I will!"

Flo demanded, stiffening, in the doorway, "Am I supposed to knock?"

"Not if they didn't tell you about it when you were a child," said Harris. "Come in, and bring your boy friend."

"Hey, Reck!" said Flo into the twilight of the sitting room.

XVII

RECK did not shake hands with Harris. He observed briefly, "Sorry to see you laid up," and accepted a chair. Sat there morose and immobile. That he had, upon many another occasion, been guest in Apartment 37 perhaps reacted upon him now. He watched Sally out of sullen eyes, answered, when answer became unavoidable, in merest of grudging monosyllables.

"Too bad about the storm," said Harris. "Think we can put you both up, though."

"'We' is too good!" Flo observed coldly.

"Why not 'you are too good'?" corrected Harris blandly. "I'm not much on baby talk, myself."

Flo withered him with a glance.

"Thanks," said Reck. "No need to trouble."

"Don't be silly," said Sally briskly. "Of course you'll stay—both of you. Reck can have the couch in the sitting room."

"And you and me the room across the hall, sweetie." Flo's nod was vibrant with significance.

"Exactly," said Sally; she experienced the same impulse which results, with a dog, in a slight lifting of the upper lip, accompanied by a low rasping sound.

"I haven't got my things," said Flo suddenly.

"I can lend you anything you need," said Sally.

"Oh," said Flo reproachfully, "then you brought 'em with you?"

"No," said Sally sweetly. "Some of them were already here."

Reck threw in briefly, "Shut up, Flo. You don't understand."

"Don't I?" Flo retorted, fixing Sally with a mournful gaze. "And I'd 've taken my Bible oath she was harmless as a child."

Harris guffawed and relapsed on a groan.

"See here," cried Sally, with muted violence, "you've got no earthly business straining those ribs laughing and talking like this!" She stood up and waved the two others out of the room with a peremptory gesture. "Reck, take Flo out in the kitchen and get something started for dinner, will you?"

"Take Flo, nothing!" cried that young woman haughtily.

"If she'd only speak English!" sighed Harris.

Sally pursued, disdainful of interruption, "You know where everything is, Reck."

"Seems he's not the only one!" Flo pointed out darkly.

"I'll be there presently," said Sally.

She stood over Harris for a moment after Reck and Flo had departed.

"I can't stand an awful lot of this. It's on my nerves."

"Why not tell her all about it? Save time and talk. She'll know sooner or later."

"She will not know! Why should she? If you feel well enough tomorrow morning, we'll just call a taxi and drive around for an hour or so—stay away until she's left the place. She can't go on rescuing me forever. She's got a job to hold down in Waterburg."

"What's your objection to telling her the truth?" inquired Harris curiously.

"I don't like her," said Sally. "I can't bear her. I can't tell you how much she annoys me! And she said —— No, I wouldn't have her know about us for anything in the world!"

"What did she say, Sal? Come here, beautiful!"

Sally's tears spilled over, her mouth quivered into a shamed, reluctant smile.

"She said you had—sex-appeal. . . . Now that's enough, Harris! I won't be laughed at."

(Continued on Page 74)

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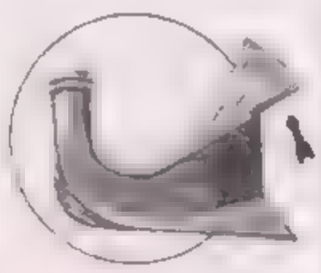

The Secret of Sonora Tone. *A cross section of the tone chamber or "horn" which is part of every Sonora instrument. This tone chamber frees radio and phonograph from all mechanical noise. In it many plies of wafer-thin seasoned wood are laid at cross grain to each other, neutralizing vibration and eliminating harsh overtones.*

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

(Continued from Page 72)

Harris emitted a deep gurgle.

"I know—it's very soothing to the masculine consciousness," said Sally. She wiped her eyes and scowled at him. "Doesn't alter my viewpoint. I loathe her—and I won't have her being sorry for me. That's that!"

"Lord! Isn't that what she is right now?"

"It is not! What she is now is one-third noble and two-thirds envious."

"You women!" said Harris.

"What do you want for supper?" asked Sally.

She took his milk toast, which was what he wanted, in to him later on a tray any woman's magazine might have been proud to photograph, and reported that dinner, if one cared to call it such, comprising mostly tinned stuff and crackers, was nearly over.

"The storm," said Sally, "is worse, if anything."

"Inside or out?" inquired Harris gravely.

"Oh, inside there's just a kind of armed neutrality. She's washing the dishes and I'm to make up the beds. I've a good mind to put that toy snake in hers."

"Be a good girl!" Harris implored her tiredly. Sally melted in an instant.

"My poor lamb, I will—don't worry! And if you need me, during the night, if you're thirsty or feverish or anything—I'm going to leave this little bell here by your bed; just ring it as hard as you can."

"I'll be all right," said Harris, adding with strange irrelevance, "Damn that woman!"

"I'll say!" said Sally.

It was after ten before the inmates—the heterogeneous inmates—of Apartment 37 quieted down for the night.

Sally made up a bed on the sitting-room couch for Reck, moved a lamp near the head of it, gave him The Crazy Fool to read in case he happened not to be sleepy, and took herself off to Flo, waiting distrustfully in the blue-and-amber guest room—took herself off, but not before a last remorseful query from the doorway:

"Reck, you don't think I'm letting you in for all this because I want to?"

Reck, standing beside the lamp, book in hand, eyes on the printed page, returned somberly, "Can't see why you don't spill the whole story to Flo and have it over with. Foolish to have her milling around trying to save you."

"When I'm already lost? I quite agree."

"Want me to explain to her for you?"

Sally's temper flared like a scraped match.

"I do not! Don't you dare! I'm disappointed in you, Reck. To think you can't understand—without my having to tell you—after last night."

"You mean because Harris took her out? That's the bunk! Harris is no plaster saint—any more than the next man—and you'd been treating him like a poor relation. What did you expect?"

"You don't get me," said Sally proudly. "Nobody does."

"Old stuff!" said Reck. "Only thirty-six situations in fiction. This is Exhibit A, the right-angle triangle. Original cast—Mr. Adam, Mrs. Eve and Miss Lilith."

"What part have you?" suggested Sally coldly.

Reck lifted his eyes from his book and looked at her a moment without speaking, bitterly, desolately. He said with eventual detachment, "Property man, so far as I can see—bring on and take off the furniture."

"Good night," said Sally, humbled.

He said good night without looking at her again.

Flo was sitting before the glass in the guest room, combing out her hair with Sally's comb—there were several pale hairs clinging to the comb already. There would undoubtedly be more before Flo had done with it, and Flo would not remove them. Sally reflected grimly that she would dispose of the comb in the morning.

She offered without excessive cordiality, "There's a nightgown on the bed for you."

"Thanks, sweetie," said Flo. "Got one yourself?"

"Naturally," said Sally.

"Sore, aren't you?" said Flo wisely.

"Not in the least."

"Sure you are. I can see through the center of a doughnut quick as anybody. Well, it's too bad, because, if you'd only use your head, you'd see I'm doing you a favor. You'll be grateful to me later on."

"Really!" said Sally.

Flo put down the comb, and helping herself to a lavish supply of cold cream from a small porcelain jar on the dressing table, applied it with her finger tips to her face.

She said, speaking through the resultant mask, "That bird's got no notion of marrying you."

"What?" gasped Sally.

"You listen to me," Flo continued. "I know my stuff! He's a regular Adolphe Menjou. Don't you get that naughty twinkle—that cocky grin of his? And if he was Comstock himself, wouldn't the furnishings of this apartment give him dead away? Use your eyes, sweetie! Don't let love make a moron of you. What's in that room of his? A decent bachelor outfit? Mahogany or walnut or even fumed oak? Not a-tall! Painted beds—and twins at that! Pale green, with flowers on 'em! I ask you, is that a woman's hand or not? Can you look at this place and not see there's been a woman here before you?" She added, with sinister satisfaction, "A good many of 'em, like as not!"

"You are quite insufferable," said Sally icily.

"I'm doing for you like I would for my little sister," mumbled Flo.

The cold-cream tide having reached her lips, she was for the moment not too articulate.

"I'd be grateful if you'd decide to mind your own business."

"I will—soon as I get you away from this den!"

A cry of fury died in Sally's throat. She got into bed and drew the covers up about her ears. Flo tried the windows, latched them both.

"Gosh! Some wind!" she said amiably. Sally declined to answer. "It's still raining cats and dogs." The snick of a light turned off and small creaking sounds significant of Flo's eventual retreat to her couch. "Sleep well, sweetie!" Silence ensuing. "And think it over good! Does he look to you like a marrying man? Then so would the Prince of Wales!"

Sally set her teeth and clenched her hands.

"You see, I feel responsible," said Flo with a vasty yawn, "because it was me going out with him last night that got you worked up to the point of coming over here. Lord, sweetie, he's nothing to me! I've known a million like him. I can handle his type with one hand tied behind me."

"Please hush!" said Sally, frigid as the unconquered pole. "I should like to go to sleep."

But she didn't, of course, in spite of Flo's hushing eventually.

Eleven, twelve, one. Three wretched hours ticked off on Sally's wrist watch.

Flo, sleeping, snored, a plaintive, high-pitched snore which Sally savagely resented. She thrust a relentless thumb in Flo's lax side.

"You are making the most terrible racket!"

"Listen, Harry!" muttered the sleeper. "Some jazz!" Which didn't particularly help matters.

It was almost four and Sally had been sleeping in snatches, restless, uneasy snatches, when, between waking and sleeping, she started up to the realization of a crash, the shrill sound of splintering glass, Harris' voice, muffled by two doors between them, calling her name:

"Sally! Oh, Sal-ly!"

The little bell she had left at Harris' bedside going like mad—a thin, wild, eerie clamor. Sally slid out of bed and into her kimono as she ran, stumbled across the narrow hallway and into the other bedroom, doors banging behind her in a sweep of wind.

(Continued on Page 76)

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LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of Ford Motor Company

(Continued from Page 74)

She cried reassuringly, protectively, "I'm here, darling! What is it? What's the matter?"

Rain and wind answered her, driving through the shattered lower sash of the window nearest Harris' bed. He had snapped on his light and was up on one elbow, blinking, shivering. The green-and-rose coverlet was drenched, his pajama coat clung to him, dripping.

"The window," he said. "Look at that window, will you? Darn thing must have blown in."

"How, for pity's sake?"

"Been cracked over a week." Harris' teeth were chattering. "Judas priest! Can't you do something?"

Sally did something swiftly.

"Get up!" she said—rolled the other green bed into the farther corner of the room, whipped down the covers and fetched Harris' dry pajamas from the drawer in the chiffonier where he commonly kept them.

She was tucking him in, with a blanket up under his chin, smoothing his hair, stooping to kiss him, when Reck, with Flo at his heels, appeared in the doorway.

"Gosh!" said Reck dazedly. "What's all this?"

Sally answered him curtly, "Storm blew it in, Reck. Help me fix it up, until morning."

"Oh, the storm blew it in?" said Flo, not without suspicion.

Harris, shivering still beneath dry bedclothes, snorted unexpectedly.

"More dirty work on my part—eh, Flo?"

"Got an old blanket?" asked Reck.

He rigged an old rug, which Sally produced in default of a blanket, taut across the window and mopped up the floor.

"That'll do till daylight," he observed. "Harris get very wet?"

Sally cast an uneasy glance at the dark head just showing above the covers.

"Drenched to the skin—I'm a little worried."

"I'll stay in here with him—in case he wants anything. You go back to bed," said Reck.

Flo, hovering watchfully, added a word, "Yes, sweetie, you come back to bed. He'll be all right. Reck'll stay and look after him."

"Will he?" asked Sally. She looked at Flo and her meaning was unmistakable, admitted of no argument. "Thanks a lot, Reck. I'm all right."

"Sure?" said Reck.

"Quite sure," said Sally.

Reck turned on his heel. When Flo would have lingered, protesting, he took her by the arm and led her out. Sally heard him say, just before she closed the door upon them:

"You've done your one kind deed today—what's the difference?"

XVIII

AT SEVEN next morning, Sally opened the door of the bedroom and called Reck. She was fully dressed. Her hair was freshly done, but she looked both worried and tired. She closed the door behind her with a careful hand and stood just outside it, waiting. Reck came at once. His clothes were slightly creased, and his tie none too careful.

"How's it to get you some coffee?" he suggested. "I was just putting it on."

"Thanks, Reck," said Sally. "I didn't go back to sleep."

"Harris all right this morning?"

"He is not. He's been awfully restless and he's got quite a temperature. If it isn't gone by this afternoon, I'm going to have a doctor."

"Think getting wet last night did it?"

"I know it. He takes cold very easily—and with that arm—I'm worried. I've given him medicine. What I want to ask you is this: Will you get Flo out of the guest room, so I can put him in there till I get hold of someone to fix that window?"

"Flo's already out. She's in the kitchen, getting breakfast."

"Flo—getting breakfast!"

"Flo's a good scout, Sally. You don't do her justice."

"I'd like to wring her neck," said Sally briefly. "However, that can wait. I'll get that bed in the guest room made up."

She left Reck standing moodily uncertain, while she went in search of fresh sheets. As she was smoothing the final pillow, Flo whirled in.

"'Morning, sweetie."

"Good morning," said Sally laconically.

"Looks like it ain't goin' to rain no mo'."

"It seems to be clearing," said Sally.

"Going back to Waterburg this morning?"

"I have no intention of going back to Waterburg."

"Then that's that!" said Flo.

She departed as suddenly as she had appeared, and Sally heard her talking, in an insistent, steady monotone, with Reck down the passageway.

Sally didn't try to listen. She didn't feel the remotest interest in Flo's mental processes. She didn't feel the remotest interest in anything in the world just then but taking care of Harris. His flushed face blotted out everything else—the feel of his hot, nervous hand on her wrist, his slightly husky chuckle.

"Sal, it's a piece of luck you came back yesterday. Suppose I'd had to send for that red-headed nurse."

A piece of luck! A piece of fate! No woman in the world but Sally Courtenay was going to take care of Harris Devlin. And that, as Flo had cryptically observed, was that.

Sally made up the guest-room bed and swept the guest-room floor. She tidied everything in sight with quick, darting movements, drew the shades just low enough and threw the comb which Flo had used into the wastebasket.

Then she went back into Harris' room, announcing, "Change from the blue bed to the brown!"

Flo was just slipping out of the doorway, with a faintly guilty expression. Sally stood aside to let her pass, eyed her coldly.

"Back in just a minute," said Flo. "I'm going to get Reck, Harry."

"What is she doing?" demanded Sally.

"Come here, Sal," said Harris. He stretched out his hand and Sally sat down on the bed beside him, snuggled his head against her, pulled his hair gently and drew a long, shaky sigh.

"Flo," said Harris meditatively—"Flo and I have been having a talk."

"Something you forgot to say night before last?"

"Steady!" said Harris, with a reproachful tug at Sally's sleeve. "This is serious. She's got to go back to Waterburg this morning. Reck tells her if she doesn't she'll lose her job."

"Bless his old heart!"

"Probably can't bear to go back without her. Never mind! The point is—she doesn't want to leave you here alone with me."

"I know darn well she doesn't!"

"Naturally!" accepted Harris, grinning weakly. "However, she's got a suggestion."

"She's full of them," snapped Sally.

"This is a winner," said Harris. He continued, after a shiver and a groan, "She has made me see the evil of my ways—the wrong I am doing you, Sarah. She has made me see that you are not a bad woman—and that you must not be allowed to pay—and pay—and pay!"

"You old idiot!" murmured Sally adoringly. She kissed the top of his head.

"So—we are going to be married—before she leaves us."

"Are you crazy? You shan't put your foot out of this apartment! You've got a broken arm—you've got fever."

"And two cracked ribs. Exactly! That being the case, the law will be brought to my bedside."

"Harris! You're not delirious, dearest, are you?"

"Not very," said Harris, with soothing deliberation. He added—a complete change of tone "Sit tight and say nothing, Sal. This is just what we want. Save us a lot of trouble."

"Can we come in?" inquired Flo, well across the threshold before she spoke.

"Why ask?" said Harris.

"Reck, what is all this nonsense?" begged Sally.

Reck stood at the foot of Harris' bed and explained, without apparent emotion of any sort.

"Flo says you want to get married this morning—there's a justice of the peace I used to know pretty well. I might be able to get him to come out."

"Suppose you call him up," said Harris.

"Yeah. Might as well," said Reck.

Sally got off the bed, followed him into the sitting room, stood in the doorway, watching while he called his number, listened like someone in a dream to the brief conversation that followed.

"Yeah," said Reck toward the last of it. "That's it. . . . He's sick. Got a broken arm and internal injuries." His eyes found Sally's face; the mortal hurt in those sea-gray depths unsteadied her heartbeats, but his voice was curiously even. "A record clerk? Yeah. Sure, bring him along. Got two witnesses here. That all? . . . Inside half an hour? Much obliged. G'-by!"

"Oh, Reck!" said Sally brokenly. "I wouldn't have asked you ——"

"That what you wanted?" asked Reck.

He did not look at her again. He went back into the bedroom. She followed.

"All set?" inquired Harris eagerly.

"In half an hour," said Reck.

"Thanks, old man."

Reck smiled wryly. "Don't thank me; thank Flo."

Flo disclaimed such honor.

"Not a-tall! I know life—Sally don't. Her heart is stronger than her head. Mine is a fifty-fifty proposition."

Sally observed noncommittally, "If you two will go out in the sitting room for a bit, I'll have Harris moved into the guest room before those people get here."

She had him moved; comfortably and blissfully settled against fresh white pillows, between cool white sheets within a short five minutes; then, as the day before, she went on her knees beside the bed and laid her face against his arm. The rest of the world grew vague—a painted background.

"Of course we were married all the time," she whispered, "weren't we?"

"All the time, darling," said Harris.

"This justice of the peace thing—it isn't really necessary."

"No, but it saves a lot of argument."

"All that marriage needs to make it binding ——"

He caught her up with an irrepressible grimace.

"All that marriage needs to make it binding is a little opposition—what?"

Out in the sitting room, the whine of a phonograph arose, soft and thin, sweet and shrill.

"Judas priest!" muttered Harris. "Isn't that the Wedding March?"

"Thank God there's no rice in the house!" said Sally.

They awaited the arrival of the law in passionate contentment. Within the shadow of its wing—alone at last!

THE END

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COLLECTORS' PITFALLS

(Continued from Page 44)

Then, too, the owner is so apt to hang glamour about anything ancestral enough to have been hauled down from the attic. Ignorant of line, period and market value, he reveres everything and expects the buyer to do likewise. Last year, in a small South Carolina town, I was in the home of an exquisite old lady who seemed to have stepped from the perfumed pages of the past. Thoroughbred to the finger tips, she glided into a room and seemed not even to breathe the common air. Yet memories of past glory do not furnish bread and she was in actual need. In the midst of pathetic shabbiness a finely inlaid Hepplewhite sideboard and a cellaret of similar type bore witness to bygone splendor.

A charming spinnet stood in one corner. But these passed unnoticed. With the air of a queen inviting you to a grand levee, she ushered us into her bedroom, furnished throughout with Victorian walnut at its worst, with a profusion of clumsily carved roses. At basement auctions in Northern cities I have seen such suites bring ten dollars.

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" she asked. "A lady recently offered me fifteen hundred dollars for it; but somehow she wasn't just our kind, if you know what I mean, and I simply could not bear to see it go into her hands," she said with pride.

I wanted to scream, "Dear lady, send her a wire to buy it—quickly, before she regains sanity, please, please!"

A charming lady of the same school inadvertently sold a friend of mine an entirely modern Sheffield tea service.

"Oh, yes, in our family since General Oglethorpe first settled in this part of the country," she nodded.

Even when my friend disproved this, nothing could ever convince her, or me, that the owner of those clear blue eyes could tell anything but the truth and the whole truth as she knew it. The error was elsewhere and she herself had doubtless been duped or misinformed.

The substitution of fakes for genuine antiques is sometimes, though I believe not often, practiced by unscrupulous cabinetmakers called in to do repair work. In one city not long ago a collector heard of a rare pie-crust table in the home of an aged spinster who was the last of a long line. She lived alone with parrots, cats, memories and one faithful retainer. The collector went to her house one winter evening and rang in vain, since the retainer was out and her mistress deaf.

Though she was not to be disturbed by rattling of windows and pounding on doors, he could see her nodding by the fireside, and there in the farthest dark corner was the beautiful table with carved pedestal and graceful snake-head feet—so near, and yet so far.

Treasures in a Vermont Barn

The next evening the persistent collector repeated this stalking of his prey, but the deaf old lady let him understand, once and for all, that nothing could induce her to part with this table. It had been given her by her lover, and they had played cards together on it many an evening, and dreamed dreams of future happiness. He had gone to the war and never come back—she had not loved again, and this was the one cherished link with her brief-snatched joy.

The collector felt almost ashamed that he had even wanted the table. But several years later she died, and he went back to find in its place a modern substitute with poor carving.

"Yes, sir," the maid confessed, "they told Miss Letitia that it was a shame not to have it mended when she loved it so!"

Then the unscrupulous cabinetmaker had returned his copy and kept the original!

Here is another case of substitution. The owner of two fine Chippendale chairs was willing to sell them to a dealer, but a certain relative did not want them to go outside the family. So the owner said to the dealer, "Have your cabinetmaker reproduce these and put the original leather seats on the new chairs." These chairs were, at the time of her next visit, sold to the unsuspecting relative, who, of course, would then have been willing to swear to the fact that they had been in her family for generations.

It was probably some such substitution which had befogged the judgment of a family on a Vermont farm. A dealer, following a treasure clew, arrived there one winter day in the midst of a blizzard. The owners thought him perfectly crazy.

"Man, you have wasted your time and money!" they shrieked at him. "Do you think our people would have put things in the barn if they were any good?"

And this is exactly what he found in the midst of hay and fodder—six Hepplewhite side chairs with shield backs, two hurricane shades, a Duncan Phyfe sofa, a sewing table, a Windsor comb-back chair and two dilapidated portraits. These they were about to give to one of the farm hands. But they were on the verge of a family feud because several people wanted a certain chair in the house, which the dealer immediately recognized as a reproduction. So it goes. And the moral of this is that the collector buying from the individual must trust no judgment but his own.

A Too Persistent Purchaser

Good old stuff is often found in charitable institutions of long standing which have received the discards of our grandparents. But if you buy here, do not think it is all a matter of sweet charity. Sometimes on boards are those who are ready to have and to hold. A collector discovered a Charles II chair, good of its type, but in a tottery state of disrepair, and heretofore considered worthless to the institution. The collector was asked what he would pay, as he later found, in order to establish the price for some member of the board. He offered more than the other person expected to pay, bought the chair and took it with him; but in spite of his overgenerosity by which the institution profited, he is still being criticized.

No matter how much you want a thing, you must realize that there is a point beyond which you cannot bring pressure—or you kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Persisting beyond human endurance sometimes so infuriates the owner that he will do anything rather than let you have the coveted piece. Lately I have heard of two cases of this reaction. A gardener who had reticence and pride and who liked, above all things, being let alone, was fairly besieged by a man who wanted a rain-washed sofa that stood on the gardener's cottage porch.

Every day the man passed that way in his car, and each time he saw the sofa he wanted it more keenly. Day by day his offer rose higher.

Finally the gardener said quietly, "When you come tomorrow you will know." No sooner had the motor disappeared than he dragged the sofa to the back yard, chopped it up and set fire to it. He returned and lit his pipe. "Now," he said to his wife, "I can smoke in peace."

This happened in Massachusetts, but coal-black Crazy Jane, who lived in a small Louisiana town, had something of the same psychology. In spite of being recognized as rather half-witted, Crazy Jane, as she was called, possessed a true genius for cooking hot waffles and rice and fried chicken. When she was taken ill, a guest of her mistress, who had both a kind heart and the antique mania, went to take the old darky hot broths and white bread, after the fashion of good ladies in Southern towns. Doubled up in bed, with her headkerchief discarded, ashen-faced and shriveled, was poor Jane.

But the bed on which she lay was a four-poster of such flutings and turnings and carvings that the antique enthusiast all but envied the bedridden. She made daily increasing offers for the bed, finally suggesting eighty dollars, an amount so inconceivable to Jane that she was consumed with suspicion and completely dazed by the whole proceeding. She mustered superhuman energy and dragged the bed out bit by bit, then burned it to ashes.

"Law, chile," she said, "you doan' b'lieb ole Jane gwine lib in no house all by herself wid' uh ole bed what bin hoodooed? Somebody sho' cas' de ebil eye, else how come she take on so 'bout dat bed? Tank de Lawd, dey ain' nuthin' lef' 'cep' de smoke!"

Why wonder that stupid individuals make mistakes when dealers of long standing disagree about the authenticity of certain pieces and each advances sound arguments? A firm known internationally for antiques and art objects was recently sued by an irate customer to whom the head of the concern had sold as antiques six chairs for five thousand dollars; it paid the company to settle out of court. Even museums are not immune from error. Here let me say that an infallible proof of an antique's genuineness is the dealer's willingness to take it back, for if it is all right he knows it will increase in value.

New dealers are not equipped by magic with knowledge, and the country is full of these. One such told me in all seriousness that a daguerreotype case was a patch box. But often while they are tooth cutting, the clever buyer picks up a bargain. As they learn, they resell to those who know less, for what is one man's trash is another man's treasure. If you doubt this, only look at the eager faces flattened against the window while milady, in the name of charity, prepares her discards for the ubiquitous rummage sale.

Let collectors beware of the glib-tongued dealer whose chief stock in trade is pedigrees, and who makes them while you wait:

"You like those candlesticks? Well, madam, they have an interesting history. They are the only ones that burned during the siege of Fort Moultrie. . . . That mirror with the eagle? If you are considering that, let me tell you—they wouldn't like it generally known, but it came from the old W——r family."

Cash-and-Carry Collectors

Increasing demand for the truly good, and the decreasing supply, daily creates new difficulties for the dealer. Some resort to enhancing the value of their stuff by assuming the dealer-collector pose:

"You really like that Windsor settle? Well, no wonder. It is a fine piece, part of my private collection."

But it becomes a bit less private when the customer has been tweaked into offering a very high price. Some dealers tuck attractive pieces in musty dark corners and gently lead the collector on to the joy of discovery. For it is well known that all collectors love to say, "This is a little piece I found." Pandering to this weakness, one of the New York shops has hurled against its window glass a kaleidoscopic jumble which immediately rouses one's sporting blood.

One clever and dishonest woman dealer first builds up confidence in a prospective customer by telling him a string of tales about how other dealers fool all the people, all the time:

"Yes, these scones are reproductions, though R's sells them for originals. You thought this little candle stand was old? Well, I must tell you that you are wrong ——"

In the end you feel that she is the one trustworthy dealer in the wide, wide world. Then she sells you a faked mirror, taking pains to point out the restored parts. You leave all in a glow after a visit to this attractive woman, and you clutch to your heart the fake mirror.

"Good-by," she calls. "I know you'll love it—and be sure to bring your friends."

Treasures are sometimes lost if you don't pay immediately. She or he who hesitates paves the way for someone who offers more, and there follows a long-winded tale of explanation.

One woman who collects abroad invariably carries everything with her. Needless to say, her collection is of the smaller objects—Battersea boxes, pocket sundials, samplers, tea-caddy spoons, snuff boxes, and so on. She makes a traveling pack horse of herself, and assistant pack horses of her family, but she lands triumphantly, saying, "See my Hepplewhite bird cage? All the way from London Town!" She neither loses what she buys nor has substitutes shipped to her.

Pinch Hitting for Father Time

In Paris, one genuine old chair is sometimes divided into twelve parts. Each part is put in a reproduction and the finished product labeled old.

For such reasons the consular invoice necessary to the shipper makes fine distinction between "antique" and "restored antique." In packing for shipment, if your Breton chest has a new end, a conscientious dealer, and one who is anxious to avoid trouble, will remove the restored part and box it separately, vouching only for the age of the other.

In the gentle art of faking, American cabinetmakers are becoming daily more expert, and following right along in the footsteps of the Italians. Old wood of every variety is sought as if it had the value of precious jewels; railroad ties, ancient docks and windmills are pressed into active service, and new wood is buried in mud or manure to age it. Sun and shower are invoked to beat down upon it; and when the whole face of the earth has been scoured, they look in the waters under the earth, and bring up long-sunken ships of wood, delightfully weathered and yet preserved from rotting by the action of salt water.

The inimitable patina has proved quite imitable. The soft glowing polish, which only time and care of loving hands for generations was supposed to give, is now achieved in the back workshop. Clumsy pieces, by turning and carving, are made graceful in a few days. Plain pieces are glorified with carving and the sharp new edges rubbed down with whiting. Stain pretends to change the cheapest wood into the finest; heavy bedposts lose weight and become light and slender, as if rejuvenated to an earlier period by some magic-working antifat.

As to how much repair work is legitimate, no two collectors agree. Assuredly the overrestored piece has lost both esthetic and market value. Obviously in a fair state of repair, it more nearly approximates its original condition than in a state of repulsive dilapidation.

In the future one of the most important problems for the buyer of furniture will be that of fine pieces conscientiously made thirty to seventy-five years ago as correct copies of earlier periods. Now these pieces, even to their owners, have many of the earmarks of the real thing, and sometimes stray into the antique auction sale.

The canny buyer who escapes the rocks of shop and home buying sometimes runs aground on the shoals of the auction room. Between Scylla and Charybdis, he steers a difficult course. It was at a recent preauction exhibit that a puzzled group of auction hounds gathered around a certain corner cupboard. They were patting the edges of fluted pilasters, pinching the flames, sniffing at the brasses and fingering the

require results,

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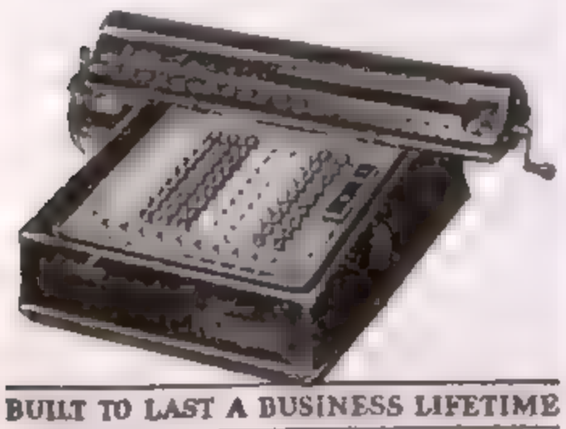

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

butterfly shelves; but still they couldn't decide. Sitting over in one corner and stroking his long beard was an old cabinetmaker who strongly resembled Father Time. Like Br'er Rabbit, he laid low and said nothin'. Finally he could resist no longer.

He beckoned to me and whispered triumphantly, "Yes, it's catalogued as an original from the estate of A——. I made it for that family fifty years ago when I first set up shop. Now the family really think it's old and gave their affidavit. Pretty good copy, eh?"

But the good copy was in the end withdrawn from the sale.

It is in the midst of the glamour and excitement of hectic bidding that the novice completely loses his head and buys the dogs—discarded trash that collectors and dealers have weighed and found wanting either in quality or authenticity. Soft lights and taupe velvet curtains give glamour to mediocre and miserable stuff, and certain habitués of auction rooms have more leisure than intelligence to apply to this favorite of indoor sports. They run up the prices as if they were dealers bidding up their own stuff. When an auctioneer points a firm finger at them or rivets an eye, they become clay in his hands. The drone of his voice fairly mesmerizes them—"Seventy—seventy—seventy—going at seventy! Do I hear a bid for seventy-five? Mrs. G, the bid is against you; are you going to lose a fine quilt for a few dollars? Where will you ever get another with a flowered chintz border like this? Seventy-five—eighty!" Mrs. G nods her head and down comes the hammer.

She says to the drowsy stranger in the next chair, "Do you think that is high for an old quilt when you really want it?"

"Was it dollars or cents?" the other yawns.

Collectors should beware of raising prices by bids on really good pieces and should never be lured into buying too cheaply.

"To overpay ruins the collector's reputation for intelligence; to underpay the owner destroys his pleasure in possession. But to buy something which necessitates a disproportionate amount of repair is like buying a tail and then buying an expensive dog to go with the tail," says the Philadelphia collector of ivories, rugs and Americana to whom I referred before.

Expensive Hodgepodge

"Once upon a time, I bought a chair covered with hideous red calico, lacking a seat and boasting one rickety rocker. The grain of the walnut and the beautiful arms seemed to me irresistible, and later we found the dirt-covered label of William Savery. That time it paid; and again when under the golden-oak stain and the fringe that some vandal had hung around the seats of two apparently Hepplewhite chairs, I discovered that they had a truly beautiful decoration of forget-me-nots in blue-and-old-ivory enamel.

"In both these cases the repairs were superficial. But never buy a piece in such shape that when you have finished spending a large amount on repairs, you have really an expensive hodgepodge. You have achieved neither a good investment nor personal satisfaction. Long ago in Boston I bought a Hepplewhite settee of pear wood, as brittle and fragile as it was beautiful. Repair it as I might, every time a fat friend sat on it, I feared a complete collapse. If he leaned back and yawned, I thought all was lost. Finally I shipped the troublesome piece off to auction."

Country auction sales now offer as many pitfalls as those in the cities. Don't fool yourself into thinking that because you rattle a hundred miles or more in your car over rough country roads you will either want or gain easy possession of what awaits you there. However truly rural the setting, you will find that city dealers and factory-made reproductions have traveled just as far as you to be among those present. Chauffeurs and limousines are parked in the fields with trucks of bearded second-hand men and junkshop keepers. The wealthy man who buys indiscriminately will often go to a country sale for a summer day's jaunt when he could not possibly spare the time from arduous winter life in the city. He has as his slogan, "Just like that one I saw in the American Wing at the Metropolitan." He falls with the rest of us.

But do not think for an instant that all the falls in the whole wide world can lessen the thrill of the hunt or make collecting one whit less absorbing an avocation. The collector, like every true sportsman, must "learn to meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same." On with the chase! Pick yourself up after one fall, and be ready to plunge headlong into another at any moment. But never, never tell!

WHEN THE BOWERY WAS IN BLOOM

(Continued from Page 36)

houses, restaurants, opium dens and a joss house in time; these to cater to the Chinese cooks and sailors off the packet ships that berthed along Water Street and traded to the Orient. Later, when the anti-Chinese agitation drove many of their countrymen from California, they came to New York by the hundred and augmented the small original colony.

Tom Lee, as the head of the most powerful tong in Chinatown in 1890, was ruler of the New York Chinese. He was a member and a power of Tammany Hall. He was the only Chinaman to have a vote. I have seen him on the Timothy D. Sullivan outings and chowders to Donnelly's Grove up the river, coming aboard the boat with guard and retinue and accompanied by his own Chinese jazz orchestra, and holding court aboard as a viceroy to Timothy D.

Tom Lee was also the Lee Shubert of the Chinese theater in New York. It paid him tribute, and his tong were the supporters of the drama there. Tom Lee, at the time I knew him, was a middle-aged, small, suave, dignified celestial with a scanty mustache and chin beard like Li Hung Chang. He not only resembled, except in stature and girth, this great warrior and statesman of the Flowery Kingdom, but he was of Li Hung's tong and was his New York representative as well.

Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown

Tom Lee lived in a brownstone mansion off Lenox Avenue in One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street. A policeman was on post on that block day and night. Every day, an hour before noon, Tom Lee's closed carriage drove into Mott Street and halted in front of the Chinese Masonic Building. His Chinese guard would first emerge, and then a policeman would cross over and stand by, and the coast being clear, the Chinese Mayor of Chinatown, as the papers called him, attired in a conventional gray business suit and a derby hat, would slip into an opened door that quickly slammed behind him. If you had audience with him later, you would find him in his Oriental-furnished and silk-draped lair in the gorgeous dress of a first-rank mandarin.

It was Tom Lee who made the subtle comment as to haste without purpose, so often quoted since. This occurred when the first Subway had not been long completed. He was being escorted from his home by way of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Subway station to attend a reception at City Hall. He was told he might take a jammed express or go by a local train and have a seat.

His escort explained, "If we go on the express, we will save seven minutes."

"What will we do with them?" replied Tom Lee.

When the great Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of China and its Minister of Foreign Affairs, visited New York in 1896, and was taken in state to lay a wreath on General Grant's temporary tomb—the two warrior rulers had been friends—it was Tom Lee who so angered the police force of New York on that occasion. With a wave of his hand, he summoned four extremely reluctant cops to bear the celestial statesman in his palanquin.

Li Hung Chang ceremoniously laid the wreath on the tomb, and then the enraged but grimly silent quartet of cops had to bear him by hand in the palanquin back to his carriage.

He was perfectly able to walk, but this was face.

At the banquet in Chinatown that night, Tom Lee, in reply to Li Hung Chang's reciting the honor done him, said—and truthfully—"Your Sublime and Mighty Excellency, those policemen only live in the hope that they may ere long have the proud privilege of laying a wreath upon your tomb in turn."

Tom Lee ruled Chinatown for twenty years or more without a rival. Then arose a new leader of another tong. His name was Mock Duck. By his efforts bold he had risen high in the Hip-Sings in San Francisco. Then the Subtle Ones ordained that Mock Duck should be sent to New York to wrest, in whole or part, the gambling and opium protection tribute that the Le-Ong Tongs had long monopolized.

Murder stalked abroad in Chinatown. Hatchet men slew one another in dark hallways, there were assassinations by knife and gun on the streets in broad daylight. Arrests were made, but the white man's courts could seldom obtain convictions, even when oaths were sworn in gabbling dialects while the blood of white roosters, ritualistically slain, was sprinkled ceremoniously.

One night a band of Mock Duck's gunmen entered the Chinese Theater and opened up a fusillade. A half dozen of Tom Lee's tong were killed, a score were wounded. And Mock Duck—where was he during all this?

Why, he was blocks away on the steps of the Mulberry Street police station, conversing affably with two policemen of his acquaintance.

Chuck Connors' Hangout

That was the end of Tom Lee's Chinese Theater, but the wholesale slaughter aroused the city. The newspapers thundered, Tammany Hall sent edicts to Tom Lee and Police Headquarters. Mock Duck was given the third degree. Judge Foster, of the highest court in New York City, was called upon by all concerned as arbitrator.

Compromises were effected, Tom Lee made concessions. Mock Duck was turned loose without a stain upon his character. A great peace banquet was held in Chinatown, attended by both factions and presided over by Judge Foster, who made the most profound impression.

From the joss house, from the headquarters of the Chinese Six Companies, from the lodge of the Chinese Masons, from the pungent scents of Chinatown, its clamor and its color, we step back to the Bowery and to that dark and dingy haunt of grimy white men, Barney Flynn's saloon at Pell Street. It is notable for nothing, save that, as you could find Tom Lee in his lair at the lodge of the Chinese Masons, here you could find Chuck Connors.

Chuck Connors was the Bowery, the Bowery was Chuck. Of all its exponents of self-expression, and they were many and interesting, he, more than all, left his mark upon the Bowery, as the Bowery had left its mark upon him.

(Continued on Page 82)

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More Power and Superior Quality

(Continued from Page 80)

George Washington Connors was born and reared in Mott Street, of good hard-working Irish parents. His sister, Mrs. Margaret Miller, a most respected matron of the Bronx, speaks fondly of him to this day as Georgie. His brother James assured me that the most famous member of the family got his nickname as a newsboy because he was continually bumming out—those were Brother James' very words—and making his meals by cooking chucksteak on a stick over trash fires in the street. First his fellow gamins called him Chucksteak Connors. In due time they shortened the pseudonym to Chuck.

Chuck Connors was a stockily built, dark-eyed, dark-haired young fellow in 1890. A beloved vagabond, a mimic, a raconteur par excellence. He had been a newsboy, a street Arab, a harrier of the Chinese—known to their Occidental neighbors, the Irish especially, as monks.

Chuck Connors flourished in the Bowery and its environs all his careless years. At fifteen he was an engaging loafer, a clog dancer and singer of Irish songs betimes in the theatorium of the Gayety Dime Museum. Then he became a semiprofessional lightweight fighter and won consistently till he was twenty-five. A succession of defeats, because he did not keep in condition, turned him from the ring.

Then he fell in love and went to work. He got a job firing the dinky steam locomotives that hauled the L trains in those times. He married Annie Harrison, his beloved, a wistful slip of a blond girl. She thought to stir his ambition and educate him, but by the time she had him reading well and writing fairly, though careless of his capital letters, Annie died of consumption.

The story of Chuck's regeneration was engrossingly related in Owen Kildare's once best-seller novel of the Bowery, My Mamie Rose. Arnold Daly made a play of it. In the leading rôle, he made up as and imitated the mannerisms of Chuck Connors. Last year My Mamie Rose was done as a motion picture, screen-titled The Fool's Highway. The leading player in this feature film counterfeited the semblance of Chuck Connors too.

The Volunteer Fireman

Chuck was a type—the type. All other Bowery boys imitated him. With no semblance of Chuck's costume, his mannerisms or his slang, Bowery boys had been known in life, in the newspapers, on the stage and in song and story for upwards of a hundred years. But the original type—and you will see it pictured in old Harper's and Leslie's weeklies—of the Bowery boy of the pre-Connorian period, was a six-foot genial ruffian, with an Uncle Sam chin whisker. He wore a battered plug hat, his trousers in his boots, chewed tobacco and whittled a shingle on the street corners. In short, the type of the native American as London Punch still pictures him.

This Bowery boy was primarily a volunteer fireman. When the fire alarm sounded he grabbed an empty barrel from the nearest grocery store, and if it wasn't empty he emptied it. Then he ran to the fire plug nearest the burning building, turned the barrel over the fire plug and sat on it until the engine company he belonged to appeared upon the scene. Until his own fire company came that Bowery boy heroically defended that fire plug against all assaults, single or en masse, made upon him by members of rival companies arriving with or without their rope-drawn hand pump machines.

It was in 1888 that Chuck Connors utterly destroyed this traditional character and created the entirely new one in his own image. With the publicity and popularity accorded Chuck's creation, the old-time Bowery boy with his whiskers, his whittled shingle, his trousers in his boots, disappeared from mortal ken—as dead as Bill Pool, the last of his ilk of rough-and-tumble fighter, volunteer fireman, political ruffian; the New York draft riots of the Civil War being about the final conspicuous manifestation of this genus.

But at least this type of Bowery boy had been genuine as well as indigenous through and through. On the other hand, Chuck Connors' concept was partly synthetic and partly founded on the London costermonger.

After Annie Harrison died, Chuck Connors was shanghaied by a Water Street crimp. When he awoke from the effects of the drugged whisky he was on a British steamer bound for London, signed as a fireman. Chuck promptly deserted in London and spent two weeks in Whitechapel. He was intrigued by the costermongers, their dress and tricks and manners. When he returned to his native shores he habilitated him in a modification of the more conservative of coster costumes.

Chuck knew the Bowery would never accept him or anyone else in the full class-conscious costermonger holiday attire of velveteen and pearlies—the rows of buttons down the trousers seam, the rows of buttons on the peaked cap, the rows of buttons on the low-cut plaid waistcoat, or the gay silk neckerchief. Chuck had his tailor construct for him a hybrid sailor-ashore and costermonger costume—blue, wide-bottomed trousers, a blue-cloth, square-cut pea-jacket with a double row of the very largest size dark pearl buttons; beneath this a blue flannel shirt, a sailor's silk scarf.

A Go-as-You-Please Actor

Chuck attempted a costermonger's cap, conservatively pearl-buttoned, with this costume. But he was only to wear it for twenty minutes and two blocks. The Bowery rose against it, enraged. Chuck saved himself, but not the cap. The Bowery wore derbies only. Chuck went to Spellman and gave specifications for the low-crown style he was to wear all the days of his pilgrimage thereafter.

His novel attire, his expressive slang, his fund of stories, his homely philosophical observations of the slums and his rugged vigor in it all, gained for him the interest and even friendship of all he came in contact with. Chuck Connors, of the Bowery, had arrived; his personality was to become a tradition.

He played himself in melodrama when he would, was a manager of lesser prize fighters in a small way. He was sought after as guide to Chinatown and the Bowery and was more than satisfactory. Unless sight-seers had been ciceroned by Chuck, they suspected they hadn't seen the half of it. Chuck was copy for the newspapermen, they were his friends; for Chuck, with all his faults, was always interesting, always on the level.

The Chuck Connors Ball at Tammany Hall was a yearly event which the newspapers covered fully. When advertising it, Chuck coolly published the name of every notable New Yorker he knew them all and they all knew him—among his patrons. None of them protested, many of them attended. Then, under the colored calcium lights, Chuck in all his glory would lead out the Rummager or the Truck—the reasons these ladies were so called are obvious—the ball was opened and the badged notables grabbed a Bowery girl in turn and joy was unconfined.

As an actor, Chuck was himself and excellent as such; but he had a profound contempt for the exigencies of the drama that compel actors to say and do the same things in the same place at cue. He would persistently speak new dialogues and introduce new business impromptu, and so cause the other actors to go up in their lines.

"You're a lot of cuckoos, saying de same t'ing an' doin' de same t'ings all de time," he would loudly protest.

Nor could he be depended upon to show up at the theater if there was a Bowery ball or a prize fight at hand, or if he met with congenial friends. He also had a disconcerting way of calling over the footlights to acquaintances in the audience and inviting them up on the stage to participate in the barroom or dance-hall scenes.

"Come on, bo!" he would shout. "It's real beer and plenty of it!"

He liked best to sit in Barney Flynn's place and tell cockney, Chinese, Yiddish, German and especially Irish stories of the tenements. Particularly was he graphic in describing scenes of his childhood in the Connors ménage; tales of his old tad of a father, of his shrewd and devoted mother.

Chuck composed and sang his own songs:

My Pearl she has a golden curl,
She has a stylish strut;
She wears the cutest bonnet
Upon her little nut.
Oh, Pearlie is my girlie,
But, tut, tut, tut!

Chuck had his misadventures too. For a while he had a Chinese boy protégé named Sam Yip whom he was developing into a boxer. He brought him around to see me at the old Biograph studios in the early days of moving pictures. Chuck's idea was that a fight between him and the Chinese boy would be a big money-maker in the mutoscopes or penny-in-the-slot peep-show moving pictures.

"I'll make a mess of the monk," said Chuck, "and then all you need to do to cop de coin is to put a sign on the machines in the penny arcades: Drop in a Penny and See Chuck Connors Knocking Out Sam Yip, the Champion Lightweight of China."

The minute bout was staged before the camera with ring and seconds. But Sam Yip lost his temper when Chuck started to bash him about, and as an unexpected climax to the picture he knocked Chuck cold for the count at the end of the round.

"The monks was always bad luck to me," said Chuck when we brought him to and he had conferred angrily aside with his protégé. "Whatcha t'ink, dat Chink was willing to take five berries, and now he wants me to split fifty-fifty to take the picture over and do it right, wit' me knocking him out."

Chuck was getting twenty dollars and he had to divide it. The second bout, in which Sam Yip permitted his knock-out, is still a standard attraction in the coin mutoscopes.

Not because Chuck was mercenary did he protest, but, as he explained, ten dollars was too much money to give a monk, even for a murder.

Did Brodie Take a Chance?

Chuck had the gift of gab in song and story, but was not able—or at least never endeavored—to put it on paper. At his wake, his sister told me he had been writing his life and adventures for a year, and from his manuscript David Belasco was to make a play. I helped her search through his meager belongings as the motley mourners around his bier bewailed him. But there was no scrap to attest that poor Chuck had ever scribbled a line.

Steve Brodie's story in its beginnings was much the same as that of Chuck Connors, save that Steve jumped into fame off the Brooklyn Bridge where several before him had died in the attempt, or at least was credited with the desperate deed.

Whether Brodie took the chance, risking his life by that dreadful drop to the darkling waters of the East River for fame and fortune, or whether it was a fake, a publicity stunt, cunningly planned and carefully executed, is a matter of opinion. The world at large believed, a pessimistic few were always skeptical. A body was seen to fall as loud cries were heard from the river side. A head emerged from the water, a panting man was drawn into a boat. The cynics said a dummy was thrown from the bridge and that Brodie, a splendid swimmer, dived underwater from beneath a pier, for a hundred feet and more toward the spot where the weighted dummy sank.

Which story is true I do not know, but I was present in the gorge of Niagara two years later when Brodie, in a rubber suit, was scheduled to swim the rapids. He would not release his hold of a rope his helpers held alongshore, and after fifteen minutes of this he screamed to be drawn out; and he lay sobbing on the icebound shore, for it was bitter weather, and begged for a drop of whisky.

"I was kilt with the cold or I'd 'a' done it!" he kept repeating.

He was a shrewd showman, was Brodie. He was always merry and bright—save on this bleak day when he shivered and screamed by the icy, roaring waters of the rapids of Niagara.

Knowing him well, and even liking him greatly, I for one can never be convinced that Brodie took a chance.

In the days of Steve Brodie's prosperity when he lived in style, he persistently offered a fine home to his mother in his house or in a nice apartment of her own. Finally he refused to pay her rent and had her evicted with her few belongings. She sat on the sidewalk moaning and wailing, and then along came Steve.

"Now, mother, will you move into a decent place and a good neighborhood?" he asked.

"I will not!" she declared stoutly. "If I can't have me own old home where I married my man and where you was born, I'll die on the streets for all I'll go anywheres else, my lad."

Brodie's Way to Wealth

And then she wailed and wept and the neighbors gathered round declaring what a shame it was she should be treated so, and Steve had her little sticks of furniture carried back into her three rooms, and lit the stove for her and made her a pot of boiled black tea.

"And the divil fly way wid you, Stevie," she said. "But I'll never go away from here till I'm waked and carried out."

Steve Brodie had no further thought than an engagement as a dime-museum attraction when he jumped—or feigned to jump—off the bridge. It may be seen that he was well aware of the value of newspaper notices. On his dime-museum engagements he would do publicity swimming and jumping feats, weather permitting and the jump being within reason. But though repeatedly offered large sums to leap in the presence of witnesses from the Brooklyn Bridge, he would only shake his head and say, "I done it once!"

He was a stocky, dark-eyed, dark-haired, pleasant-looking fellow with a peachblow complexion. He was fastidiously neat in his personal appearance and dressed as became a prosperous man and a public character. He patterned his attire after great characters of the Bowery that he had envied as a boy Owney Geoghegan, Harry Hill and John McGurk. He wore good clothes, faultlessly fine white shirts, white cravats and big diamonds and plenty of them. Diamonds on his plump manicured fingers, diamonds down his shirt front. Poor Chuck Connors had never a diamond in all his life. But Steve Brodie knew the well-dressed man has the advantage. He was a money-maker, thrifty, canny, and of all these things Chuck Connors had no notion.

The retirement from public life of Swipes the Newsboy, after he had accidentally killed a weak-hearted opponent in a prize fight, had the producers of the Bowery melodrama that had been written for Swipes looking for another star. There was Brodie. He was famous, he was smart. A brewer had set him up in a saloon, whereby, together with his theatrical engagements, Steve Brodie was to wax rich.

The producers of the melodrama waited upon Brodie. The canny Steve saw their need and his opportunity. He was no Swipes the Newsboy, to take a small salary. If he was worth anything to these men and their melodrama, he was worth something to himself. He asked an astonishing salary and declared himself in on the profits of the show.

"Can you act?" he was asked.

(Continued on Page 87)

"A Kiss for Cinderella"

Herbert Brenon Production

Paramount's Christmas Gift to All!

Nation-wide Showing Week of December 28th

If you seem so much older than you used to, if you feel that life might be a little kinder to you than it is, come watch Betty Bronson and Tom Moore contrive happiness out of old boards, small feet and a policeman's point of view!

The peculiar thing about "A Kiss for Cinderella," as about "Peter Pan," is that although children enjoy it intensely there are ten times as many grown-ups in the long lines at the box offices!

The fact is that all the world is young when J. M. Barrie and Paramount are partners.

* * *

Today, Paramount and the leading dramatists and writers of the world are hand in glove in the great cause of better pictures. The writers are giving of their best because they know that Paramount's resources and screen ideals are big enough to ensure the greatest possible progress.

Personalities of Paramount-and their Paramount Pictures

Betty Bronson

Where the Peter Pan girl appears hearts grow lighter. There's more than a touch of fairyland about her, and the workaday world seems slow when she's around. See her in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess."

Herbert Brenon

He directed "A Kiss for Cinderella" and when you remember how "Peter Pan" delighted you, remember he directed that, too! Other Paramount Pictures of his are "The Street of Forgotten Men," "The Little French Girl," and "The Song and Dance Man."

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson's success and popularity sweep forward like a tidal wave. Her Paramount Pictures are centers of fascinated human groups at all points of the compass. See her in "Madame Sans-Gene," "The Coast of Folly," "Stage Struck."

Thomas Meighan

People who would not stir out of the house to see a king pass by would break half a dozen appointments to meet Tom Meighan. His is a triple success; a man's man, a woman's man, and the kids' man, too! Be sure to see "Old Home Week," "The Man Who Found Himself," and "Irish Luck."

D. W. Griffith

D. W. Griffith's "That Royle Girl" reveals a hand more masterly than ever. Griffith's Paramount Pictures are the glorious harvest of his art. See Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields and Harrison Ford, in "That Royle Girl." Watch for the huge Griffith special, "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli.

Pola Negri

Pola Negri is a complex and dramatic personality whose charm is today exercising its full power in the United States. Michael Arlen is writing "Crossroads of the World" especially for her. See her in "Flower of Night" and "A Countess in Iowa."

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
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Well—"next" Christmas is here. That "next" Christmas has become *this* Christmas. Now is the time—*now* is the occasion—*now* is your opportunity to crystallize your vow.

An Overland Six! Why not? You can do it! Buy it "on Everybody is doing it. Only a small amount down, 52 weeks balance, longer if you want it. You can take care of future pay easily out of your income. The money you otherwise would spe mere Christmas superficialities will make this superb car your own

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he Family Funds! twice this sum. A car so good to look upon that admiring groups gather around it wherever it stops. A wonderful gift. And a gift you can afford. A gift you need. A gift for which every member of your household will everlastingly thank you, from the bottom of their hearts! *This* year, put a ban on costly Christmas indulgence. Call a halt on Christmas waste. Combine the family purchases. Own this Overland Six. A sensible thought. Such a gift prolongs the thrill of Christmas joy and pride for more than Christmas Day. It means sunshine and fresh air. It means health and happiness. It [illegible] enjoyment and pleasure *for everyday in your* [illegible], for years and years to come. See your Overland dealer now and arrange with him for delivery early Christmas morning!

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"Might-have-been hours"...*how many of them are* YOURS?

"I MIGHT have done that"—"I might have gone there"—there are so many "might-have-been hours" in every woman's life! All because some household task—washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning—demands attention.

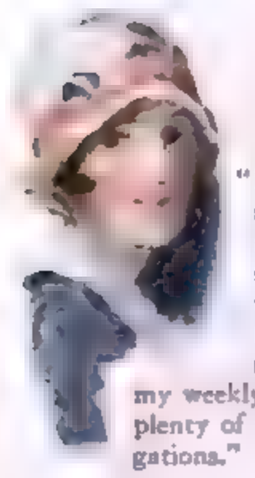
But how to take care of these duties, and still have time for the "might-have-been" pleasures? Electricity and all the servants it puts at your command will shorten much of your daily work. And the modern laundry, greatest time-saver of all, will actually give you a whole day of leisure every week!

Think of the many things you can do with this new time. Perhaps, like Mrs. Schwinn of New York City, you will use the time for music; or, like Mrs. Jones of Covington, Ky., you may devote the time to school and civic activities; or maybe, like Mrs. Looker of Hollywood, Calif., the time can be used to improve your health and your finances.

Home, husband, children, books, the theater—myriad happy duties and pleasures await you.

Today, just phone a modern laundry in your city—they will tell you about a washday service exactly suited to your needs, at a price within your reach. Then try this service—at least for one day every week, the laundry will take the 'might' from your "might-have-been hours."

How three women took the 'MIGHT' *from their "might-have-been hours"*



"My husband is a teacher in the high school and naturally I am supposed to attend the receptions and parties at the school, and to take part in civic activities. Yet for years I couldn't seem to find time for such things. Then I sent my washing to the laundry, rearranged my weekly schedule and discovered that I had plenty of time for all my social and civic obligations."

Mrs. Wm. M. Jones,
Covington, Ky.

"From girlhood I have been fond of music; I even used to dream of a 'career.' Then I married and said good-by to my music; I had no time for it. But I couldn't forget it. Finally, I turned my washday tasks over to the laundry and gave the time thus saved to music. With my new leisure, I have been able to practice regularly, join music clubs, and even sing in concerts, and at church."

Mrs. D. L. Schwinn,
New York City

"I can't begin to tell you what a wonderful help the laundry has been to me, both from a health and from a financial standpoint. The time the laundry gives me I have used in cultivating a vegetable garden. The open air exercise has been decidedly beneficial to me—doctor bills are a thing of the past—while the vegetables I have grown have more than cut our grocery bill in half."

Mrs. N. Looker,
Hollywood, Calif.

Published in the interest of the public and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

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"Just can't I!" he replied confidently. "Haven't you heard me spiel on the dime-museum platforms? Don't you know I was always the best singer and dancer at the entertainments at the Newsboys' Lodging House, the Brace Memorial, on Duane Street, off Park Row? Can I act? I can eat it!"

And he could act. At least he could act well enough for a Bowery melodrama; and when he stood on the scenic Brooklyn Bridge and shouted, "I'll save the girl!" and jumped, closing his eyes from the showers of rock salt upthrown to simulate the spray rising to the roadway of Brooklyn Bridge from that mighty leap, the house roared and rocked. Nor would the audiences be content until he came before the curtain and bowed to the tumult, though strangely enough, for all his leaping into the river, dry as a dustbin.

When not out on the road in the money-making melodrama, Steve would stand in front of his bar and drink with the flattered sight-seers that thronged the place. He drank and they paid. But he was careful of what he drank. It would have been better far, however, in spite of his care, if he had never taken a single drop save the one that made him famous—the drop from Brooklyn Bridge. He took flats of beer—that is, beer in a whisky glass and mostly foam.

The ring of the cash register was music to the ears of thrifty Steve. He told me that he kept account of what it brought him a day when he took his flats at the expense of the constant line of hero worshipers who sought him out and shook his hand. His flat income, so to speak, from this averaged thirty dollars a day—and not the tenth of a cent's worth of beer in any one of the six hundred little glasses at five cents each!

Steve thought he was temperate. He never got drunk, and he was not standing in front of his bar drinking flats for more than six months of the year. But death lurked in the little flats of beer; he died of diabetes before he was thirty-five.

When custom fell off, Steve would do something to get his name in the papers. He was the first superlative publicity hound I ever met. To newspapermen he was courtesy, hospitality, generosity—everything. Steve Brodie was known to be so tight he had to turn himself around a corner with a wrench, but he'd offer to lend—yes, even give—money to newspapermen. He would enter into any sort of public appearance or take part in anything that would make newspaper notice for him. If he couldn't get good notices, he'd be glad to get bad ones.

A Call From Carrie Nation

"Say something about me—say I'm a crook, say I am a faker, that I never even jumped off a curbstone; say anything so you print my name!" he would cry. "I'll get arrested—anything! For when a story comes out about me, the hayseeds and sucker sight-seers come flocking in by droves."

Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher, in her heyday was brought to Brodie's saloon by a newspaperman, her famous hatchet in her hand. But Steve, with his bonny ways, his good appearance, his smiling gift of unctuous flattery, overcame the destructive intentions of the lady combatant of rum and rum sellers. Steve assured her that he intended to quit the booze business, close his mantrap, devote his ill-gotten gains to good works.

He pulled a large roll of bills from his pocket and said, "Mrs. Nation, here is a thousand dollars which I will gladly turn over to you to help you carry on your crusade."

She hesitated, but refused it.

"Take it," insisted the cunning Brodie. "Give it to foreign missions, poor ministers, struggling churches, temperance societies!"

But she said no, let Mr. Brodie contribute the money himself; she would send him a list of good causes. But it softened the erstwhile implacable lady from Kansas.

"You are a good man at heart," she said. "And you are a young man, Mr. Brodie. I am glad to see you realize the error of your ways in coining the tears of drunkards' wives and children into money in this hell hole. You may yet be saved, for you see the light."

The tears stood in Steve's eyes. He believed it all himself for the moment. He had not permitted one drop of liquor to be sold while the saloon-smashing crusader from Kansas was in his place. She withdrew, after giving him a hearty handshake and saying she would pray for him. But ten minutes later the tears came to his eyes again. This time copiously.

"Hully gee!" he cried aghast. "What a sucker I was to salve that old battle-ax, and I thought I was smart! Why look, if I had roughed her, she might have smashed the dump! I could get another lot of that junk she might have broken up and all the booze she might have spilled and scattered for a couple of hundred dollars—and I would have got first-page newspaper stories that would have brought the spending suckers in here by the million all the days of my life!"

It was the first and last time that Steve Brodie had overlooked a sure-fire publicity stunt.

Much has been said of the dime museums. They exist in a few towns in the West, but in New York they have wholly passed. They were all arranged alike, with three floors of attractions and entertainments. The patrons paid their dimes and went up to the top floor, or curio hall, first. Here were mummy mermaids, stuffed alligators, doubtful antiques, crude waxwork figures of celebrities and famous murderers, tableaux of a condemned man in the electric chair, the Downward Path or How Girls Go Wrong, and the like.

All for a Dime, Folks!

Here the lecture began on the even hour, every hour. The crowd followed the lecturer to the floor below—the Hall of Human Curiosities. Here on platforms would be Madame Rosa, the bearded lady; Big Hannah, the fat woman; Billy Wells, the iron-skull man; George, the turtle boy; Jonathan Bass, the petrified man; Laloo, the Hindu Marvel; the Murray Midget Triplets; Eli Bowen, the armless wonder; the India-Rubber Boy; Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Man; Zip, the What Is It, and so on.

There might also be glass spinners, making and selling their brittle souvenirs; exhibitionists such as Swipes the Newsboy; Steve Brodie, the Bridge Jumper Dare-Devil; and Bosco, the Snake Eater. All these, the lecturer announced repeatedly, would answer all proper questions, and had, he believed, their photographs for sale. Why this was only a matter of belief it is hard to say, for at the feet of each was a dozen or more of their graphic likenesses.

The lecturer would make his spiel before each living exhibit in turn, and like Silas Wegg, he would invariably close with this lyrical epilogue:

"Now you've seen our wonder wares,
Next is the big show given downstairs.
You'll see a drama most intense,
The seats they'll cost you but five cents.
Our star has long been known to fame;
Fanny Herring is her name!
Yes, Fanny Herring gives below
A drama laid in O-hi-o.
As the heroine she'll thwart her foes,
Shoot the villain, and goodness knows
She'll prove her lover guiltless of crime—
Remember, a seat costs but half a dime!"

Then the throng would be herded down the stairs to the little theater. Fanny Herring would then thwart her foes, shoot the villain and save her lover; the piano would crash, the curtain would drop, the big door to the street would be thrown open, letting in the light and air, and the cry would be, "All out!"

The Bowery was flamboyant, but it could not be said to be wholly vicious. It was a conspicuous place and the reformer element kept its eyes on it. True, there were ladies of the evening who resorted to its many saloon back-room dance halls and drank and waltzed with sailors and civilians. But no place was permitted to have paid women entertainers. No women in tights were allowed in any Bowery concert hall. This was the unwritten law. The Sullivans were interested in gambling houses, but were strongly against immorality. Big Florrie Sullivan, in particular, would personally raid any brothel opened in his district, smash the furniture, throw it into the street and beat and pound the male consorts of the inmates till they were cases for the hospital.

In the concert and dance halls, there were at all times tireless piano players and singing waiters. Some of our best-known composers of popular songs, now prosperous figures of Broadway's Tin Pan Alley, had their beginnings as long-distance piano professors in these resorts.

Will H. Fox, of Gombossy's, was the Bowery's star piano player. He had a stunt of pounding the ivories in tune while wearing boxing gloves. In a grotesque upstanding wig, a real horseshoe as a scarfpin, and billed as Paddywhisky, Will Fox became a vaudeville star and forgot the Bowery and Gombossy's.

Trying to Short-Change Kellar

A woman who may have seen better days in church choirs, burlesque or comic opera—they always claimed they had—might volunteer to oblige with a song. The songs she obliged with were always of the tenderest sentimentality, of home and mother and the simple virtues and fondest remembrances—A Flower From My Angel Mother's Grave, Silver Threads Among the Gold, Baby's Left the Cradle for the Golden Shore, Take This Letter to My Mother, Her Father Turned Her Picture to the Wall, My Mother was a Lady, You Made Me What I Am Today, I Hope You're Satisfied—but above all, the favored ballad that brought tears to the eyes of singer and audience was Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.

When the Bowery was in bloom for me, the largest, the most notorious resort on the Bowery, was John McGurk's, near First Street. Short-Change Charley, the head waiter at McGurk's, had not been idly nicknamed. Of all the coin-palming experts of the Bowery, Short-Change Charley was the undisputed champion. He had been trained in his art as ticket seller with a circus. He could double a bill—making two out of one—or palm a silver dollar while paying one way, and double another bill and palm another big coin in politely correcting his first intentional mistake.

He met his Waterloo when he essayed his legerdemain in short-changing on Kellar, the magician.

Kellar off the stage, was a somewhat commonplace looking, bald-headed gentleman—differing from his rival, the Great Herrmann, who was conspicuously Mephistophelian on and off.

Kellar's attraction was playing Miner's People's Theater, and after the show he expressed a desire to see McGurk's. I was one of the group that went with him. I said nothing of Short-Change Charley, but saw that we got a table on the latter's station, anxious to observe what would happen when one expert palmer passed coin to another.

As luck would have it, Kellar tendered a twenty-dollar bill in payment for a round of drinks. I saw the gleam of joy in Short-Change Charley's eye. He passed back the money due, deftly doubling a dollar bill and palming a hard half dollar, as he counted the change into Kellar's hand.

"Excuse me, you've made a mistake," said Kellar, realizing the waiter did not know who he was.

Without counting the change or looking at it, Kellar handed back the money, and in so doing he palmed a coin, the coin in this case being a silver dollar. Then Kellar made Short-Change Charley lay the money down on the table. As the waiter did so, Kellar palmed another dollar and set up a demand for a proper accounting.

Short-Change Charley turned pale and loudly protested he was innocent. McGurk, always on the lookout, in his shirt sleeves, came hurrying over.

"This fellow is a thief, a pickpocket!" cried Kellar. "Look!"

And from the various pockets of the astounded waiter, Kellar drew out stickpins, gold watches and several diamond rings. Then he ran his hands in the waiter's breast pocket under his apron and pulled out a flat Russia leather jewel case, which, when opened, was seen to be full of vividly gleaming opals. Kellar collected the finest black and fire opals all over the world, and always carried this case of the choicest, most valuable specimens in his collection with him.

McGurk, in turn, was dumfounded. Then a patron at another table recognized Kellar and called out the name of the noted magician.

"What'll youse gents have?" said the relieved McGurk. "It's somebody's turn to treat."

Palpably it wasn't McGurk's turn, for we saw the grinning Short-Change Charley pay.

One song heard no place on the Bowery save McGurk's was the tough-waiter song:

I Put Him On the Cheese

A fresh guy came in the restaurant
And ordered a kidney stew;
"And keep your fingers out," he said,
"And get on a hurry too!"
He was looking for trouble, he wanted a row,
Says I, "You might say please;
Don't get gay with your sassy play
Or I'll put you on the cheese!"

Chorus

"Kick his slats in!" cried the gang,
And quickly gathered round.
I'm always perlite, I'm a favor-ite,
They wouldn't see me downed.
The omnibus slipped me a pair of knucks,
But I had no need of these;
I gave him a swipe with a piece of lead pipe,
And it put him on the cheese!

A Perpetual Carnival

The popularity of this song was due to the fact that it was understood to be a recital of one of the earliest activities of the bouncer of the establishment, a merciless abysmal brute whose talents accounted for his sobriquet of Eat-'Em-Up-Jack McManus.

With saloons and restaurants that never closed day or night a Bowery resort opened for business by throwing away the front-door key—with fake auction rooms with double doors wide open, with lights from street Frankfurter and pop-corn stands, with the clashing of music coming from dance hall after dance hall, the blare of orchestrions, the piping notes of hurdy-gurdies from the dime museums, fake and honest—the Bowery when in bloom was the noisiest, brightest, liveliest street in all the world.

Its pavements were thronged with pleasure seekers and the vocally joyous going from barroom to barroom, from resort to resort. The clicking of pool balls, the thundering of the bowling alleys, the sharp cracking of the rifles and ringing of target gongs in the brilliantly lighted open-front shooting galleries with their moving targets of white clay birds and beasts, with skee-ball joints, human target, hit-the-nigger-and-get-a-cigar games the old Bowery was a street of carnival.

Cheap, flamboyant, crude and shabby, as it was, we who have joyanced upon it look back perhaps regretting that, though it was what it was, we shall never see its like again.

The Bowery, the Bowery!
Where they said such things and they did such things.
The Bowery, the Bowery!
And I'll never go there any more!

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

A Christmas Suggestion

AS an extra Christmas gift, one of the new Ansonia Squareclox will be most acceptable. You have seen them in store windows and you know how unlike the ordinary alarm clock they look. In either Antique Gold finish or the regular Platinum-like finish.

Squareclox are not simply night clocks. They are all-day clocks because they are handsome enough to be used in any room. And they are good time pieces—reliable, accurate and durable. Each of those mentioned below performs a different service as described; the big ones for heavy sleepers and the little ones for light sleepers. Any one of them will help to start the day right.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5¼" high x 4½" wide. **$6.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5½" high x 4½" wide. 30 hours **$5.00**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5½" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$3.50**
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4½" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$2.50**
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal. [illegible] intermittent alarm; 4" high x 2½" wide. **$3.25**

At Jewelers', Department Stores, Drug Stores

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

ONE OF THEIR QUARRELS

(Continued from Page 15)

which the Alice II was so beautifully sailing in a fair wind. The most penetrating of stewards could not have detected a false note, much less a rift within the lute. And little Alice, upon whom both parents were lavishing all sweetness, was present at the soup stage of the meal as a special treat. Mrs. Jim had suggested this departure from the routine of discipline, and Jim had agreed to it with positive ardor. The fact was, of course, that the belligerents desired to be alone as little as possible.

"About where shall we be tomorrow afternoon, Jim?" Mrs. Jim inquired graciously.

"I should think not so awfully far from Flushing, my pet," Jim graciously replied, stroking his offspring's golden hair.

"Then I think I shall take the steamer to Folkestone," said Mrs. Jim. "With all those urgent things to see to at the flat —— And Alice had better go with me, hadn't she?"

For a moment Jim, with all his acuteness, was at a loss to understand what Mrs. Jim was at, for there had been no previous suggestion whatever that Mrs. Jim should return to the flat, or that there was anything urgently needing her attention at the flat. Then he comprehended. He had not apologized to her, and never would apologize—deeming himself, of course, to have been entirely in the right in this dispute. She had therefore determined to show her displeasure and prove her unconquerable mind by leaving him alone on the yacht and taking Alice II with her. But she wanted to achieve her purpose smoothly, and without giving any hint to the child or to the little world of the yacht that a serious state of war existed. Hence she was displaying her remarkable skill in the art of acting. But Jim also could act, and Jim's mind also was unconquerable.

He said charmingly, "I think you're quite right, my dear, though I shall be very sorry to lose my two darlings. Of course if you'd like me to come with you ——"

"Oh, no! You must finish the cruise, dear."

"Very well then, we'll keep going all night. You can take the train at Vlake, and you'll be in plenty of time to catch the steamer at Flushing."

And so it came to pass. Early the next morning he helped her to pack, and Alice II felt obliged also to help her mamma to pack; he gave her money; he saw them both off at Vlake station. And very trim, neat, charming and efficient mother and daughter looked as they leaned their heads out of the carriage window and waved good-by to daddy. It was a lovely morning, but for some twenty hours husband and wife had not exchanged one word save in the presence of others.

"Women are staggering," Jim reflected naively. "absolutely staggering." Just as if he hadn't been married for six years or so. He did, however, show some gleam of an appreciation of the fact that men also are staggering, when he asked himself, "I wonder why I didn't apologize to her. It would have cost me nothing." Then he resumed his masculine bias by adding, "No! Not on your life! It would have cost me my position in the home."

IV

ALICE and Alice II sat together side by side in a red-velvet-covered compartment of the train to Flushing. It was a boat train, true enough, but a boat train that stopped at every station. So that, as she gazed casually at cows, dikes, steeples, barges apparently sailing through fields, maids and matrons in high-waisted native costumes with gold-ornamented headpieces, station gardens and windmills, and explained the various phenomena of the journey to Alice II, Alice had plenty of opportunity to reflect upon the quarrel. Like all their quarrels, it had risen out of almost nothing, and a word, even a tone, might have stifled it at birth. The important thing, however, was not the originating cause, but the nature of the issue engaged. And the issue in this particular quarrel was about the same as in all their previous quarrels—namely, the rights and dignity of man and the rights and dignity of woman.

"Jim is an idiot," thought Alice; and then—"I am an idiot too!"

But idiots are apt to have a powerful sense of dignity, the same as the wise. Alice could not imagine how the quarrel would end, but of course it would end; and the end would be delicious, as the ends of all their quarrels always were. In the meantime Alice felt a fine artistic interest in the quarrel, and contemplated calmly its growth and conceived different dodges for concluding it with advantage to herself—an advantage which, having won it, she would cheerfully throw away as soon as the affair was over. She contemplated also, with satisfaction, the vision of Jim alone on the yacht. Put on what proud, careless air he might, he would certainly be rather miserable that evening!

She liked the thought of his misery, and she assured herself that she would not be miserable—and the assurance was not the least in the world convincing. Certainly she had Alice II, whereas Jim had nobody except his silly old captain and his sillier old red-headed Pete.

Alice II had begun by being prim—more prim than her mother. But soon Alice II grew tired of dangling her legs a dozen inches off the floor, and she slipped down and carried out a complete inspection of the compartment, and fell violently once when the train stopped with a jerk. Being very like her parents, she did not cry over her fall; she had a full share of pride. Then she climbed up onto her mother's lap and hugged her mother with much love.

"You're very demonstrative this morning, my pet," observed Alice.

Strange that Alice II knew precisely the meaning of that long word, which she had never heard before.

"Mummy, won't daddy be awful sad all by himself?

"Mummy, when's daddy coming home to us?

"Mummy, why didn't daddy kiss you at the station?"

"Well, he was very busy with the luggage," Alice answered the last question uneasily.

Nothing could be hidden from the child. The child knew as well as anybody that trouble was in the air. Nevertheless, the demeanor of both the child's parents in her presence had been unexceptionable in its show of friendliness and affection. Alice ought to have made Jim kiss her. She hated nothing more than to give away the fact of a family quarrel to the innocent child. They, idiots both of them, were gods to the child. In another minute Alice II was fast asleep, and Alice could feel through her thin frock the warm, regular breathing of infancy. And she squeezed the child and woke her.

The train had seemingly no intention of ever arriving at Flushing; but it did arrive. And there was a Flemish horse on the platform dragging bits of luggage about at the end of a long chain, a spectacle which made Alice II shriek with glee. Alice arranged matters efficiently with a porter, and walked off the platform and turned to the left in obedience to printed instructions for boarding the steamer. And then she heard a call in Dutch English:

"This way for passports, please."

At first she had an idea that the Dutch authorities were going to present her with a passport for the purpose of returning to England, and she tripped forward until she came to a wide gap, with the view of a steamboat in the middle distance. Just at this gap was a table, with a bald-headed official seated thereat. He at once perceived that Alice was English, and he addressed her in her own language:

"Your passport, please, madam."

"But—but I haven't got a passport," Alice replied. A dreadful truth vaguely took shape in her mind.

"But it is forbidden to go on board the steamer without a passport."

Now she saw the dreadful truth very clearly. With Jim, she had gone to various foreign countries in the yacht, which, belonging to an officially recognized yacht club, flew the blue ensign of the Royal Naval Reserve. On arriving in a foreign port, customs officers had come aboard for a formal inspection, but no officer had ever asked for passports. She and Jim had just walked ashore, and no questions put and no demand made. Similarly for reëmbarkation, and similarly on the return to Britain. Yachting people were exempt from all passport complications. But on the present occasion Alice was no longer a yachting person. She was a mere common traveler. She explained matters to the urbane official, whose urbanity, however, proved to be of no help to her.

"But what am I to do?" she asked plaintively. In her war days that celebrated efficiency of hers was habituated to dealing successfully with every crisis that arose, but now her efficiency failed her.

"Ah!" exclaimed the official suddenly. "Here is a gentleman from the office of the British consul here. Good afternoon, sir," he greeted a young man who had put down a passport on the table. "You are going to England, sir?"

"On leave," said the young Englishman, who, indeed, was dressed in holiday style and had a bright face to match.

But immediately the Dutch official began to state the case of Alice, and Alice joined in with explanatory remarks, the young man's face hardened into the face which he wore in the consular office. He was well used to petitioners who had foolishly omitted formalities; and moreover, on the very threshold of his holiday, he objected to being worried with professional affairs. He was most definitely off duty.

He said finally, "If you go to Rotterdam or to the British Legation at The Hague, and fill up the proper forms and furnish references, you will be able to obtain a temporary passport; but you wouldn't get it under four or five days at the earliest. . . . Where is this yacht of yours, madam?"

"Near Vlake."

"Anybody on board who could help you?"

"My husband, the owner."

"Well then, madam, I think your best course would be to go back at once to your husband." And, his own passport having been inspected, he raised his hat and vanished in the direction of the steamer. Alice very unjustly considered him to be a rather unpleasant young man. "Return to your husband—return to your husband!" The young man had not the slightest notion of the horror implied in his words. Go back—ignominiously! Go back—defeated! She cursed men in her heart, and particularly the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, author of wars and therefore of passports.

"Darling," she said sweetly, bending down to Alice II, "we must go back to daddy." And the thoughtless child clapped her hands.

"There's a train ——" the helpful official was beginning.

"Can you tell me where I can hire a car?" she asked; and to herself, "Anyhow, it shall cost him as much as possible."

But supposing the yacht had already left her moorings!

V

THAT same afternoon, which happened to be full of sunshine, Jim Thorpe, the august owner of the one-hundred-and-eighton auxiliary ketch Alice II, sat on his deck

(Continued on Page 90)

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
NOW IN CHICAGO

TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

"Sherman a Guide Post In Chicago"

George Barr McCutcheon

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

"Back in the old days, when I as a youngster used to take advantage of the dollar excursions and go up from La Fayette to Chicago, the old Sherman House served as a sort of guide-post for me. Lake Michigan was so many blocks east of the Sherman and the Polk Street Station so many blocks south. The lay of the Sherman gave me the lay of the land, so to speak.

"The old Sherman was a matured and stately institution back in the old days, and it was a friendly hotel. Being friendly and up and doing, it reflected the spirit that is Chicago. It was bound to expand, and the New Hotel Sherman is a natural consequence. Chicago is setting a pace that is amazing the world, and the New Hotel Sherman visualizes the city's far-sightedness; it measures up for the future as well as for the present. I am glad to have met the friendly Sherman back in the old days, and I know I shall be glad to shake hands with it whenever I get into Chicago in these days."

George Barr McCutcheon

Scene from "GRAUSTARK" Mr. McCutcheon's well-known novel

WHY THE SHERMAN IS POPULAR

To the traveller, his hotel is home, and New Hotel Sherman is Chicago's most popular hotel because it gives the kind of hotel service the travelling public most desires. Thousands of guests of the old hotel told the management what they would like to see in the new hotel.

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1700 Rooms
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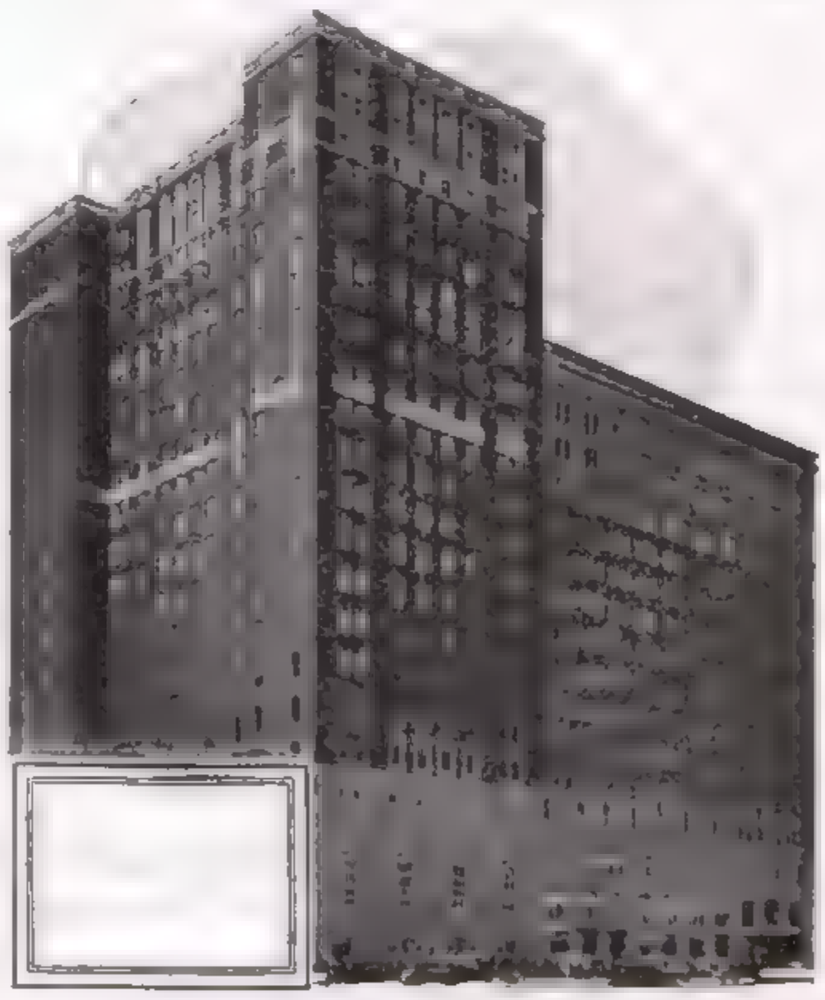
75% at the HOTEL SHERMAN'S most moderate rates

No waiting for room assignment at any time



Most Central of Chicago's Hotels—Nearest Theatres, Shopping District, Public Buildings, Boulevards

CHICAGO'S LEADING RESTAURANTS

The College Inn, internationally known for its cuisine and as a gathering place for notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra as its musical attraction.

The Bal Tabarin, Chicago's smartest supper club, has Tony Sarg's clever Marionettes as the featured performers.

Another notable restaurant is the *Old Town Coffee Room*, decorated by Tony Sarg with a huge cartographer's map of Chicago in 1852. It is one of the show places of Chicago. It serves the famous Hotel Sherman food at popular prices.

There is a larger and handsomer *Celtic Grill*.

A magnificent new *Grand Ball Room*, seating 2,000, together with numerous private dining rooms, gives Hotel Sherman banquet facilities superior to any hotel in Chicago.

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

(Continued from Page 88)

with a book in front of him. But he was not reading and could not read. For he was in a state of nervous apprehension surpassing anything in his experience since the other war—the Great War. The same thought ran round and round in his mind: "What a Hades of a row when we do meet!" Then he heard the noise of an automobile approaching on the long tree-shaded straight road that skirted the canal. He jumped up, and in the distance saw in the car two figures that looked like his womenkind, together with certain luggage, the aspect of which seemed familiar.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to the captain, who came aft to meet him. "They've come back! I wonder what's happened." He acted as well as he could, but not too well.

"I thought it was them, sir," said the captain anxiously, and glad of an occasion for anxiety.

The car stopped on the quay alongside the yacht.

"Hello! Hello!" cried Jim, despite his notorious manliness almost shaking with fright. "What's this, my children?"

"Missed the steamer," called Alice nicely and with a calm smile.

The chauffeur lifted down the baby, whom Jim and the captain passed across the abyss that separated the quay wall from the yacht's side. Alice stopped the chauffeur from unloading the luggage.

"We were just waiting for the lock to open to put to sea. How lucky you had the idea of hiring a car!" The first statement was quite untrue, for Jim had had no intention of putting to sea.

"Jim," said Alice persuasively, "just come here for a moment, will you?"

He obeyed, saying to himself, "She's playing with me like a cat with a mouse. What an idiot I was to let her go away like that!"

The assembling crew, aroused from torpor by the unexpected contretemps, saw the car turn and drive off with Mr. and Mrs. James Thorpe, while Alice II ran forward to her friend, red-headed Pete, who was stretched on deck near the forecastle hatch.

"Jim," began Alice in the speeding car—the chauffeur could not possibly hear for the loud rustling of the trees—"I wanted to have a bit of a chat with you, and I thought this was the best way. There's no more privacy on a hundred-ton ship than there used to be on a fifty-tonner. I was wrong to run off like that, and when I'm wrong I prefer to say so frankly. I don't agree at all with the attitude you took about that cabin, but I can see now you were acting for the best, and you honestly thought you were right; and so, of course, you couldn't conscientiously apologize."

"Oh, my child!" said Jim. "Please! Please! I dare say I was wrong, though I didn't think so, as you say." His heart was magically lightened. For once he had been lucky. She hadn't been near the steamer. She hadn't found out about the passport snag.

She had just taken fright at the enormity of her rash foolishness in leaving him in a tantrum and had turned tail. And she had had such fear of missing the yacht that she had hired a car. She had simply flown back to him.

"But," she continued—and Jim's heart was all of a sudden heavy once more—heavier than ever—"Why did you let me and Alice II go away when you know perfectly well that we couldn't get onto the steamer without a passport?"

"I—I ——" the coward stammered.

"Did you know or didn't you know? Do be straight and tell me the truth."

"Yes, I knew."

"I suppose you thought it would be a lesson to me."

"Well, I did," said Jim shortly, intimidated by the formidableness of her tone, and wishing to heaven he had never had the unfortunate notion of teaching her a lesson.

"Well, it will be a lesson to me; but not the lesson you think. I'll never trust you again. You aren't a man and you aren't a husband. You're a horrible brute. That was what I wanted to say to you, and I'll never forgive you."

She touched the chauffeur in the middle of the back and motioned to him to return to the yacht.

"Of course," she proceeded, "I'm in your power. You know it, and I admit it fully. I couldn't get away from you no matter how much money and pluck I had. I'm fast, simply because I haven't a passport. I shall have to fall in with your wishes, and there's nothing more to be said. So I won't say another word. But I must say this ——

She went on talking until the car was once again alongside the yacht.

"The whole thing is perfectly silly. It's infantile," Jim muttered.

"You may think so, but I don't," said Alice.

They stepped onto the yacht. The crew got the luggage aboard.

"You'd better pay him, dearest," said Alice silkily, for the benefit of the crew.

"Pilot!" Jim shouted. "Find out how much that fellow wants, will you? And you pay him, skipper."

"Lock's opening, sir," said the skipper.

"All right, get her through."

Jim planted himself on the deck, feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, a statue of ferocious gloom. Up forward baby Alice II was pretending to bandage Pete's ankle. And she was absurdly like her mother at the task, though she had never seen her mother bandaging Pete's ankle. The resemblance was wonderful, incredible, very touching. Even while they were casting off, the crew gave sidelong glances at the sight and smiled; and as for the engineer, he could scarcely bring himself to descend into the engine room, so spellbound was he by the group of red-headed Pete and Alice II.

Alice herself smiled. Only Jim would not smile. He went below and dropped disgustedly on his bunk and glowered at the ceiling, cursing himself and cursing Alice, and resolving to sell the rotten yacht. Then Alice invaded his cabin.

"Oh, Lor'!" thought Jim. "More to come!"

"You great silly!" murmured Alice, bending over him and kissing him. "You great silly!" And she kissed him again. "Now kiss me—a good one."

He kissed her. All was light. In an instant of time all was happiness. But in the secrecy of his soul Jim stoutly maintained that you never knew where you were with women. When they seemed to be most serious, they weren't serious at all. And if she hadn't happened to be touched and flattered by the sight of Alice II imitating her Red Cross work upon Pete ——.

CURTAIN UP ON CONGRESS

(Continued from Page 4)

the President, in his own party or out of it, neither want nor dare not to join in the job. There has been and will be plenty of pulling and hauling over the question as to the class of taxpayers from whom the burden is to be removed. Those who are really wise in the matter know that the difference between reducing the small individual's taxes and reducing the taxes of the largest corporations is not so great as it appears. The policy of making industry pay in direct ratio to its activity has been proved a failure in Europe. There are plenty of examples in Europe of the vicious circle of taxing industry into adversity, producing unemployment, thus creating the need for more government jobs, more doles and relief and, consequently, more taxation.

Twists of the Taxation Tide

The reverse of this is cutting taxation and removing the penalty put by it on activity. Industry encouraged has jobs for everyone. Then I and other individuals may be appeased for the necessity of paying taxes. There is more money in our pockets to pay taxes with.

In the main, we are the ones who in any case pay the taxes. The man who owns the house we occupy figures his taxes into the rent he charges us; the price of commodities has figured into it the taxes on industry. It is a safe statement that nowhere in the history of the world and in no place in the world has there been a successful experiment in taxation tide which finances a centralized government dispensary of services and favors, of bureaucracy and special privilege. The people, in a transaction of this kind, pay a dollar and get back seventy-five cents, probably distributed unevenly. In the Coolidge policy, regardless of the details, the tide runs the other way.

And that is the reverse tide the people of America want today. How every little twist and turn in it shall flow is not discussed at many hearth sides. The details are at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, but the policy is at the other. The character of administrative good sense plays the lead.

It is because of the overwhelming, vital growing interest in administrative good sense that the rest of the business of the sixty-ninth Congress sinks into comparative insignificance. Every politician knows that the most difficult work in the world is to dramatize administrative good sense.

No one knows this better than Herbert Hoover. After a close contact with the accumulation of moribund organizations in the Government, with overlapping and wasting, a man with no particular interest or skill in mere jockeying politics, but with an almost unparalleled genius for seeing economic facts and interpreting them to save waste in getting things done, has exposed again the need for a business reorganization of our national administrative machine.

This other rather quiet actor in the play will be behind the attempt to induce the sixty-ninth Congress to go beyond the mere reduction in taxation and to enter into the business of a housecleaning in organization, to sweep out useless bureaucracy, which maintains itself by force of its organized political intrenchment. That force of precedent, intrenchment and political support is tremendous. Hoover knows it. I have no doubt that he believes, as I believe, that no congressional session can ever do the job. It may make passes at it, but the job, probably, can never be done until an act like the Overman Act, giving extraordinary powers to the Executive, passes the job down to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

I have seen the same top-heavy government, with too many functions and confusing duplication of effort, intensified in the example of Italy before Mussolini was granted extraordinary powers. It was said that one out of every eight of the men, women and children in Italy were on the government pay roll in some capacity. It is so easy to build a bureaucracy, so hard to cut it down by parliamentary means. In Italy, as here, every bureau or department had built up its political influence. It had, perhaps, its Association for the Reclamation of Waste Places, with local chapters scattered everywhere. Its political pressure on any parliamentary body was tremendous. It could round up an organized minority much more powerful in influencing a representative than any diffused desire on the part of the taxpayers to escape a burden could offset. For this reason the worst possible instrument of business reorganization of government is a parliamentary body. In Italy it took a Mussolini to do the work; in the United States it will take a delegation of powers from the legislative to the executive branch to do the work.

When this article appears, it may be quite possible that congressional bills drawn by serious and respected legislators in Congress will have been introduced to confer on the President some of the extraordinary powers which Mussolini has used, not—as the heated critics would say—for tyranny and oppression but to bring about, through measures well tested in the emergency of war, some efficiency in peace.

In any case, this labor of waste saving is the brother of tax reduction. It is the other half of a program of changing a government by talk to a government of efficient action; a government of coddling to a government capable of resisting the demands for subsidies on the part of organized minorities; a distended government, taking responsibility off the shoulders of locality, community and individual to a wisely deflated government, emphasizing that there is no more in any bank than the assets of its depositors; a government of hocus-pocus plans and programs to a government based, as all good government is usually based, on getting back on the foundation of administrative good sense.

Hoover does not belong in Congress. I cannot imagine a worse senator or congressman or lobbyist. But I would cast him as a headliner if I had on my hands a business, a factory, a war or a government. And so would, I believe, the American people.

It is strange to read the playbill of the sixty-ninth Congress and find that only after Coolidge and Hoover have appeared in rôles which ought to be leading, no matter how quiet, one can go to Congress itself to look for figures of compelling interest in this latest production. It is interesting to ask one thoughtful person after another who the big actors in Congress are, and see all the pondering and head scratching which goes on before the answer comes:

Borah the Individualist

"Well, somehow it seems that, like big issues, big personalities have gone out of vogue. The truth is that there are few names which suggest power and pungency and colorful quality."

There is Borah. Tested by the measures of power, pungency and colorfulness, he is an outstanding figure. Borah is a great reader and a great individualist. I have known him for years, and never one moment of that time have I felt that he belonged to any party one-half as much as he belonged to his individual convictions. One may not agree with Borah's convictions, but make no mistake by thinking that his convictions are not his convictions. He surrounds them with such a loyal love that one who often agrees with him describes him as follows:

"If Borah, with his leonine appearance and his dramatic zeal, started out to write a play called The Sun Rises in the West, on the conviction that it does, and if you went to him and presented irrefutable proof that the sun rises in the east, he would tear up his play, because he has an honest mind. But he might hate you for your interference." (Continued on Page 93)

Bringing in the Boar's Head at the old Maxwell House

Feasting such as we have read about in old-time books—or have heard described by our grandparents! Only in the South could such Christmas dinners have been planned. Only at the Maxwell House could every dish have been so delicious.

There is a thrill just in reading the old yellowed menus of those days long ago: twenty-four courses of game and fowl alone!

We can see the great dining room with its lofty ceiling, its carved wood paneling aglow with candle-light, its festoons of holly and smilax.

What a hushed moment of expectation when the Boar's Head was brought in; when the revel really began! What a succession of delights in that noble repast! What joy at last in the cups of the rich, mellow coffee which the guests liked best of all.

It was the food at the Maxwell House that made it the most celebrated hotel in the southern states—the gathering place of the notable men and women of Dixie. And it was the coffee which brought it the most lasting fame of all.

The news of it spread to all parts of the country

In the old South the news of special luxuries traveled far and fast.

Years ago the wonderful coffee served at the Maxwell House became known far and wide in that land of good things to eat and drink. It was a particular blend of fine coffees, so rich, so mellow that those who tasted it once carried the memory of it to their homes.

In city after city families who appreciated the best took steps to secure Maxwell House Coffee for their own use. Gradually its fame spread to all parts of the country.

Today the same blend of coffee that delighted the old South is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago still blend and roast it today.

What pleasure you will find in the mellow richness and aroma of this coffee! To you, as to the distinguished guests of the old Maxwell House, the very first taste will bring a new idea of just how wonderful a cup of coffee can really be. You will understand why it has pleased more people than any other high grade coffee ever offered for sale. Give it to your family for breakfast tomorrow. All better grocers have Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

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Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

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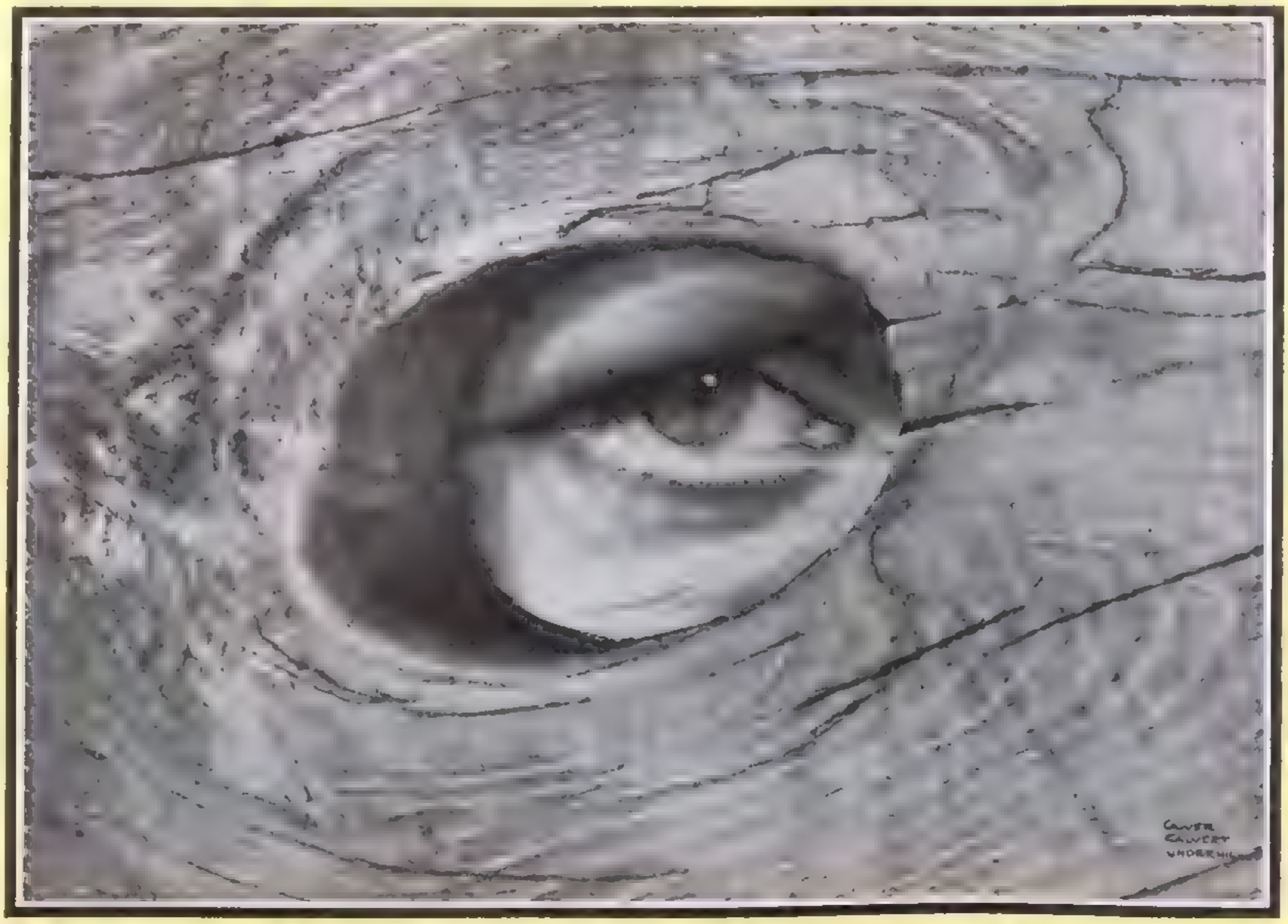


Knot-holes and.... eyesight

A KNOT-HOLE in the fence—what a skimped way of looking at anything! It's true, of course, that the youngster watching a baseball game has the choice of more than one knot-hole. If he picks a poor one, he can try another.

But *you* haven't even that choice! You have never looked through any eyes but your own. Your eyes, good or poor, are the one "knot-hole" through which you can look.

How can you tell, then, if your eyes are defective? You have no way of comparing. While you fondly imagine that everybody else sees exactly as you do, the fact may be that your eyes are below average.

Don't be fooled by the fact that you can read distant signs. Even though your *eyesight* seems perfect, your *eyes* may not be. Forcing defective eyes to do the work of normal eyes brings on headaches, depression and nervousness.

There is only one way to find the facts. An eye examination will tell you *what you can never know otherwise.* It will show you whether you have been seeing as distinctly and easily as you should—as others around you have been seeing. Don't cheat yourself! Have your eyes examined without delay.

* * *

Write us today for an interesting and valuable new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

Have your eyes examined!

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

ESTABLISHED 1833

Continued from Page 90

Borah belongs to nobody but himself. He has done invaluable service in charging upon and trampling down unfairness, injustice, conspiracy against the public interest and the traps foreign nations have set to snarl up the United States. If, during this sixty-ninth production of Congress and Capitol, anyone tramples down the World Court proposal and strips any mask from it, and is able to show that it is a way of playing us and our Monroe Doctrine and our welfare into a position of minority interest, it will be Borah. Borah is a mask stripper. It is not as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee that Borah is important. Borah is important as Borah. Whether you like Borah convictions or not, Borah is the tool of the interests. But the interests he tries to represent are the interests of the United States.

The Penrose personality—once set up by us progressives as all that was unholy—nevertheless has in its size no existent parallel. There was a grim ability to decide, a granite quality, a ruggedness. There is no Dolliver in the Senate now. There is no Root. Such figures are missing.

Some of the finely etched or broad-stroked characters of the older days made their big issues. Some of them were made by big issues. But on this present stage there are no big issues. Two great parties which cannot even clearly define their differences, perhaps, require no heavy artillery to storm the opposition.

Everyone has heard in the past few years voices deploring the "lack of courage in the political parties to make big issues." But is it deplorable? Must we always have big issues? One big issue is efficient government—a nonpartisan issue. It is not out of the range of wisdom to suggest that competition between two great political parties may well rest for a time merely on the struggle to prove superiority in administrative good sense.

The leader of the majority party in the Senate—Curtis—is a cautious and wise and canny Kansas man. It is not of great consequence that he is not always throwing himself on the screen of national interest. Our national family is in no squabble, our family council has no great decision to make. We merely want things to be put in order and kept in order. Not even the agricultural problem, not even the merchant marine problem, not even the railway consolidation problem, not even the tariff problem is yet ripe enough to center all eyes upon it.

The Plot

Some day the first of these, and perhaps others, may come tearing down the middle of the road; but today the performance the American people expect of Congress is a performance of the business at hand—the business of maintaining our prosperity and our unity and cutting down the costs.

Prosperity may be a disgrace, unity may seem irritatingly dull to restless minds, and cutting down the costs may appear sordid and unromantic to those who want history written with a noisy pen; but Coolidge and Hoover and Curtis and Nicholas Longworth, the Speaker of the House, do not think so. And the audience does not think so.

"On the whole, the audience may become quite tired of our production, as you call it," says one congressman. "A long session—lasting at least until July—may make the spectators yawn a little and wish that the playwright had cut out some of the long monologues."

That is true. And it will be particularly true if the old chessboard of politics is brought out on the stage and petty struggles for political advantage of parties or of individual politicians go on. A great many of the swords and daggers drawn by both sides in the Teapot Dome discussions gave out a tinny clank. If the investigations of the Internal Revenue Bureau and public lands are not, when they are brought out on this stage, attacked with real steel, they will be rated as bad padding for a dramatic piece already sufficiently long, already sufficiently destined to build mounds of talk.

Another Colorful Character

Perhaps the Vice President, another colorful character in this production, but who has not yet been assigned much more of a part than other performers who have worn his costume in the past, was cognizant of the world-wide reaction against government by talk when he made his campaign for the so-called cloture rule for the Senate. The country would have been with him on his proposal if it had not sensed that a future day, when some important issues arose, would demand full discussion, free expression for the sake of safety against action taken too quickly. Perhaps safe action on really large matters cannot be had without that buzzing of the voices which somehow attracts truth up from its deepest concealments.

"What do you think of the Dawes proposal to the Senate?" I asked a Western congressman shortly after the Dawes inaugural speech had been delivered.

"Well, I'll tell you about that," he replied. "Dawes has served his country mighty well. He served it in the war, he served it in the budget business and he put over the Dawes Plan. And now he wants to give more service. And I feel like the girl who was taken by a young man to tea, to dinner, the theater and a dancing club. When he got her home to her own steps he said, 'And now I will give you a kiss!' So she said, 'Well, maybe not; I think you've done enough for me already.'"

Over the Teacups

When the sensational climaxes come in this Congress they will be built upon investigations, upon the skirmish raids in an agricultural fight which one day will become a real and compelling issue, upon the repetition of attempts by opponents to put the President into a minority position. There will be attempts to form blocs around minority interests, and to use them to hold up the majority interests of us all and ask us to stand and deliver. Otherwise the action of the play will follow the quieter, broader road of administrative efficiency, of economy, of the noiseless Coolidge leadership.

Peeping out from the wings will appear the faces of early presidential possibilities, eager, watching for the feet of other actors to slip, watching sometimes for chances to throw a banana peel under some incautious foot. Already the whispering about 1928 has begun in Washington—that city of futile premature speculations.

Tea will be served, and conversation about aviation and prohibition and national defense and the attitude of Europe toward us, and debt settlements will go on around the hearth sides of that eternal group of Washington ladies, which sometimes includes the impulsive intelligence of an Alice Longworth and sometimes includes the gestures and phraseology of intrigue from those who do not know what is going on at all. Names are discussed with bated breath whose mention five years from now will be greeted by the raised eyebrows of complete forgetfulness.

Serious men will sit up with their secretaries, drafting some new bill that will lift the weight of toil and striving from the shoulders of mankind and put it on the shoulders of the Government. And five years from now someone will find the manuscript in the bottom drawer of a secondhand desk and use it to wipe out the dust

This political stage presents an astonishing pageant of ambition destined for short flight.

And yet, much as our representative system has degenerated, the chorus behind the principal figures in the play consists in the main, not of the cowardly compromising company as some like to picture it, but of earnest and toiling men who, within the limits of their vision, want things well and righteously done.

The curtain is up! The overture has been played! The actors have appeared! The program has been read!

But to me the deepest interest is not in this sixty-ninth performance. The deepest interest is in the indications, no matter how slight, no matter how dim the shapes which move across the wall, which point to the tomorrows of America.

Democracy has always been something of a sphinx. So is our own.

The Sixty-ninth Congress may reduce taxes, may confirm debt settlements, may join or reject the World Court, may debate a thousand measures; but if the great American audience looks closely it may see in this Congress and Capitol, and read into its lines, the indications of the deeper currents in our national existence.

More Questions Than Answers

In Coolidge there can be found a growing realization that governments do not make mankind, but that mankind makes governments, and this is true whether the moral or economic influence is concerned. In him and his feelings and expressions one can see an expanding conviction that the individuals at the bottom and not the government at the top make the worth of a nation.

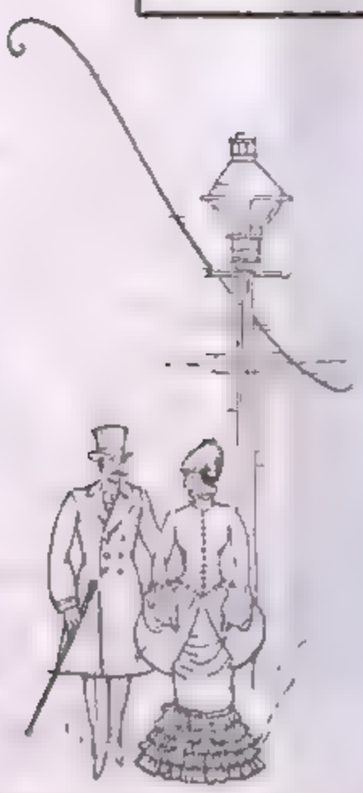
It is so easy to want legislation to replace self-reliance, so easy to centralize responsibility—as far as possible from the individual citizen—and so difficult to get it back in the little boxes where it belongs.

In Hoover there can be found a new symbol of our fast-growing national mastery. We have come to the age of giants and fairies, miracles and marvels, until we look in awe and with trembling of our nerves at the things we have created. As much as any man in Government, Hoover represents the spirit of willingness to take on the task of management and mastery of materialism.

In Congress itself we may see, if we look closely, the menace of sectionalism, of disunity, of our democracy sliding away from service to us all, to break up into contentious representative groups, each carrying some banner of a selfish few; or, by better fortune, we may see that our feet are firmly walking away from wrecks of democracy such as we have seen in Europe.

In brief, to the intelligent and observant minds of America, I am certain that this Congress will ask more questions of profound importance than it will even attempt to answer.

Tourists Entering the White House Grounds to Get a Glimpse of President Coolidge



The distinctive services of the old Palmer House attracted the patronage of celebrated guests from all parts of the world. With new and improved facilities, the Palmer House of today will continue the old character of its hospitality. These illustrations show a part of the Great Hall and a guest room.

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN THE CENTER

New Building

now continues the traditions of an old hotel

PALMER HOUSE
CHICAGO

IN its third generation of service, the Palmer House, Chicago, will open its new building on Monday, December 21, 1925.

Early in the 'seventies the Palmer House established standards of hospitality which satisfied the most rigid requirements of world travelers. Today, with new equipment and new appointments, the spirit of that former service as well as the tradition of giving generous value continues unchanged.

Public and private rooms are both spacious and attractive. In addition, the plan of operation provides the guest with practically all of the advantages of both the small and the large hotel. To accomplish this, each guest floor has been made independent of every other floor so far as possible. A floor clerk's office with an extended scope of personal service eliminates almost entirely the necessity of a guest's contact with the hotel's main office. A reception room on every floor provides a place where the guest may lounge or entertain visitors without descending to the larger public rooms.

One entire floor for women guests includes the usual reception room, a writing room and library, and affords a personalized, complete service and information bureau to assist women travelers and shoppers.

Servidors in every guest room, for the sake of privacy; four types of restaurants; a complete hospital and staff; children's playgrounds and kindergarten; and other conveniences too numerous to recount in detail evidence the management's desire to omit nothing which will make for the comfort and well-being of the patrons of the Palmer House.

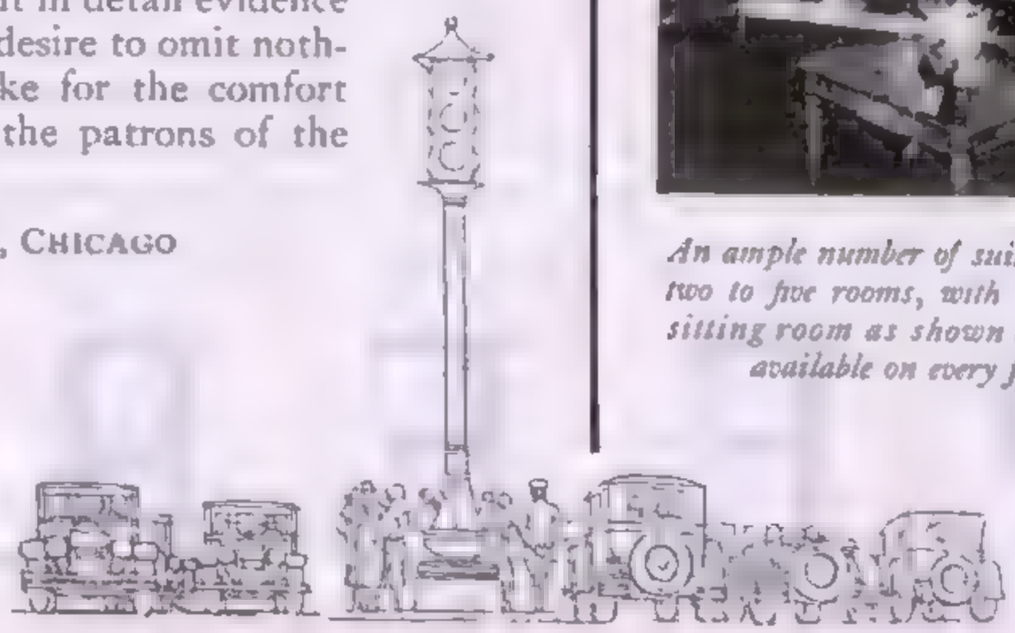
MONROE STREET, STATE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO
WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*

Broadcasting daily—
WJJD

Victorian Dining Room. One of four types of restaurants, including a lunch room, where the skill of Palmer House chefs will continue a distinguished cuisine.

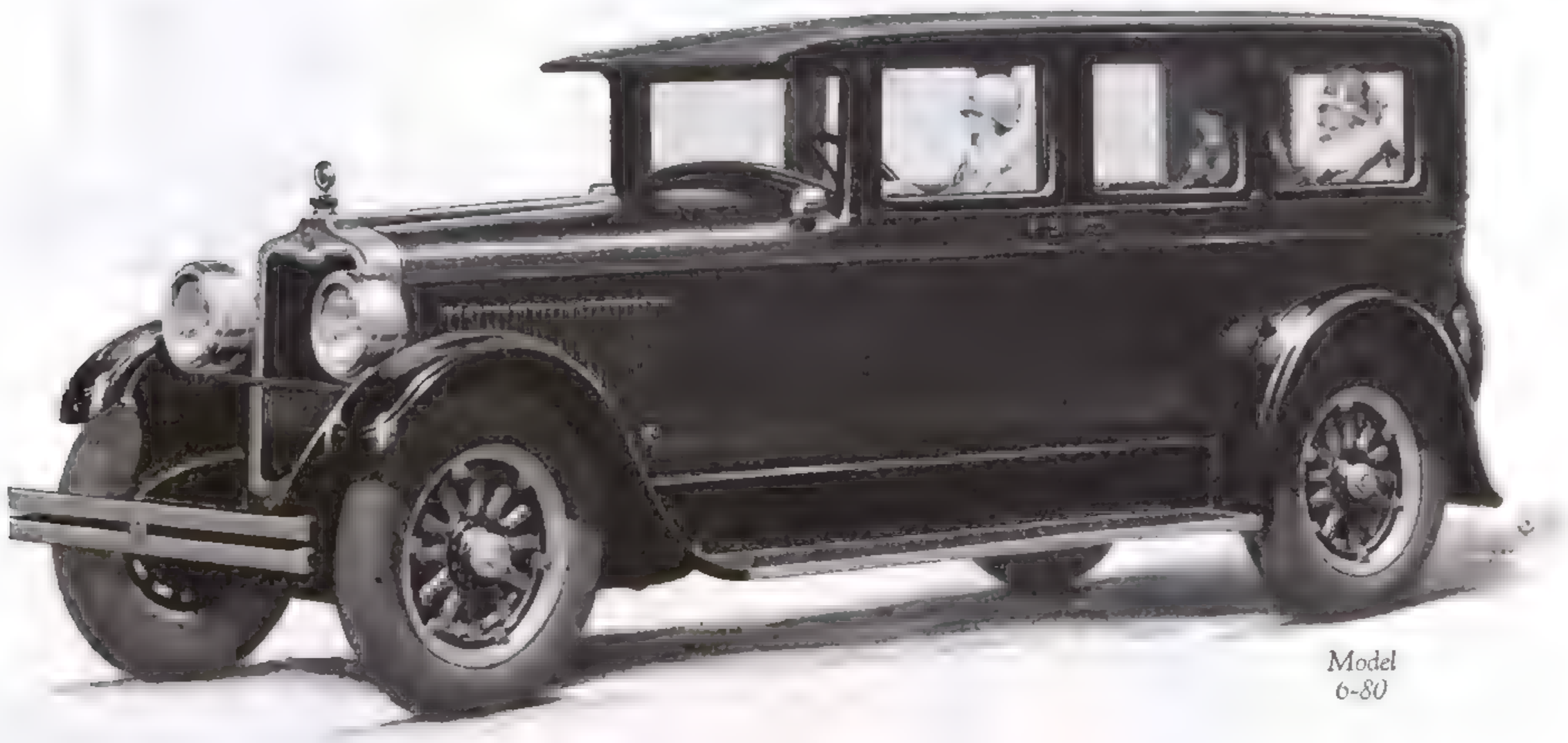
Guest Room. Throughout every floor the guest will find commodious rooms, bathrooms and wardrobe closets, as well as furniture and furnishings of an attractive character.

An ample number of suites of from two to five rooms, with or without sitting room as shown above, are available on every floor.



OF CHICAGO'S LOOP

The Most Remarkable Value Ever Offered at $1595



Model 6-80

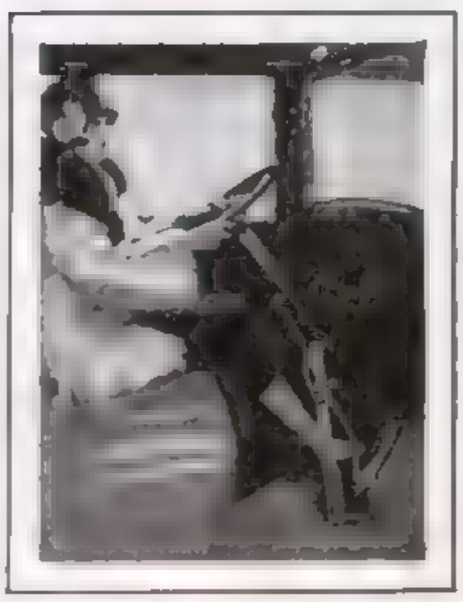
—and it's a Peerless Sedan

A PEERLESS Sedan for $1595! It hardly seems possible. And such a car!

Only a month old, and already acclaimed the sensation of the year.

Everywhere the word is coming back—"the 6-80 is the supreme achievement of Peerless."

Only Peerless engineering and Peerless factory practice could make this car possible.



In spite of the short wheelbase, both front and rear compartments of the 6-80 Sedan are unusually roomy and comfortable

It is the Peerless answer to the persistent demand for power, roominess and comfort, combined with a short wheelbase and utmost ease of handling.

To see the 6-80 Sedan and to settle yourself in its roomy interior, you'd never imagine that its wheelbase is only 116 inches. But it's a fact.

Only with that short wheelbase could you have such extraordinary ease of steering or such a short turning radius. You can actually turn this Peerless in a 40 foot circle.

You have never sat at the wheel of a moderate priced car that so surely had the "feel" of abundant power and dependability.

You have never stepped on a brake pedal that gave such instant response as you get from these oversize, hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

There's no vibration

A seven-bearing crankshaft is coupled with a Lanchester dampener. That enables this Peerless to deliver its astounding power with an absolute lack of vibration.

You can speed well up to 70 miles an hour without a suggestion of vibration from the motor.

You can go from 5 to 25 M. P. H. in 7 seconds. You know what that means when traffic's thick.

But even with these advantages in mind, you must see the 6-80 Sedan and ride in it to realize fully what a revolutionary improvement it is.

It is unquestionably the outstanding car value of the day!

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

PEERLESS

PEERLESS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD CAR

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

(Continued from Page 5)

After tea every afternoon, she took her old dog Pom for a little run and her daughter wrote letters. Those interminable letters to old friends! A girlish habit! Then Rose I came in with the dog and Rose II went out and posted the letters she had written. In the back hall was a peg on which hung a hat called The Hat. It was an old, a squashy hat. Anyone put it on indiscriminately to take out the dog or go to the post or do gardening. Under the hat hung The Shawl and The Ulster. Anyone put these on indiscriminately too. Habits! Routine!

Day after day it was the same. They tired grandma. She used to think about her daughter: "If she'd only marry again and leave me to my own life! I suppose she thinks it's over; but life is never over," she said to herself. "Casual, puddingy, too soft, all her generation! No fire; no imagination; no idea of the intrigue of life! She does not understand, and she has never understood—anything."

She looked down at her feet on the footstool, for the armchair was rather high and rather old-fashioned, and she needed something for her feet. Besides, she liked footstools; her generation understood them and their uses. Her feet looked so pretty on it. Little feet. She was very particular about her slippers. The toes—impossibly pointed; the heels—dangerously high. The buckles flashing, saying, "Look at these feet!"

She smiled an immemorial smile.

"I would like to have two or three years all to myself. Life is never over," mused Rose I.

Rose II was in the small kitchen, spick-and-span. The spick-and-span elderly maid had an afternoon off. Rose II prepared a tray.

"If something would happen!" she thought to herself foolishly. "I want ——" The kettle boiled. "Something ever so small; the littlest thing would do!" thought Rose II. "She doesn't understand."

She carried the tea tray upstairs, and there in a perfect little young girl's bedroom lay Rose III, with her slightly sprained ankle, and history books and notebooks and pencils strewing the white lace counterpane.

"Had a busy afternoon, love?"

"Frightfully busy, mother," said Rose III, shutting a history book somewhat in a hurry.

"Rather an uninteresting period set for the examination, love," said Rose II, with mechanical sympathy; "all those political intrigues and repeals of laws, and so on."

"Oh, mother, that is because you have such womanish ideas about everything! Your generation had! I love politics, and anyone who is deeply interested in the progress of the empire absolutely must be interested in the study of laws. It involves the whole question of sociology, you see. It is a clear guide to the march of thought. But you don't see, of course. Never mind, mother. . . . Thank you for bringing the tea."

Rose II arranged the tray comfortably.

"Let me poke up your fire."

"Thank you, mother."

Rose III, leaning on her pillows, watched her mother poke the fire. Such a kind little round figure with its placid face—oh, yes, kind indeed!

A wild lock from her short rebellious hair fell over Rose III's knitted brows and her eyes glowed out beneath it.

The sheer simple unimaginativeness of the dear woman! The blank! The vacuum! What on earth did people like that mother by the fire ever think about? Or did they think at all? Probably not. Kind cows! They wanted nothing. They knew nothing. They'd never had anything.

"And this is life!" thought Rose III, staring from big blue eyes at the relict of Frederick. "I live with a Victorian poker made of best steel, and a vegetable. If only something would happen! Smash! A big thing! If only!"

Rose II returned from the fire and pulled the bedspread straight.

"You don't seem to have made many notes this afternoon, love."

"I have been reading and thinking before putting things down, mother."

"No doubt you know the best way, love. I'm sure you'll matriculate next year."

"I'm sure too," replied Rose III in a clear hard voice.

"Nothing else you want, love?"

"If you'd leave me to go on working, mother ——"

Rose II went out. "There is no link," she thought resignedly, "between one generation and the next. Rose is all new thought and ambition and science. Mother is all Spartan fortitude. Neither of them will ever understand, because different generations have no common ground."

She shut the door very softly. Her clever, remote little daughter was studying.

Rose III smiled the immemorial smile. She picked up the fattest of the history books. She guessed she could lick through mere data of laws and wars and cabinets and get it by heart quite well enough. She was absorbed in the love story of Parnell. She dug herself into her pillows; her blue eyes swam; her red mouth was redder. There were a great warmth and wonder at her heart.

"And what is the dear child doing?" said grandma downstairs.

"Studying hard. She is so enthusiastic about politics and sociology and everything."

"They are like that nowadays," said grandma, with her air of derision. And she looked down at her feet on the footstool, the little feet of many memories.

"Well," said Rose I, "we have really decided to send for the coat in the mail-order catalogue. It looks a nice coat, and it is better to give the dear child one really good present between us than two little ones. Will you write or shall I?"

That was how the Christmas coat came to the Hollies. Rose III being still upstairs in bed with her sprained ankle, the secret of the coat's arrival could be easily kept.

"Let us unpack it this afternoon," said Rose I. And when their usual hour of rest before the fire came, when the afternoon was waning and Pom slumbered between them, they unpacked the coat.

"Well, of course," said Rose I, sitting forward in her easy-chair and clutching at the arms.

"It's better than I thought from the catalogue," stammered Rose II, "and catalogues sometimes deceive one so too. It—it ——"

"It is for your child," said grandma, which was a little strange, seeing that they had never had any intention of buying the coat for anyone else. And she leaned back again, closing her eyes.

"It should be hung," said Rose II, fondling the coat. "We should never fold it so well again; it might get creased. The question is—in my wardrobe or yours?"

"In mine."

"Mine is bigger."

"In neither," said Rose I, keeping her eyes shut. "Let it have a cupboard all to itself in the spare room."

"It is a beautiful, lovely, divine, marvelous coat!"

"It is a fairly satisfactory coat," said grandma, keeping her eyes shut.

Rose II hung the coat in the empty wardrobe in the spare room.

For the rest of the first day the coat hung undisturbed.

There was just a week to Christmas. The routine at the Hollies went on evenly as usual. In the mornings Rose I and Rose II walked, chatting here and there with people in the village; in the afternoons there was that quiet hour by the fire before the elderly maid brought lamps and tea; after tea, Rose II wrote her letters, those letters which kept her in touch with things and people of the days when her heart had fluttered more, and to more purpose; letters which were more numerous now at Christmastime; and just as usual during the hour that Rose II wrote her letters, Rose I put on The Hat and The Shawl or The Ulster and took Pom for his last little airing down the drive before bedtime. Just as usual after supper Rose II put on The Hat, with The Shawl or The Ulster, and slipped out to post the letters which would then be in time for the nine o'clock collection. And all the day Rose III, so new, strong and modern, and bleak in her ideas, studied history from its sociological viewpoint upstairs in her bed.

On the day after the coat's arrival, when Rose II settled down to her writing bureau for her letters, grandma rose in her accustomed manner, uttered her daily "Come, Pom," added in her accustomed manner, "Pom and I will go for our little run, my darling, and leave you in peace," and left the room. But when she proceeded to that peg in the back hall on which The Hat, The Shawl and The Ulster hung, she took only The Hat. She went soundlessly upstairs, Pom toiling after. And a moment later she was locked in the spare room, standing entranced before the coat. She put it on.

It was a shortish coat of the mode, flared, flounced, collared and cuffed deeply with fur; a dark-red coat. Oh!

Her silk skirt hung four inches below it. She hitched up the skirt. Now!

"I am not old," said Rose I. "But I wish I could have a few years all to myself. Yes, I do. Life is never over till a woman's dead."

She passed out silently, stealthily, in the coat. The Hat came down nearly to the upturned collar. Between them her eyes were bright.

"Sh-h, Pom!"

So they crept out into the drive. It was a moonlit, starlit night of hard frost. And there had been no hunting in that country for days, for the frosts had been so hard. Many men, looking out of the window in the mornings, had asked themselves the dire question, "What'll I do with myself today?"

Of course there was one man who had come down for a few days' hunting in that country who was not thus at a loose end. He had a quest. It was a point of reputation to find a wife and take her back to Rhodesia. He had a car and scoured the country. And he prowled forlornly about Frimley, where he had no old friends left at all, though the inn made him feel at home and very comfortable.

He was walking past the Hollies on the moonlit, starlit night of frost when he heard a little patter of feet upon gravel. Instinct made him look through the gate. There was doubtless a wife or probable wife there in that very house. Yet how reach her? How investigate?

It was just here, on this thought, that Charles perceived walking towards him, through the glorious white light of the moon, encouraging the activities of a wheezy little dog, a light slight figure. She was more of an impression than a detailed picture. She wore a coat—short, furred and wide about the hem, extravagantly high as to collar, extravagantly heavy as to cuff, such as other women were wearing, or hoped to wear; yet it was different from other women's coats. A hat was crammed down cozily upon her head. And her feet! Her feet! All the gods! Her feet! Charles, like a good many other men with an eye for the attractions of life, felt always convinced that he knew from the way a woman put her feet down, in a line, one slenderly in front of the other as she walked, just what sort of woman she was. This woman placed her feet down slenderly, daintily, in line, almost as she might walk a tight rope. Woman? A mere girl, of course, by the way she moved; and what a girl, if he could only see over the collar, inside the coat!

And a little sound came to him, and he thought he had never heard anything so happy, so gay. As she walked, half under her breath, she was singing. Not a wonderful voice; one could barely hear it sufficiently to criticize. But all the gods! What gayety! What verve! What joy of life!

"She!" said Charles within himself, and he stopped just outside the open gate of the drive, gazing.

She drew level with Charles, and gazing he saw, over the collar of the coat, under the hat brim, two dark bright caves that were her eyes. Her eyes lingered on Charles. He removed the pipe from his mouth by an automatic gesture. She passed outside the gate and Pom followed. They went a little way up the moonlit lane, Charles following. They turned and repassed Charles, and again the dark bright caves of her eyes shone at him. Once more she reached the gate, and at the gate she looked back. And in the middle of the moonlit road she saw Charles standing, gazing after her.

Grandma was very bright, very gay, at supper. There was a spice to her.

"Certainly you ought to marry again, my darling," said she persuasively to Rose II; "some quiet nice man like your poor Frederick who was so suited to you. I wish you would marry again."

"What would you do all alone, mother?"

"Oh, I can get about beautifully, my darling. I—I—I feel I should get about a great deal."

"I think, mother," said Rose II, according to the usual routine, "I will slip out to the post."

Now when she slipped out to the post she had always enjoyed it. The dark—or moon; the solitude; the freedom; the lovely sense of being for a minute lost from the Hollies, in the night, stimulated her. Anything might happen.

"I should put on The Shawl, my darling. It was cold when I took Pom out. I was glad of The Shawl myself."

So Rose II got up and grandma settled by the fire. Grandma looked very roguish and dreamy. A tiny smile hovered on her mouth. Rose II shut the door quietly and went to the peg where The Hat hung. Rose II smiled the immemorial smile. She took The Hat; but then she fled upstairs, listening with all her ears at every fleet step. She opened the spare-room door and tiptoed in. The coat looked absolutely ready for her.

They were all much of a height, all little women, these Roses. It would have been so much easier to resist had she been small and the coat big; had she been big and the coat small. But ——

Her skirt hung two inches below its hem. She hitched it up. Now?

Life wasn't over yet.

So, to the pillar box halfway down the lane.

Well, Charles had gone back to his dinner at the inn, all in a fret and fever. Who was she? True to his desire to find the one and only girl entirely by himself, he did not call the landlord and ask, "Er—who lives at the Hollies now?" It would have been too easy. She was his secret. He ate a poor dinner, drank two strong whisky-and-sodas, felt incredibly brave and painfully romantic, and in this mood went out into the beautiful frosty night for his after-dinner smoke. And his feet led him to the Hollies, for he wished to look upon the ironwork of the gates, the clipped hedges of the drive and the chimneys of the house.

It was a quarter to nine. He looked through the iron fretwork of the gates, between the clipped hedges of the drive, and saw coming toward him again the girl in the coat. She came lightly. How beautifully she put her feet down! And he heard the tiny snatch of song she was singing, sung low, but with all her heart. She had

A Christmas gift for pipe-smoking bank presidents —and others

"Us fellows who smoke never forget one another" —this Club's sentiment

What better example of the true Christmas spirit than this letter of Mr. Johnson, a Nebraska bank president:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Virginia

Gentlemen

One of my customers presented me, at Christmas time, with a half-pound tin of Edgeworth, out of appreciation for services rendered him during the probation of his father's estate.

In thanking him for the gift I told him that it appealed to me for two reasons—the spirit in which it was given, and the fact that he remembered the kind of smoking tobacco I have used for the past ten years. He made use of an expression which will interest you and which appealed to me.

The expression used was, "Us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never forget one another."

Very truly yours,
J. V. Johnson

Of course in this case, Edgeworth happened to be the recipient's ten-year favorite tobacco. But in other cases that we know of, the gift serves as a happy introduction to Edgeworth and a means of bringing an enthusiastic new member into the Club.

To make it still easier for "us fellows who smoke Edgeworth never to forget one another," the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1M South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

something white in her hand against the darkness of the coat—letters. She opened the gate, came into the road, saw the glow of Charles' pipe.

With an automatic gesture he removed the pipe. She turned her head and looked at him full; he could see the dark shadows of her eyes. She would remember him there earlier in the evening; she would remember how he turned to look after her on her homeward way; she would think ——

Let her think! It was gloriously true.

Then she went on up the lane, hastening, and Charles stood quite still, near the gate, though not unmannerly near, looking after her. And when she had posted the letters and was approaching again, he watched her approach. He snatched off his cap and stood holding it in one hand and his pipe in the other, until she had gone on lingering feet within the gate and with lingering hands shut it again. Then through the gate she looked again at him, poised on her so light feet. Their eyes met.

It was very silent. There was nothing alive on the white road save themselves. It was a fairy night. She began to run to the house up the drive.

"Queer," said Charles to himself, now leaning on the gate, with his heart going like a piston—"queer how absolutely sure one is when it really happens. Fellows have told me so, but now I know. And queer—queer—how a man cannot possibly mistake the real thing!"

The Hat hung on the peg again over The Ulster and The Shawl, the coat was in the spare-room wardrobe, and Rose II entered the charming sitting room, humming. Grandma was humming too.

"Christmas makes us all gay," said she.

Rose II sat down and put her feet on the fender, while grandma's remained on the accustomed footstool. Rose II looked down at her feet. Rose I looked down at her feet. All little feet, both pairs strangely light, happily restless, tonight.

"What small feet we all have, mother," said Rose II, disguising her pride in her own little pedal extremities by just putting them on a par with the rest.

"Mine are half a size smaller than anyone's," said Rose I.

Ten o'clock.

"Let us say good night to the dear child," said Rose I. And they went together to the bedroom where Rose III lay with her histories, and so on, around her, and a stern abstracted expression drawn over her face as soon as she heard the door knob turn.

She had just closed her history book at the love story of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, having been absorbedly comparing that domestic idyl with the affairs of Mary Queen of Scots, the Parnell story, and the more erotic episodes of Charles II.

"Still not tired of the Corn Laws?" asked grandma, tucking in one side of the white lace cover.

"Your head will ache, love, if you study so late," said Rose II, tucking in the other.

"Do realize, dears," said Rose III, smiling tolerantly, "that my generation is so different. All sides of life are open to us, and woman's sphere embraces everything."

So the old dears went away and she could switch on the light again which they had switched off, look at herself in the hand mirror that she kept under her pillow, and open the history book again.

"I wish something would happen," thought Rose III; "something lovely. I wish I had been Mary Queen of Scots: I expect there were more men in it really than Darnley and Bothwell and her husband. I wish I had been Cleopatra or Ninon, or Helen, or or -even Nell Gwyn or La Pompadour. And how Parnell must have loved that woman! And Queen Victoria was a year younger than me when ——"

"I may assume," said Charles to himself when the light of the next morning broke upon him, and the chambermaid came in with shaving water, saying the frost was harder than ever, so there would be no hunting again that day, "that about six o'clock she takes the dog for a little trot; and about 8:30 or 8:45 she goes out to the pillar box to post letters. One must be prepared, of course, for disappointments; someone else may take the dog for a trot at six; or there may be no letters to post, although in Christmas week that is unlikely. But I sort of feel sure that today will be all right. Today she'll do it the same as yesterday."

Of course, he hovered about the village a little in the morning, in case the girl in the coat should appear but, apart from the ordinary villagers, he saw only two ladies, an old one and a less old one—mother and daughter, perhaps—going to decorate the church, so he got out his car and tore over the countryside and thought things out.

He thought of several pretty things to do, for this would be no ordinary courtship. First of all, before he spoke, he would make her feel that his presence near her gate was a definite matter with a definite purpose; he would make her feel his respectful admiration and adoration. He would communicate with her dumbly, but in language which no woman misunderstands. For she was coming back with him to Rhodesia in February!

Charles went very seriously to the tryst at six o'clock. Frost crisped the world and the moon went sailing high and white in the sky. On his long drive that day he had found a florist's and bought a boxful of hothouse flowers and with him now he brought one supreme rose. He put on his big coat that muffled him and sent a giant shadow before him, and this shadow, lying across the white road, the lady of the coat saw before she arrived at her gate with her wheezy old dog. This shadow warned her that the unknown admirer stood there, and sent a little laughter into the husky small voice that sang under its breath. And directly she came out of the gate she turned her head with a direct, a provocative, a charming, movement, and looked at him with those eyes that were all he could see of her face between the hat brim and the great upturned collar of the wonderful coat.

Charles thought, "How many days before I'll be able to turn down that damned collar and see?" And he waited patiently for her return from her walk up the lane with the wheezy little dog.

Charles reckoned on all dogs liking him, because all dogs always did. A mere flick of two fingers brought the wheezy one to him on their return, and into the wheezy one's collar he tucked the great rose and sent him to his mistress. And the lady of the coat hovered and hesitated on her so little feet, and bent down and took the rose, and put it to her nose with the most delicate gesture and looked at him—she must be smiling behind that collar, mustn't she?—and went away up the drive to the hidden house, while all the time he stood cap in hand.

"Now," said Charles to himself, "at 8:30 or 8:45, as it may be—the violets."

Thus at 8:45 it was so. There she came, with the letters, squares of white in her hand, the coat flouncing round her charming legs not far below her knees; and there was Charles, muffled in the greatcoat that sent his giant shadow before him, and there was a great scent of violets. When the little lady returned from the post box, Charles stood cap in hand, six paces away, and the violets—such a bouquet of them with a lavender frill round—hung on the latch of the gate.

She hovered and hesitated on her so little feet. She took the violets and put them to her face. She looked over them at Charles. There was such a silence! She was gone.

"Tomorrow, and then tomorrow," said Charles to himself. It had been good work.

Grandma was very dreamful after supper that night; dreamful, but with a spice to her. She wore at the breast of her black silk a supreme rose—that the vicar's wife had sent her as a specimen of what their new gardener could do.

Rose II had violets at her breast, and a bouquet of them on her dressing table. They had come by the afternoon's post—when grandma was dozing—from one of those female friends of bygone days to whom she still wrote so much. So, you see, correspondence had results! Certainly, writing and posting letters had sweet results!

"I have been thinking, my darling, that of course you can't duplicate your poor Frederick all in a minute, simply by suddenly deciding to do so; but wouldn't you like to go away for Christmas—for a little change—to please me?"

"Oh, mother, I have been thinking the same of you. Of course, I couldn't at the moment leave my child."

"I will gladly nurse your dear child, my darling."

"Oh, mother, don't you think it would do you good to go away for a few days at Christmas? You could visit ——"

"Oh, no, my darling, I shall not go away at Christmas."

"Nor I, mother; certainly not. That child must not leave her bed for a fortnight at least."

"I would be on the safe side, my darling, and make it three weeks. The rest must be beneficial while she is working her brain so hard, even if she feels her ankle is better."

"Do go away, mother."

"And what would you do, my darling?"

"I should manage beautifully."

"And so should I. I—I—I should—get about a great deal. Do go away, my darling."

"No, mother."

"And no, my darling."

"Lilies of the valley tomorrow and carnations next day, to be delivered to me by rail, car or what you like, but without fail, and darn the price, I tell you!" said Charles, telephoning the distant florist who had served him so well. "And after that, what shall you arrange, do you ask? Orange blossom, I should hope. Good night."

The next day—colder than ever. "Mother, won't you let Lydia take Pom out for his little run after tea? There she is, with literally nothing to do, in the kitchen."

"My darling, I love the frost. Let me see you settled down to write those letters of yours, and don't worry about me."

Yes, it was cold; clear, crisp, piercing. Grandma came in with extraordinary brightness of eye and pinkness of cheek, and put her tiny feet side by side on the footstool and looked at them. What had she heard him murmur as Pom wheezed to her with lilies of the valley tucked in his collar? "I love and adore your feet." Just that—out of the blue, longingly. Well, men were like that. Didn't she know?

"Won't you let Lydia run to the post with those letters, my darling? You don't enjoy the frost as I do."

"I do enjoy the frost, and—and—I wouldn't dream of troubling Lydia, thank you. Now, mother, quite comfy? Quite snug while I run out?"

"Oh, quite snug; I shan't stir from this chair and this fire." Thus grandma, smiling secretly at the blaze.

Rose II came in, flying up to the spare room with the coat, pink and bright. Just as she took the second bouquet of lilies of the valley off the latch of the gate where they hung, so fragrant, surely he had said something, this tall unknown: "You are the charmingest thing in the world. Haven't we mutual friends so that I could meet you?"

Rose II cast him a laughing glance and hurried in.

Carnation day.

"Come, Pom," said grandma.

He was there. Indubitably he loved. As she took the carnations from the wheezy ambassador, she heard him speak softly: "I wish it weren't so cold. You might—you might turn that collar down."

Grandma sat sober as a judge with her feet on the footstool. Turn that collar down? Would she? Ah, no. Perhaps not.

(Continued on Page 100)

News of First National Pictures

"In the unguarded hours that come to all mortals, pause here and gather spiritual strength."

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

UPON one stunted flight of stairs depended a woman's happiness—her reputation rested on that brief descent before which she hesitated.

Doris Kenyon plays the woman and Milton Sills as Duke Andrea has the most chivalrous role of his career. In the romantic glamour of Italy, where courage and hearts vibrate, this emotional drama maintains a fast, fascinating pace.

The cast also includes Charles Beyer, Dolores Cassinelli, Lorna Duveen, Cornelius Keefe and Claude King. Directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision, from Margaretta Tuttle's story.

Extreme left, Lorna Duveen; Circle, Charles Bever, Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills and at left the two co-stars.

Miss Kenyon and Cornelius Keefe from the magnificent ballroom scene of "The Unguarded Hour."

Frank Lloyd presents "THE SPLENDID ROAD"

SHE kissed him on the cheek—because it was a kiss to be remembered!

This was Sandra, the pioneer woman of the California Gold Rush. Frank Lloyd has made her a vivid figure. The director who made "The Sea Hawk" has glorified the most glorious era of adventure—the settling of Sacramento, the rush for gold, the days of open hearts and open bars, the woman's fight and finally, the northward trail.

Anna Q. Nilsson, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Frazer are featured while Edward Earle, Gladys Brockwell, Pauline Garon, Marceline Day, Russell Simpson and George Bancroft play important roles in this adaptation of Vingie Roe's story.

Sandra (Anna Q. Nilsson) creates a sensation at the dance hall.
Left: Robert Fraser and Lionel Barrymore.

You'll Also Enjoy—

"Clothes Make the Pirate." A gorgeous spectacular comedy. Leon Errol's first starring picture. With Dorothy Gish and a superb cast. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Produced by Sam Rork.

"The New Commandment." Realistic bombing of a hospital furnishes a climax for this drama of love and war featuring Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon. Produced by Robert Kane, Howard Higgin directing, from Col. Frederick Palmer's "Invisible Wounds."

"The Scarlet Saint." Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes featured in a New Orleans setting of Mardi Gras and the track from Gerald Beaumont's "The Lady Who Played Fidele." Directed by George Archainbaud under Earl Hudson's supervision.

"We Moderns." Colleen Moore's usual sure-fire entertainment based on Israel Zangwill's play of post-war youth. The mid-air crash of Zeppelin and airplane alone make it worth while. Jack Mulhall the male lead. Presented by John McCormick, John Francis Dillon director, June Mathis editorial director.

If it's a First National Picture, You'll Enjoy it.

(Continued from Page 98)

It was sad, this thought. She did not hear Rose II go out with her letters that evening.

Rose II ran down the drive. His shadow lay before him on the moonlit road. What a big man! What a fine man! He stood there, cap in hand, while she passed on and posted her letters. There was something marvelously stimulating, miraculously rejuvenating to a woman's heart in this silent worship. Already people in the village had said to her, "How well you look! Really almost as young as your little daughter!" The hem of the coat swung against her legs, caressing them; the hem of the magic coat.

"Tomorrow," she heard, "please, please turn the collar down."

Rose II passed in with a tiny shock. Twice he had spoken. Today she did not answer; yesterday she had not answered. Of course, one did not answer. But when the carnations were in her hand she began to think, "If I turned the collar down ——"

A lazy little forty-five that had slumped and let its contours run—could it defiantly turn the collar down?

"You are looking very tired and seeming very quiet this evening, my darling," said Rose I.

"And you, too, mother."

"Tomorrow is Christmas morning."

Then they both thought, hiding the thought cleverly from the other, of the coat.

"Rose knows she is not to get up."

"You told her. What did she say?"

She had said, "Righto! After all, why should I? There's not much to get up for in Frimley."

"She should not risk that ankle."

"I persuaded her of that."

Rose I and Rose II brought the coat together to Rose III in the morning. They were wrapped in their flannel dressing gowns. Rose III had just wakened from sleep, and was divinely flushed, tumbled, wistful, bored and childish.

"A happy Christmas to you, child, and thank you for the dear little tray cloth," said grandma, kissing her. "Such a surprise to have it when Lydia brought my tea this morning!"

"The embroidered bookmark is beautifully done, love," added Rose II. "You are sweet to have found time to work it for me, so busy as you are with far more important things. A happy Christmas to you."

"A happy Christmas to you, dears," answered Rose III, gluing her eyes to the large parcel they had brought in.

Grandma untied one string of the parcel and the recipient's mother untied another.

"A winter coat from both of us, child," said grandma graciously, while Rose II shook it out.

For a moment there was silence in the room, while Rose III raised herself on her elbow, sat up, gasped, gurgled, blushed, smiled, and felt an extraordinary sensation of lightness and joy.

"Thank you, you dears. It—it—it's marvelous!"

"A warm coat," responded grandma.

"A good useful coat," said Rose II.

"Let me have it! Quick!"

They laid it on her bed with reluctance, keeping their hands on it.

"This fur is rac-cac-cac-coon," faltered Rose III, cuddling it.

"The material is kasha," said Rose II jealously.

"The lining is sat-sat-at-in," gulped Rose III.

Rose I sighed.

"We thought you would like to see it, love," said Rose II; "and then we'll put it back in the spare-room wardrobe until you are well enough to wear it."

The next instant Rose III leaped from the bed and was in the coat. She hitched up her nightdress to the right length. She thrust her feet into any slippers. Her legs were already pale pink, so that she might easily have been wearing the fashionable flesh-colored stockings of finest silk. Rose I and Rose II saw in that instant just how the coat wished to look, now that it had its own way. As for the collar, up or down, open or closed—what matter?

"Your ankle, love!" cried Rose II grievously.

"Get back into bed at once, child," said grandma peremptorily.

"No," said Rose III deliriously, "I am going to get up. I am going out. I am going to church."

"Church! B-b-but you've always refused to accompany us to church. You are an agnostic, a freethinker, and an ethical acolyte. You know you are! You've said so a thousand times. You've told us so."

"I don't care. I'm going somewhere in this coat. And where else is there but church to go to, in Frimley, on Christmas morning?"

Rose III represented the Hollies in church that Christmas morning. Rose I developed a little headache and retired to the fire with her feet on the footstool and Rose II thought she ought to help Lydia with the turkey; and neither of them quite wished to walk beside that happy coat in her staid wrappings. It was a little too much, all at once. Nature is nature, woman is woman. So Rose III kissed them, and, looking as if she had never opened a history book in her young life, went to church.

And lifting up her eyes, devoutly kneeling, as prayer was proceeding, she met the eyes of Charles across the aisle. He was groomed to a hair, nice and sleek and fine, and he wore a lighter-built overcoat that did not disguise his greyhound lines like the big one in which he had waited outside that gate.

The eyes of Rose widened as did the eyes of Charles. She thought she had never seen such a splendid man; as for him, he knew that at last the collar was open and thrown back, and there she was in the clear light of morning. He said to himself, "All the gods! How lovely! I knew she must be like that!"

And as the service proceeded, he said further to himself, "Not another minute will I wait. I don't care whether we have mutual acquaintances to introduce us, or whether we have not; and from the look of her, neither does she." And remembering all the days of the violets and roses and lilies and carnations, he considered, anyway, that they had been through enough preliminaries. For, of course, they were not just ordinary people. He knew that. They were as god and goddess, walking.

As they came out of church, he was instantly beside her, hat in hand.

"Good morning," he said simply. "Please let me walk beside you and explain. I don't want anyone else to have time to speak to you before I have explained. Don't be angry; don't be surprised. It is just one of those extraordinary things."

A little timorously she said, "This is my way."

"Then it is mine."

Yet they did not go directly to the Hollies, but commenced to make a little detour across a field path under a tall thorn hedge.

"I was going for a short walk before lunch," said Rose III, slightly dizzy.

"Then so am I," he said. "I ought not to speak to you like this, but do believe me, I adore you. You may say we haven't really seen each other till this morning; you may say I am quite impossible; you may say I am to go away and get introduced properly ——"

"Oh—oh—oh, I shouldn't say that! I loathe doing anything properly."

"You angel child! But look here, I have to explain. It is my duty to explain. Everything is quite all right. That is to say, I mean I am really all right as far as I go. I can produce credentials and everything. I have a quite ripping little place in Rhodesia that you'd love. It—it's a lovely climate, you know; you ride and shoot and dance and enjoy yourselves like anything over there. I have at the inn a lot of photographs of my house and garden and horses and dogs, and so on. I can prove to you and your belongings—whoever they are—all I'm saying. Why I'm saying it all at once like this is because I have to. There is no time to lose, you see. Try to understand. I'm going back in February—must, for my farm. I love you awfully. I will take any procedure you like to satisfy you and your belongings—whoever they are. But I love you awfully. You are the first girl who has ever really mattered a cuss. Of course you may say—and justly—that you can't believe me ——"

"Well, I am one of those people who can believe anything they choose," said Rose III. "I had better tell you about me. I don't do things just like ordinary people, any more than you do. I loathe the way elderly people have of always being cautious about everything, don't you? But, of course, it does seem a tremendous thing to decide all in a hurry like this, and so ——"

"Dearest little girl, I know it! Only let me make a beginning anyway. Give me a chance. What is your name?"

"Rose."

"How lovely. Mine is Charles—Charles Royal."

"I like that."

"Rose, putting off more material details for a moment, it—it's Christmas, and ——"

The thorn hedge was tall, thick. Rose was in Charles' arms. They were wholehearted young people, and they kissed, again and again, with the utmost delight.

"I've always wanted something to happen," she murmured incoherently.

"Rose, if I can make you love me enough, you'll marry me and come out with me to Rhodesia in February?"

"We—we should have to see a great deal of each other—discuss everything."

"Of course. Let me begin by meeting your people, darling."

"I live with my mother and grandmother. They are all I have."

"How soon can I see them?"

Then Rose III had her wonderful idea.

"Come now, back to Christmas lunch. Turkey and plum pudding and crackers. And we'll tell them we are going to be married. Dare you?"

"Dare I!" said Charles.

They walked to the Hollies, telling each other all about themselves. The turkey was ready, the wine decanted, grandma was dreamful—yet spicy—in silver silk, and Rose II was putting sweets into little bonbon dishes when Rose III walked in with Charles Royal.

They looked up and saw a slim greyhound kind of young man, nice and sleek and fine, with anxious eyes and a jolly smile. He was an utter stranger to them.

"Dears," said Rose III, on the point of hysteria, "this is Mr. Charles Royal, to whom I am being married in the New Year. We can tell you all about it in course of time, only please lunch now and jolliness, and not—not caution and questioning and everything spoiling everything. Charles—my grandmother—my mother."

"How do you do?" said Rose I, raising two delicate eyebrows a very little.

"How do you do!" said Rose II, venting a similar mannerism.

The likeness between them was quite remarkable.

"You say you are staying in the village for the hunting, Mr. Royal," said grandma presently, when everyone was the better for a glass of fine old sherry, a glass of excellent Chablis and a glass of even better port. "I seem to recall having heard of your family in the village, though I never knew them. But as I look at you, I cannot quite understand a feeling that I have that I must have met someone related to you who bears some sort of resemblance to you. Not very like you; indeed a taller, bigger man in every way—oh, much taller and bigger. A remarkably upstanding fine man. Older, of course. A man in the prime of life," said grandma, with cheeks a little pink from the glass of sherry, glass of Chablis and glass of port. "It was quite recently too. Have you by any chance an uncle or second cousin who has been staying down here with you? Or who perhaps is still staying here? Or—or—or who, if not still here, will be coming again?"

"Not anyone," said Charles.

"I also," said Rose II, with a daring borrowed from the sherry, Chablis and port, "have met a man rather like my mother describes. A very fine tall man."

"The man I mean wouldn't be the one you mean, my darling," said Rose I.

"Nor would the man I mean be the one you mean, mother."

"I'm sure I can't say who that might be," said Charles Royal, with every effort to find this stranger somewhere in his memory. "I am sorry. I can't place him."

"Well, the worst of the shock and the first of the questioning is over," said Charles, when he and Rose III found themselves in the sitting room, which had been given up to them for the afternoon, "and I love your granny and your mother. Just my idea of what a granny and a mother ought to be. And you are just what a sweetheart should be. Shall we sit here?"

So Rose III sat there.

"Now we can talk and talk and talk," said Charles, when they had kissed and kissed and kissed. "There's such a lot to say, isn't there? I have to know what you really thought when you first set eyes on me, and what, inside your little mind, you said of my behavior. You have to tell me just exactly."

"I haven't had much time to think," murmured Rose III, "since I never saw you till this morning."

"My darling!"

"Never till this morning," crooned Rose III. "Never, never, never till this morning!" And she put her curling head down on his shoulder.

She had never seen him till this morning?

"Rose!" said Charles Royal, slow, astonished.

"What's this?" he said to himself, with the beginnings of a dreadful rage in him. "Who did she imagine was the blighter who laid wait for her when she trotted out the dog and posted the letters then? Whose flowers did she think she was taking, and who was she smiling at? Jove! Who is this other man who might be me—who, in fact, actually was me?"

"And fancy," cried Rose III, "I mightn't even have seen you this morning if it hadn't been for the coat!"

Ah, the coat! Indeed, yes! You can't get over facts like that! The coat! And the man!

"You see, I'd been in bed for a week with a sprained ankle," sighed Rose III, "and they wouldn't have let me get up even today, only when they gave me my coat for a present I just had to hop out of bed and wear it. And so—I met you."

As she said this, Rose III kissed him again adorably.

"A moment, sweetheart," Charles muttered, with a peculiar sensation of fear superseding his proper rage. "Do you tell me you actually have been in bed for a week?"

"A whole long week! Not out once the whole time!"

Charles lived a hurried lifetime in that moment.

"Quiet!" he advised himself. "Quiet! What have you been doing, my lad! Go warily! Who was she? Ask no questions, Charles, my lad, but put the contract through; no investigation—no trouble. For mum is the word here."

He knelt down. Tenderly he fingered Rose III's sweet instep. He kissed it humbly, penitentially—not to say with guilt on his soul. "Poor little ankle," he mumbled. And then: "Let us be married instantly, by special license."

"Well, let us," said Rose III.

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Keeps Your Hair Neat — Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord. It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do.

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Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

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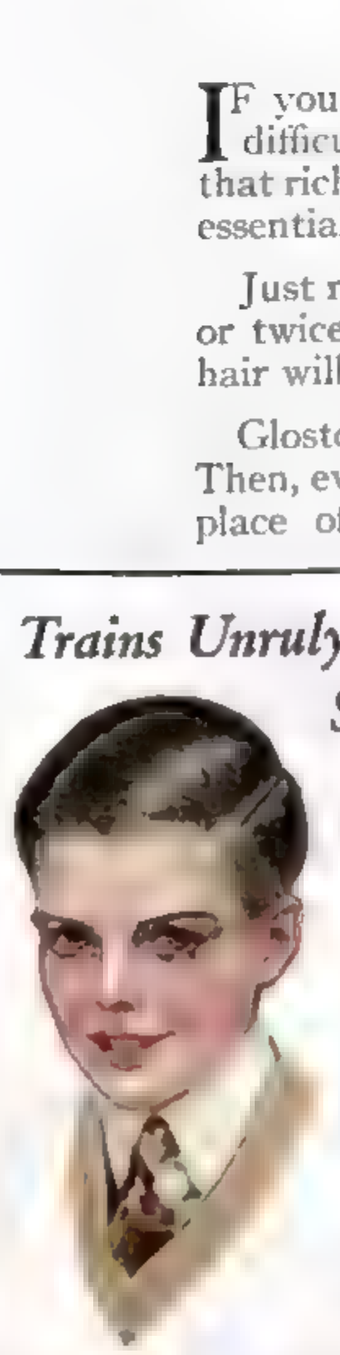

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THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 35)

"If there is anything I can do to help you in any way, darling," said the dowager, "ask me. We will even put off our bridge for an hour or so if that would possibly facilitate matters. But I really think that the issue must lie between the men."

"And John is too proud to fight," said Mrs. Mount.

"Still, Rhodesia may tame him down," said the dowager, "and you may get another heiress next year."

"Never one like this one," answered Mrs. Mount. "This girl is unique."

"How much has she?" asked the dowager distastefully.

"Some millions," said Mrs. Mount.

"I had heard so," said the dowager.

"I expect you have," said Mrs. Mount. "I have told everybody."

"Things must just take their course, I am afraid, Ada."

"I am afraid so, though I shall struggle to the last inch for John and Lexham."

"Naturally, darling."

"Putting a relative in a solid position is the next best thing to putting oneself in a solid position. Although people have no permanent sense of gratitude."

"No permanent sense of gratitude at all," said the dowager.

It was a remarkably pale Peach who went down to dinner; her face was as pale as her pearls, but her eyelashes were as black as her frock. She was a matter of beautifully startling contrasts. Of course, it would be a delightful thing to have two men fighting *à l'outrance* for her, if only they would fight. But while no one could say Lord Loring had been behindhand, that he had not pursued the prize, and put on his scintillating armor and taken his sword in hand and thrown down the gage, and so on, John Lexham's attitude was strikingly different. He appeared still to be content to continue a mere banal policy of obstruction, sitting like a dog in the manger on what he did not, as far as the girl could judge, want himself, while Lord Loring made lunges for it.

After dinner, when the bridge four settled, the rest went into the ballroom, which had been lighted and warmed for them, and, to the accompaniment of a mechanical piano, danced. Peach found herself in John Lexham's arms first, while Lord Loring partnered one of the indefatigable hunting women.

But Lord Loring's eyes were on Peach all the time. He was watching every word and look and movement. Being a man of considerable experience in these things, he was able also to give his partner as much attention as she was accustomed to—being a lump of a woman except on a horse; but his thoughts were for Peach, moving so light and supple over that magnificent floor with John Lexham.

"Glad I came down," thought Lord Loring, "regardless of what old Flora thinks of my methods of invasion."

John Lexham departed from his usual custom of silence when dancing that evening. He talked. He talked in the way Peach hated most.

"Well," he said, "thrilled?"

"Thrilled?" said the pale Peach disdainfully.

"Here Loring has followed you down as promptly and intrepidly as vain woman could wish."

"I am not a vain woman."

"Oh, you are such a vain woman! You love conquests. But I believe, in spite of that, that you are a little bit frightened tonight."

"Frightened? I?"

"Of decisions. And really you are right to be frightened, according to the way girls look at things. A girl with your advantages hesitates long to accept one man lest she could have had a better one just round the next corner. Isn't that so, if we will be truthful?"

Peach's mind said to her, "Yes, that has been just your way of thinking and you know it"; but her indignant heart answered for her sorely, "You are a beast."

"Candid Miss Robinwood."

"Sisters can be candid, surely."

"Ah, of course, you are right to remind me of our temporary relationship," said John Lexham, driving his teeth vindictively onto his lower lip. "But since I may be brotherly, let me give you a piece of advice about it all—wait!"

"What for?"

"To see what's round the next corner. I remember, if you don't, that you told me once, 'There is an adventure round every corner.'"

"Yes, but—one has to stop somewhere, no doubt."

"Only not yet, surely. You'd better wait. Ada thinks so too. You'd better tell Loring ——"

"What shall I tell Lord Loring?" asked the disdainful Peach as John Lexham paused.

"To go to hell!"

"You are one of those selfish men who don't want to marry a girl themselves, and can't bear to think of her marrying anyone else."

"Well, perhaps I am one of those selfish men."

"It's hateful!"

"Well, perhaps it's hateful. But it just is so."

"And do you expect a girl to sacrifice herself for you?"

"No, I want no sacrifices," said John Lexham.

"You are not likely to get them," said Peach haughtily, "from me."

"How we quarrel!" smiled John Lexham.

"That," said Peach, "is your fault. I am just the most peaceable girl alive, only you—you—you ——"

Then suddenly for a second she found herself quivering on the verge of a humiliating sob, and she had to droop her head a little to hide the silly little contortion of her face, so that her golden mop—which Eve used to shape and fluff in a way of her own—was almost, for the space of that second, against his shoulder.

And it seemed, though perhaps, as she said to herself, it didn't really happen, that John Lexham caught her tighter till she could hardly breathe. But it may have been only that he was whirling her out of the path of Lord Loring and the lumpy woman, who, strangely enough—for there was plenty of room for the few dancers—were dancing much too close to them.

"My next dance is with Lord Loring," said Peach, recovering her voice.

"Well, be firm," said John Lexham, holding her in a normal embrace once more. "Be brave."

"You speak as if I am a poor weak creature who can't make up her own mind."

"We are all weak creatures."

"You aren't," said Peach on the gust of a little sigh, and for another second there was that close hold again, making her catch her breath.

"I am," said John Lexham abruptly.

The dance was drawing to an end; the music slowed and softened. at one end of the room Peach and John Lexham finished, apart from the other dancers. He looked down upon her.

"You're not to marry Loring."

"Why not?" whispered Peach.

"Because I—I tell you, you are not to."

Peach flashed, "I shall do as I choose!"

"Oh, shall you?" said John Lexham.

"I must—certainly shall!"

Her gray eyes went wide between her black lashes. They were bright with battle. But before he could answer her, she saw Lord Loring coming lightly and swiftly, like a skater, across the floor. He had arranged another music roll in the piano and the instrument had begun to play.

Under the eyes of John Lexham, Peach went to Lord Loring's arms like a bird to its nest. Under the eyes of John Lexham, she floated away smiling. She conjured to her features a look of paradisiacal happiness.

John Lexham moved mechanically and found himself beside the lump of a woman, who, although her dancing was execrable, loved to dance. There was an expression of great pleasure and knowingness on her face. Her face was full of blessing. She was like any married woman who sees a matrimonial match in the initial stages, and will do all she can, for good or ill, to help it on, and pull others into the same boat as herself.

She indicated Peach and Lord Loring pleasingly to John Lexham.

"Look," she said quite dreamily, "isn't it nice to see them? They are madly in love with each other. It is almost certain that the engagement will be announced here."

She then indicated that John Lexham might place his arm around her and dance with her; and after a struggle with his worse nature, he did it.

"Come and sit out the next dance with me," said Lord Loring to Peach; and she answered languidly, "Very well."

She knew all that he was going to say, though she was somewhat confused in her ideas about what she was going to say. All she knew was that her heart was exceedingly wrath against John Lexham. Her heart held no other feeling but this wrath, and was exceedingly hot with it.

Loring danced exquisitely; yes, exquisitely. And yet there was something lacking. Just a short while ago he thrilled her so. "He gives me thrills," she had explained to Mrs. Mount. But as if other and more poignant thrills had eclipsed the memory of them, those former thrills were not potent now. And yet, as he danced, Lord Loring was making love.

Of course, Lord Loring could make love without a word and hardly a look; simply and solely by a kind of sensation he gave a woman; he could do it merely out of boredom, or courtesy, or to save himself thinking of something new to say, while all the while he might be thinking, "I've a great mind to back Sylvester for the 3:30 tomorrow. . . . I wonder if Francis could do without his wages for a bit. . . . Is it likely that good old Peppy could get Bleddington to let me have a hundred or so for six months, or must I go to the sharks?"

But this was not the kind of love he made to Peach that night he danced with her at Wareham. The love he made then was of the more definite kind, while of course strictly inhibited by the publicity in which they found themselves.

It looked almost certain to everyone that the engagement would be announced by Christmas.

Lord Loring was gifted highly with all the minor arts. He could note a quiet corner for future uses as quickly and accurately as anyone. He had noted such a place near the ballroom for himself and Peach. It was a little room, very small, indeed, with a fire and a lounge and some flowers and a writing bureau in it. The duchess' social secretary used it now and again perhaps. Just before the last notes of the fox trot had died away, Lord Loring and Peach seemed to vanish from the ballroom. One moment they were there and the next moment they were not. They were in the little room, with the door shut.

Peach was in that kind of despair when a woman will consent smilingly and cheerfully—if not with rapture—to almost any proposition. There was in the forefront of her subconscious mind the idea that something must happen to her very quickly or she was lost.

It was all very well to go to galleries, collections and Embassy Clubs with John Lexham, answer him back with wit and perspicacity, generally lower his vile male vanity, and quarrel with him significantly in taxicabs; but after all, there it all stopped, did it not?

After all, was he not as stiff-necked as ever? Was he not going to his vast estates in Rhodesia to shoot lions? Did he consider any woman in the world good enough for him? Evidently he did not; especially did he not consider a little American heiress good enough.

Peach drew herself up to her full height, and walked into the little room used sometimes by the duchess' secretary; and sometimes, no doubt, for purposes such as this.

Lord Loring heaved a sigh of gladness when he had safely shut himself and Peach into the room.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed vigorously.

"We shall have to go back soon," said Peach willfully; for though she confessed inwardly that she had really brought herself to know him as her salvation, she felt terribly difficult and contrary.

Contrariness, however, was nothing to Lord Loring once he had got a girl safely boxed up, without outside interference.

"Not till I have had my answer," said he, and he put his hands on Peach's shoulders, and smiling in his charming way—but determined he walked her backward till she found herself against the couch and subsided into it.

"Now, dear," said Lord Loring, subsiding beside her, very tender, "what is all this equivocation and delay? Why have you been escaping me for days? Why were you always out when I telephoned and out when I called? You know I was on tenterhooks, and it was most unkind of you to keep me there."

Peach muttered, "I wanted time."

"But now that you have had time, dear?" coaxed Lord Loring.

Peach felt his eyes quietly boring through her.

"Don't try to understand what I'm thinking," she said wildly. "If there's anything that makes me mad, it's when a man understands me."

"Darling," said Lord Loring, taking her hand, "you are worrying yourself all into a fuss."

"I know I am in a dreadful fuss," said Peach, turning her face to him, full of tragedy. And two tears ran down her face without giving her proper warning of their approach.

Well, even if this rich little girl were going to fret and fume for hours before she could decide that she would marry him, there was no doubt but that she was wonderfully pretty. She would have been thoroughly worth while—for any man who could afford her without a cent. There was no reason, anyway, for not making the best of the time at their disposal.

Lord Loring took her in his arms. He had the perfect art of taking girls in his arms.

"Oh, this is comfortable," sighed Peach; and, indeed, it was.

"Poor little darling," said Lord Loring, kissing her, "did it worry and cry and fret itself to fiddlestrings about whether it should marry an unworthy brute of a man?" And he rumpled her hair with an experienced hand till it stood out around her face like a halo.

"Don't do that," sighed Peach, though it was nice, done in the way he did it; "Eve arranged it all so beautifully."

"Well, I can arrange it beautifully, too," said Lord Loring, "as I shall often show you when we are married."

"But I don't know," murmured Peach, "that I can marry you, after all."

"You can and will," Lord Loring murmured back. "Peach, say you will. Take me on trial and see. That wouldn't be so very bad now, would it, to be engaged to me on trial, and to see?"

"That wouldn't be bad," whispered Peach, and she cheered up a little.

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Still, while Loring kissed her again, she thought to herself with somber relish, "I don't like it as much as I did the first night I met him, when he kissed me in his car."

"The first time I met you, you kissed me sixteen times," she thought aloud.

"Did I?" said Lord Loring, and a little gleam of triumph came into his eye.

So the child had counted and remembered! Queer, fascinating child! But Lord Loring did not know the academic reasons of Peach's counting; he did not know her experimental mind, and that she had reckoned him as the second adventure round the corner; John Lexham being the first, even then.

"Well," he smiled, "I can do better than that tonight."

Perhaps he would have found the heiress still a trifle abstracted during the pleasant process had he not been too jubilant to notice every little thing just then. For he had won; he knew it.

"Peach," he said, giving her the tenderest little shake, "you will marry me? Say it!"

Peach took the plunge.

"If it must be, it must be," she told herself. She answered in a subdued voice, "Yes, I will marry you."

Absorbed as he really could not help being in the delightful child, Lord Loring could not but be conscious of the great relief of certain facts and figures in his brain. No more dunning from the West End tradespeople, who were always pleading for at least a little on account; no more hunting, perforce, on the horses of his slightly grudging brother-in-law; no more patching and patching up of his old car and saying airily, "Yes, of course, I know, my dear fellow. She's a wreck and a ruin; but I wouldn't part with my little old bus for worlds."

No more looking over the scrawny heiresses from the north—who seemed the only kind who had money—paraded before him from time to time by his sister, good little Peppy! He had found something himself who had the necessary horrible dollars, and was a looker too!

"I'll make you so happy, dearest one," he murmured devotionally.

"I hope so," said Peach, as if in slight mournful doubt. "And I hope you will be happy too"

"I? Oh, I shall be happy!" said Lord Loring blithely, and he laughed.

They could hear the piano playing away, dimly, in the near distance.

"We shall have to tell them all?" said Peach, suddenly realizing it and sitting bolt upright.

"Darling, I shall tell everyone I meet directly I see 'em, I am so proud."

Peach had at the same time a sense of dreadful fear and a sense of lovely revenge.

This would just serve John Lexham right. Not that he cared, of course, with his talk of being a brother to one, and so on. But still, even if he didn't care, it would show him that Miss Peach Robinwood didn't care either. She had meant to be Lady Loring all the time. Sir John Lexham had been guilty of unwarrantable impertinence and interference. Her marriage was entirely her own affair.

"Let's," said Lord Loring softly, "be married in the spring; and then later on we'll have a wonderful season together, and my sister Peppy—that's the one who married Bleddington, you know—will be delighted to present you."

"Presented at court!" said Peach half to herself in a little flurry.

"Of course you'll be presented, on your marriage, child, as you haven't been presented before."

"I must write to Georgina," Peach thought. "She'll be mad with envy."

Yet there was not the old zest in this. It flagged somehow.

"But perhaps Mrs. Mount will expect to present me," said Peach, recalling tales in which that lady had recounted the number of debutantes and young married women thus launched by her.

"No doubt she will; no doubt," said Lord Loring in a dry voice. "But, my dear, you can get rid now of all parasites and hangers-on. My sister Peppy will be charmed to look after you—for nothing."

"But Mrs. Mount is not a parasite or hanger-on," said Peach, opening her eyes wide.

Lord Loring paused, looking into Peach's eyes. He smiled wisely.

"My dear!" he said, touching her cheek with a teasing forefinger.

"I do not know what I should have done without Mrs. Mount; she has been most sweet to me."

"Oh, my dear!" said Lord Loring indulgently. However, he felt he could afford to let the thing go at that.

The piano was playing on and on.

"Before we go," said Lord Loring, "I want to show you something."

He drew from his pocket two little ring cases, very old, of faded leather. He snapped each spring and each lid flew up, and revealed rings that, even to Peach's untutored eyes, were of antiquity and great splendor. There was a square emerald in a setting that would have made any connoisseur's mouth water; there was a great diamond of many facets in an old setting just as beautiful.

"Oh!" sighed Peach.

"These stones have been in my family for generations," said Lord Loring. "Peppy has been taking care of 'em, or there's no knowing what would have happened to 'em." He did know, though, and so did his sister, Lady Bleddington. "Lovely, aren't they? My great-grandmother had them set like this, and they haven't been touched since. Hoping you would wear one, Peach, though you made me very doubtful," he said modestly, "I brought 'em with me. You see, I said to myself, 'She's a wild little girl. Have the ring just ready and put it on the moment she says yes, so she will feel she's really done it.'"

"The diamond," Peach whispered.

Lord Loring took it from its case.

"Where's your hand? All the women of my family are slender-fingered. So are you. It just fits. You see, you were meant to be Lady Loring."

He kissed her again in just the perfect manner when he had slipped on the ring. Peach mused on the ring, turning her hand this way and that. She hadn't a jewel save her string of pearls, and that she had bought herself.

Harry? Harry had been still saving up for an engagement ring when she had left Lenville, for Lawyer Goodman had said he didn't believe in young people having everything all at once just because they were ready for it. Mrs. Robinwood had agreed. It was like her.

Oh, poor fool Harry! Oh, grudging, carping elderly parents! They didn't know what life was. This great diamond had life. It was the first present of great value that a man had ever given her. The enormous value of the great diamond could not but enhance the value of the man in her young eyes.

"Thank you," she whispered, and turning to Loring, kissed him of her own accord. She was unprepared for his delighted seizure of her, his ardent response.

She drew back swiftly. Harry hadn't mattered—poor fool Harry. But this?

"Now, darling," coaxed Loring, "be happy."

"I am happy," said Peach, rising from the couch.

Regarding her carefully, Loring rose too. There was something about Peach which made him know that he must go very, very carefully. He had read her delight in the diamond; but somehow he had an idea that there was something working in her stronger than delight in diamonds, showing a man of discernment that he needed all his tactics.

"You want to go back and dance?" he asked.

"Please," said Peach, steadfastly regarding the diamond and wishing to go, while the courage it gave her was still in her, back to the ballroom and let the news leak out and get it all over.

Regarding her most carefully, Lord Loring took her arm in his hand, with a little squeeze.

"Come along then, darling."

Peach marched back beside Lord Loring to the ballroom, where a dance was just stopping. All eyes flew to them. Lord Loring, smiling, carrying the thing off as though he were accustomed to become engaged to be married every day of his life, led Peach up to the lumpy woman and told her the news.

"Oh, how charming!" she cried. "Lucky, lucky people! I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Peach looked at her forlornly.

"News?" smiled the famous writer, approaching.

Everyone drew near. Lord Loring still held Peach's arm; he was debonair and at ease. John Lexham walked slowly across the ballroom to them, head up and eyes straight. Peach looked at him, setting her lips.

"What is it all about?" asked John Lexham.

But Peach saw that he knew.

"Congratulate me, Lexham," said Lord Loring. "Miss Robinwood has just made me a very happy man."

Peach's left hand—her free hand, since Lord Loring held her other arm closely—found itself for some reason pressed hard against her absurdly beating breast, and John Lexham's eyes followed everyone else's eyes to the diamond of great splendor and antiquity that blazed upon it.

"My congratulations," said John Lexham.

"Let us," stammered Peach, in sudden unutterable confusion and perplexity, "go on dancing."

"You dear little girl!" said the lumpy woman affectionately; "and here we are all staring at you!" She made an effect of shooing people away, but they would not be shooed. They laughed and pressed round.

"Oh, let us dance!" Peach begged.

Lord Loring squeezed her arm.

"Let us," he said. "And for the rest of the evening you are mine."

"We can't quarrel with that now," smiled the famous writer.

It was John Lexham who walked across to the piano and set it playing again.

For the rest of that evening, then, Peach danced exclusively with her betrothed, while everyone beamed upon them, and her left hand, lying on his shoulder, displayed that great, many-faceted diamond for all to see.

The news trickled out to the room where the select four sat playing bridge with the air of generals marshaling a battle, and Mrs. Mount trumped her partner's king—the ace being already out—and the dowager duchess patted her shoulder in an agony of commiseration. The news broke up the rubber, for Mrs. Mount, usually so stoical, felt as if she had received a death blow. She faltered over to a far-away sofa, where the dowager joined her and they sat side by side in utmost distress.

"I feel it to be my fault in some inevitable way," said the dowager.

"No, no, Flora," said Mrs. Mount painfully. "I can't blame you for taking him in. There was positively nothing you could say, I am aware. But oh, Flora, when I had looked forward so certainly to Cannes! You know my bronchial tubes! Warmth is so necessary to me in January! When I had looked forward to at least a spring and possibly next season with the girl! When I had counted, at the very worst, on having the spring with her; and then, if she was snapped up, on taking her to De Ville's for her trousseau. De Ville would have let me have so many things, Flora! So many little things that I badly want! They said as much to me. 'If we may keep Miss Robinwood,' they said, 'you may count on us to a reasonable extent.' 'What exactly

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is a reasonable extent in this instance?' I said. 'Twenty per cent, in goods, on Miss Robinwood's account,' they said. I do believe in a clear understanding, do not you, Flora? I like it all to be clear. And then I thought, even if it comes to a trousseau in the spring, that's bad enough; but, I thought, I will present her on her marriage, and I will advise her against wearing her wedding gown for the court, which would have meant a little extra trifle. Just a little extra trifle, Flora! I have no secrets from you, darling. You know what I mean. One must live."

Mrs. Mount's sorrowful confidences were punctuated throughout by the dowager's sighs.

"And then," said Mrs. Mount, "I thought, in merest gratitude, she must ask me to stay with her sometimes. They all do."

"I should hope so, after all you do for them," cried the dowager duchess.

"I see now," said Mrs. Mount, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "that I should never have depended on John Lexham. He is selfish to his heart's core, and his pride is more to him than anybody's happiness. I did all I could to rouse him, to pique him. I told him I was keeping her for the Duc des Argonnes, and asked his assistance in estranging her from Loring. I hoped that might do it, all men being born poachers. But, no, Flora, But, no!"

"Tut-tut-tut-tut!" said the dowager.

"He has literally and calmly allowed Loring ——"

"Tut-tut-tut-tut!" repeated the dowager.

"I had thought of everything, Flora," said Mrs. Mount with pathos that would have moved a stone, much less the heaving breast of her greatest friend, the Dowager Duchess of Wareham. "There was nothing that I had left unconsidered. Well, I thought—for I am nothing if not a philosopher; you know that, Flora—well, supposing John Lexham refuses to propose to the girl, after all my trouble and pains, there is the Duc des Argonnes; he is not just a puppet I am endeavoring to pique John with. He is a charming fellow; he has the loveliest yacht and his places in France and Spain, and I might manage to make him compromise himself with darling little Peach Robinwood. And he would not in the least begrudge me any little extra trifles I might get over the trousseau and the presentation. After all, I thought, I have not lied. I am a clear-sighted woman. There is the Duc des Argonnes." The dowager sighed heavily. "But now ——" said Mrs. Mount, and she wept.

"Some brandy, Ada?" begged the dowager.

"No," said Mrs. Mount, "no. Yes," she added, for really one must be long-sighted, and it was better to take all the nourishment one could get while one could get it. The dowager rang a bell and ordered brandy—the very old liqueur brandy.

"But now," said Mrs. Mount, awaiting it, "shall I get a chance at her trousseau? No! Not if Loring knows it! Peppy Bleddington will take her to the place she goes to. Peppy will present her. The whole thing has as good as left my hands!"

"I realize it all," mourned the dowager.

The brandy came and Mrs. Mount sipped.

"What about that girl who won the Bombay Sweep?" suggested the dowager hopefully.

Mrs. Mount made a gesture of complete despair.

"I let her go. A perfectly unscrupulous woman has her now—you know—Lady Porage. She will, of course, make every penny she can out of the poor thing."

"Dina Porage certainly will," said the dowager with strong disapproval.

"This brandy is wonderful, Flora," said Mrs. Mount.

"Take a second glass," said the dowager, filling the tiny glass again. "Don't hesitate. You need it, my poor dear."

"There really are times," said Mrs. Mount, "when even the least spot too much is better than the least spot too little."

"You feel calmer, darling?" said the dowager presently.

"Much calmer, darling," said Mrs. Mount.

"Face the future," urged the dowager.

"I will try to face it bravely," said Mrs. Mount.

Just as Mrs. Mount had finished, in epicurean sips, her second glass of old brandy, two figures wandered into the vast room as if in search of someone. Perceiving the dowager and her unfortunate friend on the far sofa, they made toward it. They were the newly betrothed, fresh from the acclaims in the ballroom, and seeking more. The thing seemed to both the dowager and Mrs. Mount deeply ironic. If anyone had had eyes for Peach's pallor, it would have been perceived how wan she was, but no one had eyes for it.

"We have come for congratulations," said Lord Loring; and he gave Mrs. Mount the smile of a satyr.

"Ada and I have both heard the news," replied the dowager duchess graciously, "and we are simply delighted."

Then she arose and kissed Peach on the cheek and patted Lord Loring. She could pat in a very womanly and pleasing way.

Mrs. Mount gave much the same performance, merely varying it according to her individuality.

"Thank you so much," Peach murmured, her left hand on her suddenly thumping breast, so that the eyes of both the elderly ladies went to her ring.

"Thank you so much," said Lord Loring, drawing his affianced a thought closer yet, with his arm through her slim one. "I am, indeed, a lucky man."

And then everyone trooped in from the ballroom and surrounded them again.

The duchess always served a simple buffet supper when people had been exercising themselves on her dancing floor. She now said a word to a footman, and with this usual supper, champagne was served copiously, so that the health of the young couple might be drunk.

"We'll make the best of it," murmured the dowager to Mrs. Mount.

"Naturally," Mrs. Mount answered nobly. She too spoke to a footman, and said, "Put me a little table there. I feel rather hungry. What is there to eat? I will have some caviar and consommé and a few slices of that chicken in aspic. Just tell me what the sweets are. Champagne? If you please.

"I shall certainly make the best of it, Flora," she said—summoning up all her much tried courage so that she might do her utmost by the little feast—to her dearest friend, the dowager.

Just half an hour later, Peach dragged her little feet upstairs.

"I'm the future Lady Loring," she informed herself. All was as it should be. As a lover, certainly Lord Loring had not been found wanting. "I am in heaven," she informed herself. She entered her firelit room and saw the dimpling Eve.

"Ah, mademoiselle, *mes félicitations*."

"So you know, Eve!"

"Francis told me before anyone else knew about it except Lord Loring and yourself—in the little room, mademoiselle."

Now, one could not be cross with Eve, so insinuating. But one did wish to be very cross with somebody—anybody, unspecified.

"How did Francis know?"

Eve shrugged.

"Ah, mademoiselle, that man, he knows everything. It is his accomplishment."

Peach sat down beside her fire.

She thought, "My pearl necklace is worth twenty-five hundred dollars and my frock is worth two hundred and forty dollars and my undies and shoes are worth fifty dollars more. And my ring—oh, even without my ring I—me, little Peach Robinwood—am worth, as I sit, nearly three thousand dollars. Oh, aren't I happy!"

The firelight sparkled on the ring and Eve fell on her knees to worship it. Eve peered up.

"Oh, la-la! Mademoiselle must not cry. This marriage, it happens to all of us if we have a face or a figure. It does not greatly affect one, this marriage. Do not cry, *chère mademoiselle*."

XVIII

IT WAS all very well for a French maid, light-hearted and of shortsighted responsibilities—if of any responsibilities at all—to enjoin on Peach, "Do not cry, *chère mademoiselle*," but mademoiselle could not help crying. It was a sad night and it passed slowly; not like one of those nights on which a girl just tumbled into bed after a delicious evening that promised many more evenings just as delicious, and awoke to find someone's violets in a huge bouquet, dewy and fresh, upon the early tea tray, and to hear the bedside telephone ringing, and someone else's voice asking what he could do for her that day.

Miss Peach Robinwood opened her eyes to no such morning. True, there were violets on her breakfast tray, a handsome posy of them, for Lord Loring's first awaking order to Francis had been, "Go down and see if the head gardener is about and if he'll let you have some violets." Francis, who did all things well, had made the bouquet and passed it on to Eve, who had placed it—with a charming little note from Lord Loring—on the said breakfast tray. But the violets were no longer the violets of adventure. They were the violets of a serious and expectant fiancé.

Wherefore Peach, picking them up and smelling them, said, "Aren't they sweet? Of course I am too happy!" And she felt what a pathetic mess this world was.

"Great big grapes, mademoiselle, and the dearest little sausages that ever were!" coaxed Eve, calling to her notice the breakfast tray.

"I am too h-h-happy to eat!" quavered Peach, and two tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, la-la, mademoiselle! Take the advice of one who has seen much. Get married quickly, and then forget it."

"I wish I had someone—just one person—who understood me, Eve."

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is tiresome to be understood too well. When men take off the rose-color spectacles to look at a woman and understand her, all is lost. *Ma foi!* Yes! See, here is mademoiselle's post—many letters."

"Lenville letters!" said Peach in a heart-aching sort of voice, and she put other letters aside and opened Georgina's letter quickly. There was also a short note from Harry, who affirmed casually that he now saw all had been for the best and that in Georgina he would have a wife without compare.

"That's a nice sort of thing to tell a girl at Christmas," said Peach to herself bitterly, as she stared at Harry's neat round handwriting. "He might at least say that it will never be the same—for it certainly won't be." She then stared through the blur of moisture in her eyes at Georgina's neat round handwriting.

"—— a great boon your having done so much sewing before you left," wrote Georgina. "I just set little sleeves into the nightgowns, and that is practically all the alterations I have made. Fancy that you might have been wearing them instead of me! However, all is for the best, and by the time you receive this Harry and I will be married. The house is quite finished, and the curtains are up. Are you not engaged yet?"

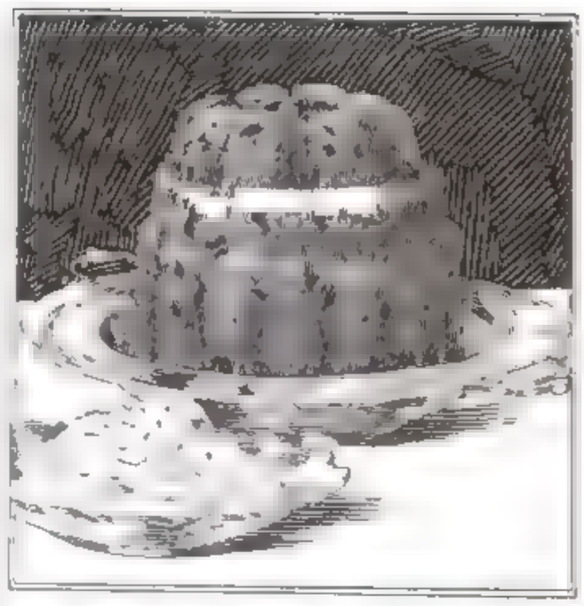
"A writing pad, Eve; and my fountain pen," said Peach, and sitting up in bed she wrote an incisive letter to Georgina.

"Certainly, my dear, I am engaged," wrote Peach, "to an English lord, just as I intended to be. He and I and my chaperon are all spending Christmas in the country with the Duchess of Wareham."

"That," said Peach, licking the envelope, "will make her mad with envy."

Peach ate grapes and sniffed her violets. She then turned her attention to the other letters. A nice lad wrote his devotion, not aware, of course, that since he had last

(Continued on Page 109)



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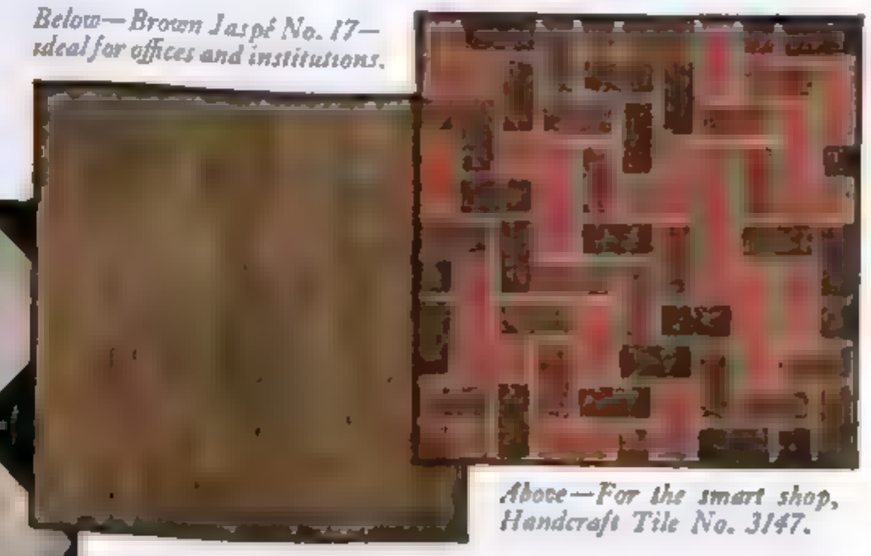
The floor is part of the picture when you enter the Portland, Oregon, office of Carl Linde, architect. To carry the right note of unobtrusive smartness, he chose Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum No. 71.

Below—Brown Jaspé No. 17—ideal for offices and institutions.



Above—For the smart shop, Handcraft Tile No. 3147.

Right—Armstrong's new Marblezed Inlaid design No. 353.

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Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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(Continued from Page 107)

seen her, it had become illegal; and then that bank manager wrote a letter. He said:

"*Dear Madam:* We have to inform you that your account is overdrawn to the extent of £91.6.3d, and regret to say that we cannot further accommodate you without assurance of security. It may be that you will be covering this deficit shortly, however, in which case we should be very glad to hear from you to this effect.

"It is not our custom to allow new clients to overdraw to any considerable extent; although in your case the fact of your account being opened by your solicitors in New York gave us a certain amount of justification. We presume and hope that the matter may be satisfactorily adjusted.

"With the compliments of the season. Believe me, madam,

"Yours faithfully,
"——————."

Peach lay back upon her pillows and gasped for air. Eve ran to her.

"Mademoiselle?"

"Eve—Eve, look and see how much money I have in my bag." Eve looked.

"Several shillings, mademoiselle. Quite—yes, ten."

"Eve, I—I—that isn't much."

"Ah, but what does it matter, mademoiselle, that you forgot to bring money? Ladies often do. The richer the lady, the emptier her moneybag! You have your check book, mademoiselle. Here it is."

Eve held up the thing by one end, and it sort of flopped over in her hand as though it were ashamed of itself.

"Eve," said Peach in a voice of careless bravery, "let me see, when are your wages next due?"

"Tomorrow, mademoiselle."

"You will want from me six pounds tomorrow."

"*S'il vous plait, mademoiselle.* Although a day or two—since mademoiselle has left home without money —— Besides, here is the check book."

"There is the check book," said Peach bravely, regarding the thing.

"The servants here," next thought Peach, "must be well tipped."

She read over the bank manager's letter again. She contrived to understand that she owed the bank manager, or rather his bank, £91.6.3d.

Her next thought was, "Mrs. Mount!"

"Eve," said she, beginning to eat her sausages steadily—for who knew where, when and how she might attain her next meal?—"I must see Mrs. Mount at once on important business." Eve departed.

To say that Peach's mood was now somber would be something less than the truth; it was somber beyond description. And yet at the same time it had in it a tinge of the inextinguishable gayety of those doomed and done for. In this *macabre* mood, therefore, she awaited the appearance of Mrs. Mount, eating meanwhile her grapes, her sausages, her toast and marmalade with the practical idea of making the best of what remained.

In much such a mood as Peach's, Mrs. Mount arrived. She, too, had been somber under the shadow of this Loring marriage; yet she, too, had achieved something of the *macabre* gayety of one who bows low and frequently to the inevitable.

She appeared in Peach's room, *en négligée*, and saw the bride-elect, also *en négligée*, leaning upon her pillows. Eve removed the breakfast tray and vanished.

"Well, darling pet," said Mrs. Mount, gazing sorrowfully upon her lost heiress, "and how do we feel about the world this morning?"

"We feel," replied Peach slowly—"we feel like nothing on earth. In fact something appalling has happened and you should know it at once."

"You have already quarreled with Loring?" said Mrs. Mount, growing suddenly younger and brighter. "Though where and how I can't imagine, since it was late when you went to bed, and is still early now. Oh, dear, I am so sorry! Really, it upsets me terribly! But now that the thing is done, I must say that I don't think the match at all suit ——"

Peach made a weak little gesture of the hand. She indicated the violets now lying beside her.

"This is all I have heard of him since last night oh, and the sweetest note! No, it is not that."

"What then, dear?" asked Mrs. Mount, sinking again, despondent, but patient, always.

Peach made several efforts to speak, and at last achieved words.

"The bank manager," she said. "I think he might have waited until after Christmas."

"Bank man——" began Mrs. Mount, and she sat up erect and looked at Miss Robinwood rather cautiously; for she knew a lot of little things about the ways of bank managers, and they were not all pleasant little things.

"I have had a letter," said Peach faintly.

Still regarding Peach cautiously, Mrs. Mount took firm hold of the letter and read it.

"I have never had a letter like that before," said Peach, affecting dignity to gain time.

"Oh, I have seen a great many letters like that," said Mrs. Mount, and she put the letter down, gazing at Peach.

"It is nothing, surely, that matters," said Mrs. Mount brightly, after a pause; "it will so easily be put right directly you cable your—your father or your solicitors or—or your American bank. You are really very young to have charge of your affairs like this; I have often thought so; but, of course, it wasn't my business. Shall we write out a cable to your dear father now—for certainly it will be awkward to have nothing to go on with?"

"What do you suggest my dear father should do?" said Peach, with the high persiflage of the desperate.

"Send money, darling pet."

"My dear father," said Peach, rallying to it, "has no money. I was the only rich member of my family."

"Darling pet, it is not my wish to probe into those little family secrets. Shall we write out a cable to your lawyers or bank?"

"I am overdrawn by £91.6.3d at the only bank I know," said Peach, "and now I come to think of it, I still owe my lawyers for what they did. But they were three very sweet men, and somehow you never think of paying really sweet men anything for anything."

"Darling pet," said Mrs. Mount, "what am I to understand by this?"

"I am ruined," Peach faltered.

"Ruined?" said Mrs. Mount, with a bright patrician smile that did her credit, considering all that she and this young person still owed between them.

"I haven't a farthing in the world," faltered Peach. "You see, Papa Lepscheim—that was a dear old man who kept a boot store at home who used to admire my legs terribly—he died and left me all he had, and it came to ten thousand dollars and the goodwill and premises, which those New York lawyers sold at once for five thousand dollars more. Well, that was fifteen thousand dollars; well, that was three thousand pounds, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Mrs. Mount, nodding and gulping, but ever the patrician in face of such plebeian circumstances.

"So, I thought," quavered Peach, "as everyone had been scolding me and saying I should be turned out to work if I wasn't good—I thought I would turn out and I would not be good either; I would just take my money and do Europe."

"Do Europe?" repeated Mrs. Mount.

"When I say 'do,'" quavered Peach, "I do not mean plunder Europe. I just wanted to see Europe, and London first. So I came to London. But, you see, really the short time I spent in New York cost an awful lot, although I was not counting at the time. It seemed to me ridiculous that a woman could spend three thousand pounds so soon, and believe me or believe me not, I just have not been counting. Of course, I hadn't thought of taking a house and redecorating it and engaging a butler like Hugh and giving all those dinner parties, and frocks costing fifty pounds each, and you a hundred guineas a month, and then the car, and all the extras ——"

"Stop!" said Mrs. Mount. "My poor child!" she was impelled to add.

"There is no doubt but that I was well on the way through the first five thousand dollars by the time I arrived in London," Peach continued, "for I had a lovely cabin with bath, and then there was Eve's cabin too. You will not forget that I bought my pearls, and ——"

"Stop, my poor child!" said Mrs. Mount, with gracious courage. "Do I understand," she inquired, "that you are now destitute?"

"The word is 'destitute,'" said Peach, drooping her head.

Mrs. Mount gazed at the real white fox that bordered Peach's matinée.

"Had I known!" said she. She paused and thought, in horror, upon the position. "Had I known!" said she. "Had I known!"

"Had you known?" muttered Peach.

"A little furnished flat with, for companion, a decayed gentlewoman such as I could have found you, or such as any charitable institution would have found you, would have been far more the thing," said Mrs. Mount. Peach shuddered.

"I am glad you did not know," said she.

"The deception!" said Mrs. Mount quietly and reprovingly.

"You can't say I haven't done you well and made you th-th-thoroughly c-c-comfy and given you everything you asked for," wailed Peach.

"I have nothing to say on that score—nothing!" said Mrs. Mount hurriedly, and she remembered all the whipped cream she had eaten at this poor girl's expense, and the renewal of house linen, and so on. "But," she said, "I have deceived my friends!"

"That was necessary," said Peach simply. "I wanted everyone to think I was a great heiress so that I could marry well."

"This, then, is why you have been so anxious to marry money," Mrs. Mount groaned, light breaking.

"It is," answered Peach candidly.

"It was not just greed, as the dear duchess thought."

"It was necessity," answered Peach candidly.

"The bills," said Mrs. Mount, considering the position, "have been paid up week by week, month by month; we even let De Ville have a check on account. Yet still, my dear girl, you owe for an unconscionable amount of things. What are you going to do?"

"Well," said Peach, seeing the diamond flash on the third finger of her left hand, "I am engaged to be married, anyway."

Suddenly over Mrs. Mount's agitation serenity spread like sunshine. The girl was, indeed, engaged to be married, and to someone entirely unconnected with Mrs. Mount. A bright ray of comfort came through, for the thing might have been so infinitely worse. Let her become Lady Loring, and let John Lexham proceed to Rhodesia.

"At least," Peach repeated, as if snatching some pathetic ray of comfort from the ruins, "I am engaged to be married."

"Yes, my pet," said Mrs. Mount in a consolatory voice, "I am so glad of that, at least. I do rejoice. And in Lady Bleddington's hands you will be safe. She will assist you with your trousseau and present you next May; and the wedding, of course, had better take place at once."

"Under the circumstances?" murmured Peach.

"Under the circumstances," agreed Mrs. Mount.

"Who will pay my bills?" faltered Peach. "I—I suppose one's husband does?"

Mrs. Mount thought on Lord Loring and evaded this point.

"He will do all he can," said she, aware that this committed Lord Loring to very little.

"Ought I to go away from here before Christmas?" Peach faltered.

Mrs. Mount appeared to brood very delicately over this.

"Well, darling, that really should be a matter for your own nice feeling and judgment."

"That means I should go at once," said Peach. "But," she faltered, "I have only ten shillings, which would not pay for one night at Black's Hotel, or my fare to Devonshire to Bleddington Tower, I suppose. I am afraid the rent of your house is not paid quite up-to-date, either."

"Not quite," murmured Mrs. Mount, "but really we will not speak of that. Had I known of your circumstances, you poor ignorant child, I should not, of course, have allowed the incurring of all these expenses. My conscience hurts me, and yet I think everyone will exonerate me from blame. How could I know? I ask anyone," said Mrs. Mount, appealing to space, "how could I know?"

Peach was looking wistfully into the vanity bag which Eve had left near her, but no unexpected sum of money revealed itself.

"After all, I can borrow from my fiancé," she hazarded.

"You can certainly try, dear," said Mrs. Mount, knowing the thing to be practically impossible.

"Endeavor as I may," wailed Peach, "I can't get that respectful feeling about him that he's just the one man in the world to turn to in a frightful mess."

"Endeavor again to get the feeling, dear," said Mrs. Mount, but as if without hope.

"I can't," wailed Peach. "I must have advice. I must have someone telling me just what to do right now about everything!" And she lifted her voice and called, "Eve!"

Eve came from the bathroom, where she had shut herself away.

"Fetch Sir John Lexham."

"No! No!" cried Mrs. Mount, rising from the bed where she had seated herself.

"Eve, fetch Sir John Lexham!"

"*Mais, mademoiselle* ——" protested Eve, protecting the interests of her Francis' very nice lord.

"Fetch Sir John Lexham!"

Eve hastened out.

"What will Lord Loring say?" said Mrs. Mount, trying to hide her strong consternation under a layer of reproof.

"Nothing!" wailed Peach.

"True,"-said Mrs. Mount, sighing.

"He won't know!" wailed Peach.

"I had hoped for such a happy Christmas," said Mrs. Mount introspectively, "and then Cannes. I repeat, my bronchial tubes demand sun and warmth in January. And now, no hope, no hope! And I've lost the winner of the Bombay Sweep. Lady Porage has got her. I am left with no prospects at all."

"He will be here directly," said Peach. "Where is my powder puff?" And she dived into the vanity bag and attended to her face.

Eve returned.

"Mademoiselle, Sir John Lexham refuses to come and talk to you in your bedroom. He says certainly not."

"I hate the man!" cried Peach.

"He is eating breakfast in a hurry, mademoiselle, as the car will be round in ten minutes. He sends his compliments."

"Car? What car?"

"Sir John is catching the nine o'clock train to London, mademoiselle. He is leaving."

Peach leaped from the bed.

"Just when I n-n-need the st-st-strength and—and everything of a—a really st-strong man!"

She reached for a little frock that hung over a chair back ready for the day's wearing.

"My dear Miss Robinwood, I forbid ——" began Mrs. Mount, fighting for her remote Cousin John Lexham, who was only a man, after all.

"I may be poor and homeless," sobbed Peach, rolling her stockings swiftly below

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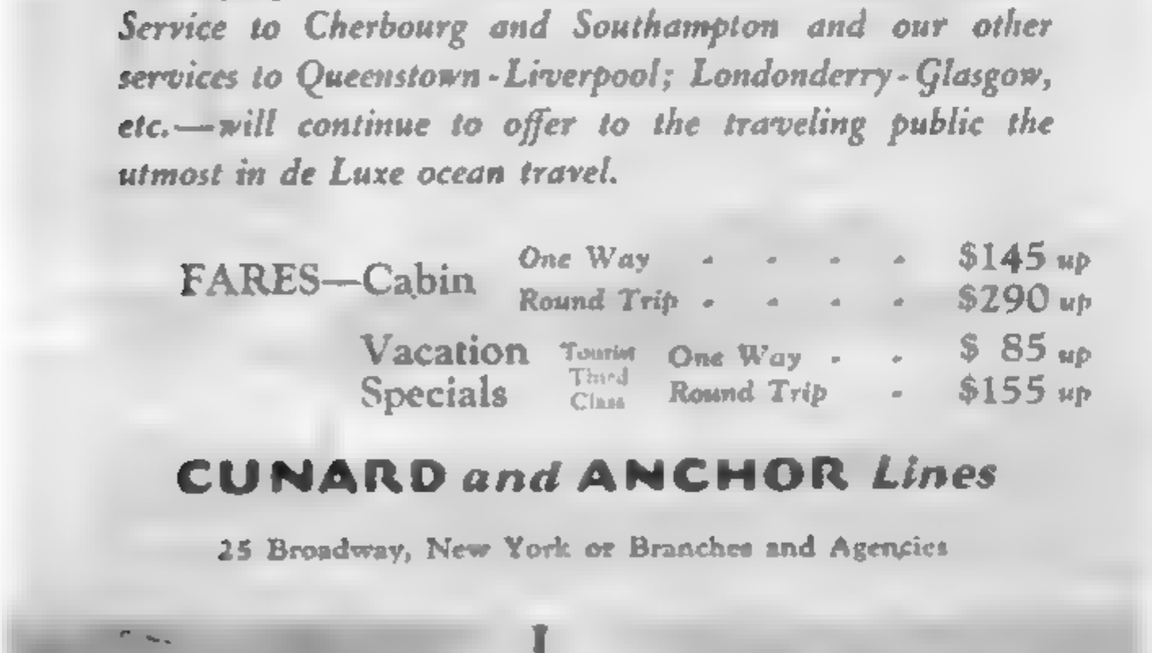

each knee, "but I am a free woman and I ob-ob-obey nobody."

"Poor and homeless, *ma foi!*" said Eve, actually sitting down in the presence of her betters, so greatly the words shocked her. "Where are we all then? And Francis lending his lord his last shilling!"

However, Peach did not hear this enlightening cry, for picking up her shoes she had fled from the room and was halfway downstairs.

Sir John Lexham was making a good stern British job of his breakfast, when the dining-room door burst open and there stood Peach in her stockinged feet with her shoes in her hand. Fortunately Sir John Lexham was still alone at the table, even the butler having, temporarily, left the room.

"Good morning," he said, rising.

"Good morning," replied Peach, her teeth chattering.

"You seem cold," said Sir John Lexham with formal courtesy.

"I am not cold, though I have every reason to be," said Peach, her teeth chattering.

"You had better put on your shoes," said Sir John Lexham, very reserved. But suddenly he came forward and knelt down, and taking Peach's shoes from her unresisting hand, put them on for her.

"Thank you," moaned Peach.

"Your hand is very cold," said Sir John, who had touched it against his better judgment

"It may be or it may not," said Peach, with another little moan, "but the rest of me is seething."

"I am catching the nine o'clock train," said Sir John Lexham, with an almost wild look of resolve.

"You can't," said Peach, all broken. "I need your advice and help. I am in a terrible mess, and you said you were my brother."

"So I did," said John Lexham.

"Ring the bell," whispered Peach. He rang it. "Order another train," whispered Peach.

"I am going by the 10:40 after all," said Sir John Lexham to the butler.

"Perhaps not even that one," said Peach, "for the mess is so awful that it will take hours to tell you about. And after all, you said I was your sister."

"So I did," muttered John Lexham.

"If ever I n-n-needed a strong man's advice, I need it n-n-now."

"There is Loring."

"Pooh!" gasped Peach.

A look of pleasure came into Sir John's face, but he masked it quickly. Peach wept.

XIX

WELL, the library at Wareham was one of those nice, darkish, perpetually empty rooms with an eternally good fire burning, and it was only a few steps from the dining room, and there was not a servant to be seen—the butler having gone off to send the order about the car—and Peach found herself suddenly in this library, whither she had been wafted, weeping luxuriously. In fact she had been carried there by Sir John Lexham. It was not so much a brotherly idea as a natural common impulse that came to him and made him do it.

Peach sat in a great chair beside the fire. As for John Lexham, he towered above her in a position of masculine dominance on the hearthrug. He looked a brother to be proud of, real or adopted.

"Now, Miss Robinwood," said John Lexham.

"It is like this," said Peach, allowing herself a good weep now that she had settled down to it: "I am a fraud, in fact practically a criminal. I have no more money. There is a letter from the bank manager saying I owe them £91.6.3d. I consider he might have waited till after Christmas. Then also I owe other people things: I owe Hugh some wages, and Eve, too; and some money to Mrs. Mount, and De Ville and the grocer and butcher something, I expect. I have only ten shillings. I'm sure I didn't mean to do it and I've given everybody all I could, and Mrs Mount is much fatter than when I first came—anyone can see that—I've not grudged anybody anything—all those parties and things -and I can't help it if I have nothing left, and yet it will be considered all my fault— "

"What is all this?" said John Lexham in an amazed voice; but he knelt down, most comforting and loving, and put his arms about the fraudulent heiress.

"Listen well then," said Peach in a shaking and yet determinate voice, "for I am only going to tell one more person once about it—that person is you; I am fed up, do you see? Now listen!"

Peach put a hand on either side of John Lexham's face and held it tight. They gazed into each other's eyes.

"I am just nobody," said Peach, "and a dear old man left me some money," and she told him all about Papa Lepscheim and his legacy and the solicitors in New York and how she wanted fun. And fun! And still more fun! "I was fed up, do you see?" said Peach.

"I see," answered John Lexham; and he took her tightly in his arms and kissed her, and her tears dried as if by magic.

"Do you suppose my f-f-fiancé will mind my bills?" said Peach in a faint voice.

John Lexham laughed.

"Who is your fiancé?" he said, kissing her. "You are going to marry me."

"You?" said Peach joyously.

"Me. It was your stinking money I couldn't stand, and now you haven't got any, there's nothing in the world will keep you from me. Do you remember I told you once that I would get the woman I wanted—and if she was engaged I would still get her—and if she was married, I would still get her? Only, not with all that stinking money, because——"

"Why should you have minded the money?" Peach murmured. "You have a lot yourself."

"Not a bean," said John Lexham. "Does it make any difference to you?"

"Not any difference at all," cried Peach, dismayed at herself and him and everything, and yet knowing the truth of what she answered. For it made not a shred of difference in any way whatsoever.

"Even though Loring may be far richer?" persisted John Lexham.

"If he's a millionaire, I don't want him," said Peach, "and I never did. It was all your fault."

"Everything is all my fault," smiled John Lexham, "and now I'll tell you something. Loring hasn't a cent, either. He is broke to the wide. We are three paupers. Isn't it a lark? But you are my pauper and I am yours, and he's outside "

"He has no money either?" Peach breathed.

"He's probably living on his valet now."

"I'm not the only fraud!" cried Peach happily.

"No, there are other frauds in the world besides Miss Peach Robinwood. She is not unique in crime," cried John Lexham; and he got up, and lifting her again, sat in the big chair himself. They both sat there till Lord Loring came in, looking for his own, for great tales had flown from Eve to Francis and from Francis to his master; for Francis feared gravely that the American millions were at stake.

(Continued on Page 113)

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MAKERS OF PLUSH

Continued from Page 110

"You explain," said Peach to John Lexham when she saw Lord Loring.

"Yes, you damn well explain, Lexham," said Lord Loring very justifiably.

John Lexham explained in words which seemed to Peach—listening raptly—the best chosen she had ever heard. Brief and to the point, and implacably convincing as to his rights in Peach were John Lexham's words.

Now Lord Loring, as well as being a debauched and delightful man, was also a man who could get out of a difficult place as gracefully as anyone. He said briefly and gravely that he had realized Peach was very young; that perhaps she had not known her own heart; it was her prerogative entirely to decide—he congratulated Lexham on his better luck. If Peach would be happier with him—Loring—out of her sight, why, he'd spend Christmas with his sister Peppy at Bleddington Tower.

Yes, he would! It was the only thing for him to do. He'd catch that 10:40 up to town and go down to Devonshire today. He'd see the duchess at once. He would not dwell on his own disappointment. He wanted Peach to be very, very, very happy.

Certainly, being of the male gender, and quite naturally disposed, he gazed somewhat regretfully at Peach as he uttered these things; but he did not allow any weak cravings to get the better of his inward nobility and proper instinct of self-preservation.

He did not allude to the financial situation at all, although it had been presented to him plainly by John Lexham. He kissed Peach's hand devotionally when he took his ring off.

"An heirloom," he explained sadly, "or I'd ask you to honor it by keeping it as a wedding gift."

A nice, debauched, delightful, resourceful man, Lord Loring; he had a brief interview with the duchess and made Francis pack quickly.

"Shove everything in quick, Francis," he said, "and get away."

"Well, we've saved our faces," said Francis to Eve when he embraced her in a corridor, "and it might have been worse."

"But my debts," said Peach sorrowfully to John Lexham when she was alone with him in the big chair again.

"I'll square 'em, love," said John Lexham, "somehow."

"You'll take me to Rhodesia?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I tried to save him, Flora," said Mrs. Mount to the duchess an hour later. "I tried to stop her running down to him like that. As soon as I grasped the real facts I endeavored with all my might to insist on the fact of her engagement to Loring. And I've lost the winner of the Bombay Sweep! There is a doom upon me, Flora."

"Let us all try to be happy, darling," said the Duchess of Wareham, who had not a reason in the world to be anything else. "Let us forget everything just for Christmas. You will help me with my menus, perhaps."

"I should at least like that," said Mrs. Mount, cheering.

Sir John and Lady Lexham sailed for Africa in February. The bills had been squared somehow; the trousseau consisted mainly of riding breeches; and they had barely a ha'penny in spare cash left; but it had been a charming wedding, a lovely wedding, with everything a girl could wish for, and some very enviable photographs of Peach, her bridegroom and her bridesmaids had been sent to Georgina. And here were Sir John and Lady Lexham on the ocean, happier than the day was long.

"Does money matter?" said Sir John passionately on the third day. And Lady Lexham answered, as passionately, "No!"

Still, the pleasant gods who watched over them were kindly deities, and they thought otherwise. They could not find it in their hearts to grudge a loving young couple a mere matter of gold; just a dirty mineral delved out of the earth, having seen that they were well provided with youth, beauty, happiness—everything but wealth.

So, also on the third day out, Sir John received a marconigram, and he took it to his wife and showed her the news it brought. In fact an ancient relation, from whom no hopes could reasonably have been entertained, had died and left a fortune to the said Sir John.

"Back to Lexham?" cried Sir John.

"On to Rhodesia!" cried Lady Lexham. "I must have my lion!"

"She shall have everything in the world!" said Sir John.

"Glory!" said Peach, Lady Lexham. "I have pulled the whole thing off after all! Georgina will be mad with envy!"

(THE END)

"Watch Us Smash the Snow Man, Father!"

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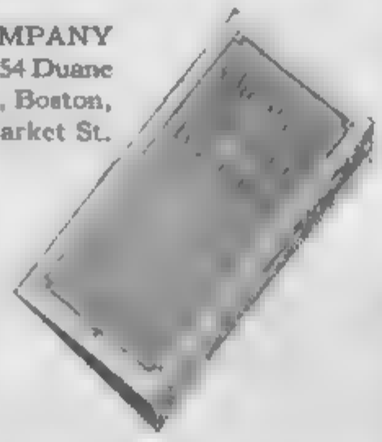

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CHUNKS OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

their work—which they do not. They ensconce themselves within a silvan bower beneath the leaves, which are turning from deep magenta into gold, and concentrate their energies on chewing gum. There the planter finds them sitting all the afternoon until, with true Southern courtesy, he inquires if they are not going to pick any more.

"No, suh," Aunt Lily answers firmly. "I done picked two hundred today, an' dat's plenty for me."

Another novelty in this neck of the woods is our wholesale importation of Mexican pickers. Thousands of them—entire trainloads—are brought from those parts of Texas where crops have failed. Many are experienced farmers who, because of drought at home, have made no cotton of their own. To secure this labor Colonel Swampwood agrees to pay their transportation one way, provided they remain and pick the bulk of his crop. They seemed to work longer hours and more assiduously than negroes; but, especially at first, did not pick so cleanly. With avaricious impartiality they grabbed lint, sticks, leaves, dirt, anything they could lay hands on, all of which weighed in the bag, and swelled their wages at one dollar fifty a hundred pounds. When the planter protested, they told him "No savvy," or words to that effect, and went on grabbing. Many of them had to be sent home, until the others were made to comprehend that they must pick only cotton clean, white cotton—and omit the stalks.

With sombreros, sashes, gauntlets, sometimes with high-heeled shoes and clinking spurs, these swarthy fellows and their women add to the picturesqueness of our harvest season. They add, but are not permitted to mix. For the Mexican is a crap shooter of renown, and to lock horns with negro dicers might be fatal. They are kept separate in their own bunk houses, with hot-tamale and frijol cooks to prepare their fiery food.

Monkey Business

For generations the most elusive *ignis fatuus* of cotton planters has been their dream of some mechanical device which would solve the cotton-picking problem. Hundreds of contraptions have they tested and tossed aside, while the primitive process of gathering their crop stands today precisely where it stood a century ago, the same all over the world, in civilized or in barbarous lands. Apparently cotton must be picked by hand. No machine seems able to discriminate between the lint and the trash, between the open boll and the boll not yet mature. Nothing so far has been discovered that takes the place of skillful fingers in selecting the lint, avoiding leaves and stalk. But negro fingers cannot always be hired, and one busy autumn, when the colonel was in a particularly tight hole, somebody whispered to him of those marvelous cotton-picking monkeys from Central America.

No reverent hand may write, in prose or verse, the Iliad of the Pickers, and fail to mention those monkeys. Nobody ever has. The story creeps into every chronicle, however often it has been told. Monkeys? Colonel Swampwood had got into a jam, and was willing to try anything; try anything once. Monkeys; with sharp eyes and long slim fingers; perfectly trained; ten under the supervision of one overseer. It might be possible. So, as the Munchausen legend runs, the colonel ordered a trial consignment of one hundred monkeys.

Vivacious little beasts, they were nimble, intelligent, quick. And when the colonel observed how accurately they picked the fleas off one another, new hope sprang buoyantly in the planter's breast. According to instructions, he divided them into squads of ten, each squad working under the direction of an overseer. It thrilled his soul to watch them when they began picking, possessed of almost human intelligence and a superhuman dexterity. The first day, fine! The second day, not so good. Then a paralyzing slump. Perhaps it was due to the lassitude of the climate, or maybe because of Isom's example. Anyway, those monkeys got so darned trifling that instead of ten monkeys working under one overseer, it demanded all the activity of ten overseers to superintend each gang of one monkey. So the colonel's famous experiment failed, as has every other method except the negro and the sack.

When Isom has gathered about thirteen hundred pounds of seed cotton, enough to make five hundred pounds of lint, he tramps it down in his wagon body and heads his mules for the gin. He goes himself with that cotton, jealously as a mother guards her baby. Isom would no more confide his unginned bale to other hands than he'd trust a strange negro with his unopened quart.

Settling-Up Day

The process of ginning a bale requires about twenty minutes. Isom takes one full day; a holiday. Three weeks earlier than usual, long strings of wagons begin lining up, waiting their turn at the gin. Which brings us to the function of preliminary settlements—joyful and prompt when the tenant has money coming to him, lagging and flagging when Isom is in debt. Settlement time becomes a momentous occasion. Isom's head is chock-full of business when he approaches the store. No wonder his head buzzes, for he keeps no memoranda, yet has a surprising knowledge of what he owes. Over and over again, planters have tried the scheme of providing Isom with a pass book, in which each purchase shall be entered. But Isom neglects to bring his book, or loses it. So in their final adjustment, the matter lies between Isom's memory and the colonel's ledger. As Isom mounts the steps of the plantation store, you may hear him humming to himself:

"Naught's a naught an' figger's a figger,
All for de white man, none fer de nigger."

An automobile drives up. The planter's wife leans out and calls, "Isom! Oh, Isom!"

"Yas'm, Miss Carrie." Off comes Isom's hat.

The lady smiles. Everybody on the place is smiling. "I'm glad to see that you've come out so well this year."

"Yas'm, Miss Carrie. I sho is proud o' dat fact. Done already ginned six bales, an' got ten or twelve mo' in de field."

"That's excellent! Excellent! Please tell the colonel to step here a minute."

After Miss Carrie has consulted with her husband and gone, the colonel opens an account book, and calls off the items of Isom's indebtedness, while Isom bends over nodding. Isom listens like a wise old possum, as Colonel Swampwood goes through the process of addition, "Eight—seventeen—twenty-six—fifty-three—sixty-two. Two, and six to carry."

"Yas, suh." Isom repeats under his breath "Six to Miss Carrie."

"Nine sixteen—eighty-four. Four, and eight to carry."

"Eight to Miss Carrie," Isom mumbles lower.

"Ninety-six — one-ten — one-fourteen. Four, and eleven to carry."

"'Leven? Lordee, cunnel! Is Miss Carrie goin' to git all my crop?"

As a rule, the planter sells the entire output of his property, deducts the rent and store account, and gives his tenant a check for three-fourths of the value at market prices. Not often, however, does the miracle happily occur, that from the proceeds of a first partial ginning, the negro can pay

(Continued on Page 117)

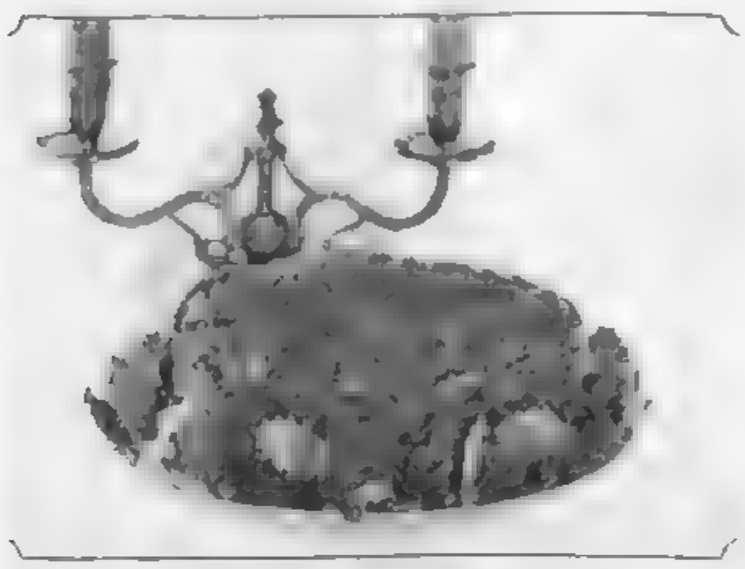
Now *mother* gets in on the fun

BAKERS *do much of her holiday work*

AND THEIR FOODS ARE RICH WITH SUN-MAID RAISINS

In the principle of taking no chances with "the bird" we all will agree with the old critic of Christmas dinners who cautioned the "good wife" to "center her attention upon the stuffing of the turkey and the roasting of him to a turn." And how much more reasonable we can be about it!

Today women *can* escape the trouble and work of special Christmas baking.



All these good things bakers make

Bakers now take the responsibility for the pies and cakes and cookies that supremely cap the holiday feasts. And add a treat for the dinner course itself—bread well filled with raisins.

Racy mince pies, rich fruit cakes, tender plum puddings, perfect raisin bread—all come ready for serving.

The very raisins you would use

And wonderfully good you'll find them for, in their making, the better bakers everywhere use the very care you would—and Sun-Maid raisins as you would. Raisins plump and juicy and rich-flavored, the finest in the world.

To have these holiday treats without the worry and work of preparing them; to better enjoy the season with your family and friends, give your baker or grocer an order now. Especially if you are to have the raisin bread that has grown so popular since their Wednesday special baking.

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

A Sumptuous Gift
A Rickenbacker Eight for Xmas! The thrill of a lifetime
Correct in the most infinitesimal detail of fashion—advanced in every refinement of engineering.
This highly efficient, flexible, wonder-performer is a dream to drive
Xmas morning delivers Rickenbacker "8" Brougham $1995 f. o. b. factory
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(Continued from Page 114)

his debts, perhaps with arrears from previous seasons, and have left, over all, a substantial amount in cash. This year Isom has money, real money, making music in his pockets.

Before any compound-interest hoarder, any coiner of economic proverbs throws rocks at Isom for extravagance, let him first stand for a moment in Isom's tattered shoes. This negro is nothing but a child—a big black child—with no heredity of sustained effort behind him, no training, no background. True, he never risks an injury to his constitution by arduous toil, but he does work—some. And since the beginning of this year, possibly all through last year, Isom has not had one lonesome penny to clink against its fellow. Now, with half his crop ungathered, he is bewildered to find himself clear of debt; which pleases the colonel far more than it relieves Isom. And on top of that, the boss has given him a fabulous check, an inexhaustible fortune of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars. What's Isom going to do? Sink it in a savings bank? Buy land? Sensible clothing? No, sir-ree! No more than any child willingly spends all his money for a pair of shoes at Christmas. Childlike, Isom means to have a fling, to be a sport, to "show dese niggers a touch o' high life." And, possibly, Poor Richard himself might likewise have let a foot slip under the same intoxicating circumstances. Maybe if Poor Richard had stagnated through the previous lean years with Isom he might forget that a penny saved is a penny earned, and kick up his frisky heels against a pair of startled coat tails.

A Bad Year for Weevils

Trouble has always rolled off Isom like water off a duck's back, and this year he had been spared even the worriment of fighting boll weevil. The season, so ideal for cotton, proved most distressingly unfavorable to propagation in the weevil family. Weevils are here, plenty of them. Mrs. Weevil lays her industrious and astounding batch of eggs, but the youngsters do not thrive so lustily; they drop off in the dust and get choked. Ordinarily, Colonel Swampwood pesters the soul out of Isom every week or so to run his cultivator, scratch up the ground, keep the furrows dusty. This season the situation switched around so that Isom sat on his gallery and chuckled, while a white man and a flying machine did all the work. Of course Isom "disrecollects" the name of that Britisher who wrote some poetry joshing another fellow because he "Uplifts the club of Hercules, for what? To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat," but it seems every bit as comical when Colonel Swampwood goes chasing boll weevil with an aeroplane—not exactly chasing, but poisoning them.

Specially constructed planes, carrying tanks of powdered poison, fly low above the field and smother every stalk with deadly dust where weevil infestation is detected. This plan has demonstrated its success. Partially because of systematic poisoning and partly on account of the dry heat, ravages of the pest were reduced to a minimum. Yet no thoughtful planter deceives himself. Mrs. Weevil is here to stay. Hidden under the bark of trees, among Spanish mosses, hibernating in crevices of shingle roofs, she is saving herself for seed, to reappear in myriads when weather conditions tempt her to emerge. Isom also realizes that Mrs. Weevil is merely waiting her chance to eat him up. And does he lay aside a portion of his surplus against the time when there'll be no crop? Not Isom. Sufficient unto the day is the weevil thereof. Altogether, it has proved a hard year for boll weevil and an easy year for Isom.

Any investigator who may desire to study the difference between hard times and easy times need only ride out from Vicksburg on a Sunday morning. Take either bank of the river, Mississippi or Louisiana, and to each one hundred miles of highway he will observe one hundred Isoms halted at the roadside, "fixin' de Fode." A scorching sun beats down upon them, sweat spatters on the gravel; they wave their jubilant hands at other Isoms dashing past. Hammers jangle on the Sabbath air, and dust clouds settle on their dappled faces. Anybody except a hard-boiled Southerner might pity these poor negroes, mending their inner tubes while the thermometer sizzles at one hundred and five. Save your sympathy. Isom is happy, radiantly happy, puffing a two-bit cigar and fixin' his Fode. Isom would rather tinker with a rattletrap than to ride in it. Not that he's a mechanical genius any more than Sonny Boy who punches holes in his drum to discover where the fuss comes from.

City Isom or country Isom loves to tinker for tinkering's own sweet sake. Whoever disbelieves the statement may try a simple experiment on the city Isom that works in the yard. Possessing an Isom and a lawn mower, the town dweller's mowing machine is always out of order, of course; and Isom is always fixing it. Suppose you buy a brand-new mower, ball bearings, one that runs as lightly as a watch. A breath can waft it along the smooth green turf. Place your new lawn mower in the front yard, where it will be the first thing to catch Isom's eye when he arrives late next morning. Mark the maneuvers of Isom. The machine is in perfect adjustment. Does Isom grab its handles and gloat at the lack of effort with which he shaves the tender grass? No, sir-ree! Isom gives one cockeyed squint at the machine as he proceeds to the tool house, fetches a screw driver, a monkey wrench, and performs a major operation upon that luckless mower's gizzard. He fixes it—for keeps. A machine that will last any careful white man for ten years may possibly survive ten days under Isom's monkey wrench.

This apparent detour from cotton picking is not thrown in as lagniappe, to be amusing; for Isom's fixing proclivities reach to the very root of our planting system, and, consequently, exert a powerful influence upon the financial fabric of the world. Cotton is America's money crop. A returning stream of foreign gold in exchange for cotton maintains the balance of trade in our favor. Isom is a large producer of cotton. Therefore Wall Street must blink its pecuniary eyes and consider the psychology of Isom.

The Biggest and the Noisiest

Coming down to cases, Isom's propensity to fix his Fode cuts just this figure: All planters prefer that Isom shouldn't buy an automobile with half his cotton still in the field. When Isom is poor his landlord refuses him credit for anything appertaining to an auto, tires, gas or parts. But for these few riotous weeks Isom asks no credit, no favors of any man. After he cashes his check from the first ginning he astonishes the store loafers by appearing in a huge asthmatic limousine. For miles the negroes hear him coming and assemble on the gallery. Which tickles Isom. He doesn't hanker to arrive in silence and obscurity. He craves the biggest, noisiest car on the plantation, exhumed from its forgotten burial—an omnibus, a moving van, a relic of 1902. Out steps Isom, with hat tilted rakishly, and a gold-band cigar in the southwest cavity of his face. For this antique he probably paid fifty dollars cash, giving notes for more, and saved its former owner the cost of hauling away the junk. After the second ginning Isom acquires a smaller car for personal use, and donates the limousine to John Henry.

"You see, cunnel," he explains, "John Henry is done growed up a man, an' can't tend to his bizness no longer widout a ottermobile."

One day, while riding eleven miles from his home to Lake Providence, Louisiana, the planter meets sixty-four cars, ten of which belong to white people. Practically all the fifty-four negroes will scatter their cash and begin the next crop, as they started this one, on credit. The planter must advance them every necessity of life.

Some way or other, Isom and Omar Khayyam never seem to hit it off. They differ. Omar has a fool notion that he'll "take the cash and let the credit go," while Isom clings to credit, even when he has the cash. An illustration:

Toward the season's end, corn runs short. Colonel Swampwood buys a carload which costs, delivered on the sidetrack, one dollar twenty a bushel.

"Now, boys," he says to his tenants, "you can haul your own corn direct from the car and save unnecessary handling. I'll let you have it now for a dollar and a quarter."

"Cash, cunnel?" they inquire in chorus.

"Yes, cash. But if you wait until I have it stored in my crib, then buy on credit, every bushel will cost you two dollars with interest."

"Dat's all right, cunnel."

The tenants had money, yet not a single Isom hauled his corn from the car. A few weeks later, when their cash had evaporated, they bought at double price, to be charged against next year's crop.

When Everybody's Rich

You cannot teach an old dog, or Isom, new tricks. So Colonel Swampwood shrugs his shoulders and makes the best of things. Isom is Isom, rich now, and itching—itching to get rid of his cash. He won't strike another lick of work until Isom has broke his Fode and is broke himself.

So the planter figures like this: Isom is going to throw away his money anyhow. Town gamblers will get it, or criminal lawyers. He will rarely buy land or anything that does him permanent good.

"Very well," the colonel considers. "Let him chuck it at the jay birds; the sooner the better."

Don't blame Isom for his joyous reaction from the lank and hungry seasons. One day, two years ago, he was sitting on the gallery of Bascom's crossroad store. It didn't cost a cent to sit down, or Isom would have stood up. A man came along from Vicksburg, traveling for a wholesaler who supplied country merchants and laboriously failed to collect.

"Hello, Mr. Bascom," the man called. "How's business?"

"Wal"—old Bascom suspended whittling on a soap box—"I reckin ev'ything's about ekal."

"Equal?" the puzzled salesman asked. "What do you mean by equal?"

"Wal," Bascom spat copiously, "I ain't buyin' nothin' an' I ain't sellin' nothin'; I ain't collectin' nothin' an' I ain't payin' nothin'. That makes things about ekal, don't it?"

Isom doesn't believe in a religion of equality where white and black alike are dead broke. He loves to buy, buy, buy; to buy anything—a shelf-worn submarine, a wooden leg, a set of gold teeth—and revels in the nonchalant splendor of disbursement. Around this versatile purchaser the fakers swarm, thicker than flies at a molasses bung. Slick tongues sell him chests full of medical concoctions that cure every ailment to which man or mule is heir. For one hundred bucks he acquires a snake-skin belt steeped in magic vinegar to restore lost vitality. He invests in rugs with blue roses, and accident insurance with red seals. He buys chunks and chunks of happiness. What cares he that rains have ruined half his cotton, that not another bale of middling will he gin this year? What t'ell's the difference? Everybody's rich. So Isom fills his car brimming full of friends, buys a dollar's worth of bananas and steps on the gas:

All his tires poppin'
Underneath the load;
Slingin' out banana peel
Up and down de road.

A real Christmas Gift-Box for MEN

$4.00 VALUE... for $2.25

FEATURING the new Mennen Lather Brush

Mennen LATHER BRUSH $3.00

Mennen SHAVING CREAM (Special Size) 25c

Mennen SKIN BALM 50c

Mennen TALCUM FOR MEN 25c

GENTLEMEN *and Ladies, too*

HERE'S a gift box that will hit the bull's-eye for any man... Especially the new Mennen Lather Brush we're featuring. The real thing—a fine, soft, high-quality brush. Easily the equal of any you can buy for $4.00. Twice as good, in fact, as the brush the average man uses. Guaranteed, too. We make good if the brush doesn't.

The brush alone would make a gift that any he-man would get a genuine kick out of. And in addition you have the three old-favorite Mennen Products in a mighty attractive package with a presentation card. All at a special bargain price—$4.00 value for $2.25.

Get enough for your Christmas needs now before your dealer is all sold out.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

In Defense of Modern Football

By HAMILTON FISH, JR.

Acting Captain of Harvard in 1908 and Captain in 1909; All-American Tackle for Two Years and Selected as the Only Representative of Harvard on Walter Camp's Mythical All-Time All-American Football Eleven

A RECENT article written by George Owen, Jr., a former star halfback for Harvard, denouncing football as a sport, has been given widespread publicity and considerable credence. Owen, who in his day was a truly great back, besides excelling in many of the major college sports, asserts that most football players did not like the game and goes to the extent of comparing modern football players with Roman gladiators.

It is a well-known fact that Owen himself never liked football; he was in training most of the year for other sports, and the hard grind and excessive training probably wore on his nerves. Although he is entitled to express his own views, it is to be regretted that he should rush into print just when Harvard football was at its lowest ebb and thereby help place another nail in the coffin. There has been enough ridicule heaped on Harvard football from outside sources in the last few weeks to create discouragement without adding fuel by attacks from within.

I am obliged to take decided exception to practically every one of the assertions made by Owen, though in fairness to him, I believe he is absolutely sincere. It is my contention and honest belief, after discussion with former football players, that 90 per cent of the men who played on college teams since modern football was inaugurated in 1906 enjoyed the game and believe it to be the greatest of all college sports. In a poll taken of the 1908 Harvard football team, all except two stated that they thoroughly enjoyed the football season, and particularly playing in the game.

I shall make no attempt to deny that there are some parts of the training and practice which are tedious and disagreeable. The training is severe and naturally monotonous, especially as it lasts for almost three months. The practice is often disagreeable, particularly in breaking through and in hard scrimmages. The hard knocks, sprains and bruises are unfortunately concomitants of any game in which there is bodily contact, and in football they are bound to occur.

Red Grange's Qualifications

The modern game of football, however, is by no means as rough as it was twenty years or more ago. The neutral zone between the line men and the watchful eyes of the present-day officials have practically put an end to intentional roughing. There is no more piling on the player when he is down, or jumping on the kicker. It is still a vigorous, aggressive, hard game, but by no means so exhausting physically as the old game, with its pushing and pulling and heavy mass attacks, pounding away to gain five yards. The modern game requires quicker and more alert players.

The old-fashioned heavy slow center or guard has gone forever, and without tears. The open game is not only much more interesting to watch but far more enjoyable to play from every standpoint. The reason that football is the unchallenged king of college sports is that under the new rules the players actually enjoy the game for itself and for sport's sake. In substantiation of this statement I point to the tremendous growth of the game in the schools and colleges of the country, and to the fact that in the American Expeditionary Force every division that had an opportunity after the Armistice developed its own voluntary division team, composed largely of former college players.

That football is popular with the spectators is a matter of record, and the reason is because it is a clean, sportsmanlike, manly game. The large modern stadiums are unable to accommodate the enthusiastic fans, and any of the final big games would draw twice as many if space was available. Football attracts more interest than all other college sports put together.

In as much as I am writing in somewhat general terms about football, I will digress here by stating that from my observation at the Pennsylvania-Illinois game, I believe that Red Grange is by far the greatest halfback that ever carried a football. I have played a number of times against such stars as Jim Thorpe, Ted Coy and Steve Philbin, and watched Eddie Mahan in almost all his big games; but although Thorpe, Coy and Mahan were all better punters and drop kickers, and the first two better line plungers, none of them compared with Grange in sheer brilliancy for open-field dodging and outside tackle and end runs. He has to a superlative degree every qualification that makes for greatness as a halfback—speed, strength, weight, courage, confidence and an alert mind full of football knowledge and of every known trick to shake off would-be tacklers.

He is apparently one of the coolest and most deliberate players in his handling of punts in the back field, yet no player has ever been more of a mark for his opponents, which has not prevented him from running back punts or knock-offs farther and more consistently than any other player. His straight arm is tremendously powerful and his control of his speed marvelous. He seems to be able to stop dead in his tracks when going at full speed, and turn off at right angles. When tackled he refuses to be pulled down and carries the tacklers along with him for yards, and he always falls forward. Besides his wonderful dodging and open-field running, he is adept at throwing and catching the forward pass. He stands in a class by himself as the best halfback developed in the American game of football, as Ty Cobb did when he was in his prime as an outfielder in professional baseball.

There is one glaring statement made by Owen which reflects on most players, and that is that anyone who genuinely enjoys football is the type of man, presumably brutal, who thrives on fighting. As a matter of fact, some of the headiest and finest players are men who would go a long way to avoid a fight or any kind of physical altercation. They are not mollycoddles, but, on the other hand, football players do not live on raw meat and go around with a chip on their shoulders. There are all kinds, just as in every walk of life, belligerent and mild—not different from other athletics.

There is no hatred or personal animosity in football such as is encouraged in warriors. After the game is over, win or lose, your opponents remain your friends, but during the game the objective is to win by all fair means within your power, and to that end every ounce of muscle, every particle of speed and every whit of gray matter is mobilized.

Owen complains that there are no smiles, but in what competitive sport are there any smiles? Certainly not in hockey, baseball or rowing. I know of no college sport where the opponents present bouquets to one another during the game, or where you smile and pat your opponent on the back and say "Well played, sir." It is true American football has kept—and I hope always will keep—its sportsmanlike traits; although it requires a fighting spirit which knows no obstacle, counts no danger and feels no physical pain or exhaustion. There has been no game ever devised which does so much to teach teamwork and coöperation, build character and stamina, and develop clean, healthy athletes who are a credit to their college and to themselves in after life.

Practically every member of the 1908 Harvard football team has attained a considerable degree of success, especially if the income-tax figures are any criterion. Three are successful lawyers, one is a member of the Oregon State Senate, another a member of Congress; three are partners in well-known business firms in New York City, one making a substantial income in the automobile industry in Washington, and two coaches—one as head coach at Columbia and another combining farming and coaching.

I have confined my remarks about football to varsity teams, but what about the second and scrub elevens? Search where you will you will find no such spirit of unselfishness as exists on second teams, who sacrifice themselves, as Walter Camp so aptly put it, "to let others enter the promised land of victory."

It was intimated recently that President Lowell had decried football and reflected on the scholarship and mental qualifications of the players. Fortunately this alleged statement was denied, because it is totally false. The modern game itself requires a high mental equipment; besides, in order to play, Harvard and most other colleges fix a certain scholastic standing. I have no figures before me, but I know that Hooks Burr, captain of the 1908 team, belonged to the Phi Beta Kappa, and several of the captains and many of the players on Harvard teams since then have been members of the Phi Beta Kappa.

I remember in 1908 three members of the varsity football team took a course in the Divinity School entitled Church History Since the Reformation, and although they were the only ones in the class who were not divinity students all three got full A's for the year, whereas none of the twenty-odd divinity students did. So much for the brain power of football players.

The One Way to Play

In conclusion, although the game of football requires strict spartanlike training, yet the companionship and association and the thrill of the sport itself far transcend any of its disagreeable features. When George Owen says he would not like to play in a big game again, he speaks for himself and a small minority, as the overwhelming majority would give a great deal to be in the proper physical condition to jump right into the game from their seats in the grand stand, where they sit wondering if they too were ever really in such wonderful physical trim as to stand one hour of fast and furious playing. The memories of football players are a sacred heritage, and nothing could be more inspiring than for an old football star to watch his son take up the game where he left off. Imagine the feeling of pride and gratification that must have surged through Langdon Lea, captain of Princeton in 1896, when he watched his son play a star game at end for Princeton in helping to defeat Harvard by 36 to 0!

Henry Clay said he would rather be right than be President; many old football players would, I believe, rather have their sons on winning football teams for their alma mater than have them become President. Do not let anyone get the wrong impression or misjudge the game because of the hard training required; that is nothing against it. Football as played today is popular with the players and the public on its own merits, which far outweigh anything that can be said against it. It is not a game for pacifists or mollycoddles, but for strong, red-blooded men and boys, and is a great asset to the national health and physical development of our country, and has the advantages of the training and democracy of military service such as exist in foreign countries, without the apparent disadvantages. There is only one way to play football, and that was admirably expressed by former President Roosevelt—"Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard."

College and school football is the best kind of training for the hard knocks and competition in after life, and should be encouraged in every possible way in every school and college in the country. There is nothing inconsistent between scholarship and football, and in my mind there is no more valuable course in any institution of learning in America than is taught under the supervision of the clean, sportsmanlike, intelligent coaches, who are selected because of these qualifications and their striking personalities to try in every legitimate way to turn out winning elevens.

Mount Washington and Big Lake, Near Bend, Oregon

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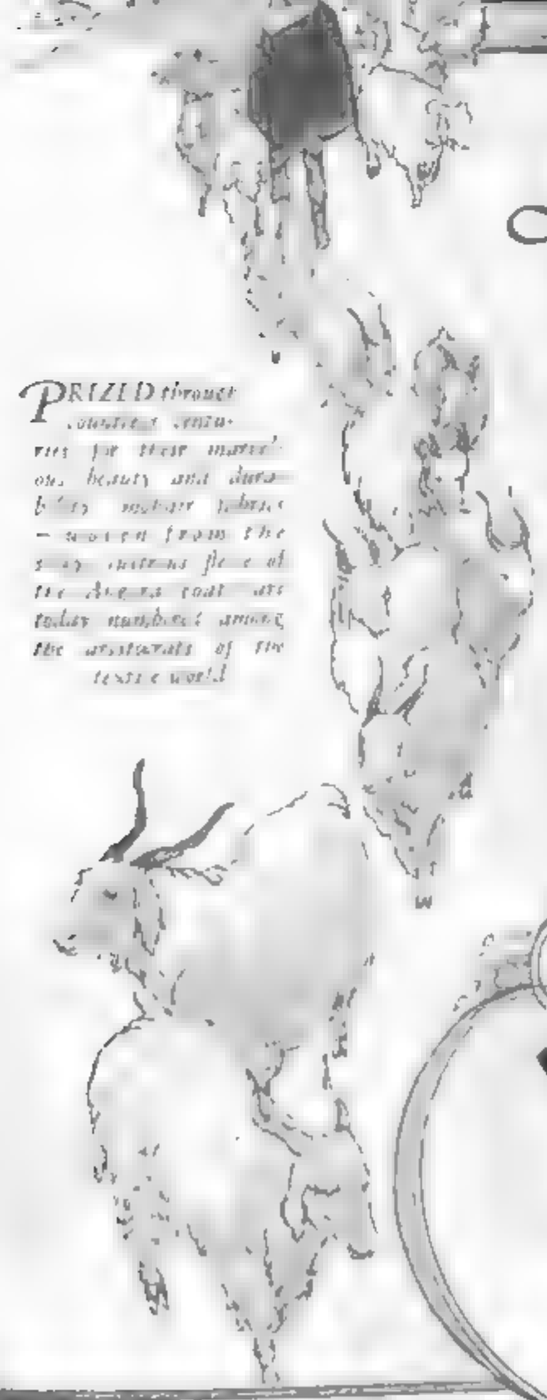

PRIZED throughout centuries for their material beauty and durability mohair fabrics — woven from the silky lustrous fleece of the Angora goat are today numbered among the aristocrats of the textile world

LITTLE feet scuffing up the seats of your car put more strain on your self-control than on the upholstery—if the latter is CHASE VELMO.

This *Perfected* Mohair Velvet has proved itself able to stand harder wear than any family gives the upholstery in a closed car.

Picnic baskets, muddy little rubbers, cookie crumbs, the wear-and-tear of travel soon ruin less sturdy materials. Velmo takes years of such treatment as a matter of course. Long after the beauty of ordinary fabrics (not made of mohair) has vanished, Velmo looks as good as new.

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Many leading manufacturers have for years upholstered their closed cars in Velmo. If it is not used in the car you desire, your dealer will gladly get samples of Velmo for your selection. Write for the interesting booklet, 'A GLIMPSE INSIDE' *sent free on request*

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Greater Comfort - Longer Wear

Greater comfort and longer wear are exactly what every motorist is seeking. Mason Balloons give you the same long wear that you got from high pressure cords—plus balloon comfort.

These twin advantages are due to the tough and sinewy cotton of which the Mason Cord carcass is built—a cotton all selected and all spun into cord fabric by the Mason Company themselves. This uniform, carefully selected cotton makes a cord structure so tough, so sinewy and so pliable that it lastingly endures the constant flexing which gives you Balloon comfort.

MASON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, *KENT, OHIO*

MASON BALLOONS

THE PETARD BUTTERFLY

(Continued from Page 13)

record for mile heats on the Adnock track. There had been some dispute between them about splitting a purse once, and another when Mr. Preble had been suspected of selling out a race, so they had for each other a mutual distrust which is often a sound basis for close fellowship. During the brief exchange of banter Hi was told about the obsolete chairs.

"You won't get much out of Joe for 'em," predicted Mr. Beales. "I tell you, Chet; why not put 'em in an auction? I'm goin' to sell out the Abijah Bradley place up on the Gilsey road tomorrow. You have 'em carted out there early in the morning, and I'll sell 'em along with his stuff. Might be a few of them summer folks on hand, and if they is there's no tellin' what they'll bid. They'll buy anything, some of them city people will, if it's old enough. You'd be surprised."

Mr. Preble was therefore not surprised, but he was somewhat astonished. He was present to witness those discarded relics create a sensation, even before they were put up for sale. He heard smartly dressed ladies buzzing about the chairs, telling their knickerbockered escorts what prizes they were. "Genuine old Hitchcocks, with the original rush bottoms." "And, my dear, will you look at that lovely stenciling on the backs?" Even with that preparation, he could hardly believe his own ears when he heard the final price per piece as the set was knocked down after a spirited battle between two determined contestants. Almost dazed he accepted the staggering amount, less Hi's commission.

"Listen, Hi," said Mr. Preble, as they drove home together from the auction. "How long has this sort of thing been going on?"

"Ay, gorry, Chet, you got me! They was at it some when I first started auctioneerin', four or five years ago, and they been gettin' worse every season. Beats all, don't it, what they want of such trash?"

Though the phenomenon did perplex Mr. Preble, it did not have him beaten. Up to date his head was not only bloodless but unbowed, and he felt himself master of his fate. This craze of city people for old furniture was something which he did not understand, would not even bother his head trying to account for. It existed, however. It seemed to be worth looking into. There might be possibilities. He did not say as much to Hi Beales. In fact during the remainder of the drive back to town he spoke hardly at all. A deep silent nature was that of Chester Preble.

Nor did he at once confide his thoughts and conclusions to his wife.

"How much did you think I ought to get for those chairs?" he asked, as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, four or five dollars."

"Here's ten, Henrietta"—and he stripped a bank note from a roll—"I got ninety."

"Chester Preble! You—you never!"

"Uh-huh. Put 'em in an auction. Good hunch, eh?"

"Why, you wonderful man!" gasped Henrietta. "You are a smart one, ain't you?"

Chester did not deny it, but calmly accepted the tribute as one long deserved. Had he not made a living by being a little smarter than the other fellow? Ask anyone who had ever traded horses with him. The mere fact that horses had gone out had not robbed him of his smartness, only snatched away his medium of expression. Perhaps he had found another. He meant to make a study of this antique thing. Ought to be simple enough to find out all about it.

Equipped with a keen mind, a certain native shrewdness and plenty of self-assurance, he began to investigate somewhat casually; and within a month he found himself in more of a daze than ever. There were ramifications, intricacies about this fad of which he had never dreamed. Now with horses it had been different. He had been almost brought up in a stable, began to learn the good and bad points of horses before he had mastered the times table in arithmetic. At ten he could detect a spavin at first glance, knew what to do for a cribber, understood many of the tricks by which a worthless old nag could be palmed off as a six-year-old. But at forty-odd he was discovering that some ladder-back chairs had four slats and some only three; that other chairs were Windsors, Brewsters, arrowheads and so on; that a paint-daubed old bureau might be simply that, or that it might be a curly maple lowboy; that grimy glass dishes pawed from the back of a farm-kitchen shelf might be early Sandwich pineapple; that a battered pewter plate might be a D. Melville or it might not; and that exact knowledge of such things was hard to come by. In fact the deeper he dipped into such mysteries the less informed he knew himself to be.

Only one fact he could grasp firmly, and this was that for many of these seemingly worthless articles certain persons would pay generously, and that if one knew exactly what to look for most of these things could be picked up here and there for almost nothing. Well, Mr. Preble decided to be here and there. He determined to know.

There was one shop in town where antiques were on sale. It was up on Elm Street, where Dr. Sam Sawyer, when his stiffening knees persuaded him to retire from active practice, had repainted his sign and had filled the front room of his brick house with a miscellaneous lot of old stuff. Back in the barn he had more of the same, also a workshop where he tinkered away repairing and refinishing old pieces.

In his smoothest horse-trader manner Chet Preble began to cultivate the acquaintance of Doc Sawyer, shrewdly suggesting that Mrs. Preble had some old furniture which she thought of selling. He could have hit on no better opening, and though Mr. Preble did drag down from the attic a curious table and a long-unused chest of drawers for the Doc to inspect, the deal hung fire. Meanwhile Mr. Preble dropped in frequently for a friendly chat and smoke. He rummaged about the stock, asked about the dusty brown bottles in the window, pumped details and prices out of the old fellow, demanded who would ever buy such things.

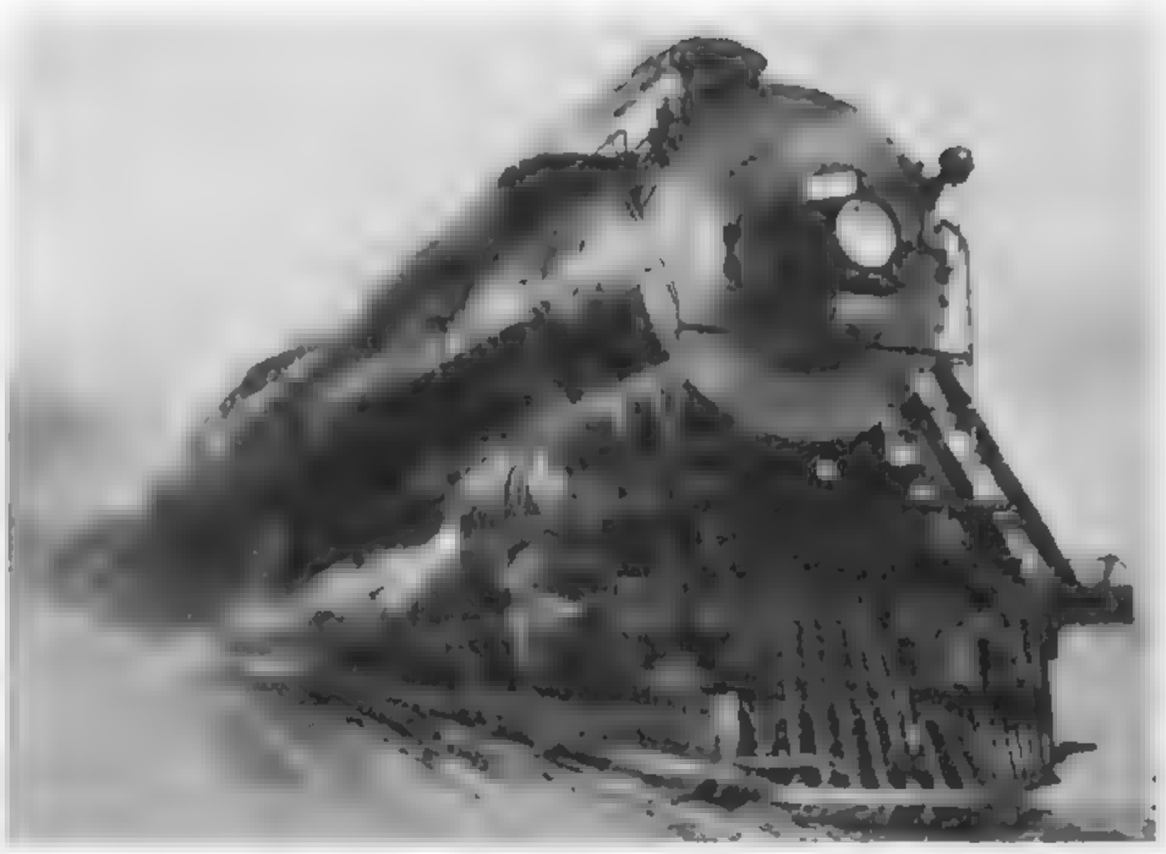
"Well, you never can tell," admitted Doc Sawyer. "Some collects one thing, some another; some are crazy over glass, and some don't want anything but maple or pine. Then there are dealers who'll buy almost anything. Come up from Boston, sometimes clear from New York."

"Dealers?" said Mr. Preble, lifting his bushy eyebrows. "But they buy to sell again, don't they?"

"Oh, yes! I suppose I sell some stuff too cheap. I make a little profit though, so I'm satisfied."

Mr. Preble decided that Doc Sawyer's business methods were crude, that little of value was to be learned from him. He began making trips to Boston, where he prowled through antique shops on Charles and Boylston streets. There his poker face served him well, for some of the prices quoted on articles which a few months before he would not have picked from the trash pile were little short of amazing. He returned to Doc Sawyer not as a seller but as a buyer, driving close bargains for some of his best pieces.

That winter Chet Preble turned student. Never much of a reader, he forced himself to pore over books. They were all volumes treating of various kinds of furniture and utensils which had survived the hard usage of Colonial days, which had been gathered into collections, which were eagerly sought by collectors. In order to fix in his mind the simple lines of these sturdy relics he traced many of the illustrations, practiced drawing them from memory, until he knew a double vase turning or a ball-and-claw



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Five million dollars' worth of raw silk arrived in Seattle on the Steamship Kaga Maru from the Orient on Friday at 7:00 a. m. At 4:30 p. m. *Great Northern Engine 2517*, hauled the silk out of Seattle in a nineteen-car train, arriving at St. Paul Sunday night at 11:05, distance 1,789 miles, running time fifty-two hours and thirty-five minutes.

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New Oriental Limited

Finest Train to and from Pacific Northwest

Engine 2517 is one of a fleet of 18 identical new giant oil burners used regularly in the service of the new "Oriental Limited" between Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

A staunch roadbed, heavy rails, easy grades, long stretches of straightaway, up-to-date signal systems, modern rolling stock, superior motive power—all operated by an alert organization of skilled men—made possible this remarkable performance.

Nine duplicates of *Engine 2517* transport you one way between the Twin Cities and the Pacific Northwest. Any one of them could equal 2517's record, if the need arose.

The tradition of Great Northern efficiency established by James J. Hill continues.

GREAT NORTHERN

Great Northern

A Dependable Railway

foot as well as he knew the proper proportions for a good draft horse. He became acquainted with periods, learned to distinguish Sheraton and Chippendale types, the vagaries of Empire joinery, the work of Duncan Phyfe and his imitators. He absorbed a smatter of lore about pewterers' marks, something about Staffordshire, Lowestoft and Bennington ware. But glass stumped him. He could pick out a Stoddard or a Keene bottle, especially a Success to the Railroad or an Andrew Jackson, but when it came to deciding whether a pair of vaseline-dolphin candlesticks were early Sandwich or late Trenton he simply shrugged his shoulders. Not in public however. When consulted on such matters by those who were beginning to rely on his opinion, he would squint wisely at the mold marks, run his finger tips over the surface, hold the glass to his cheek for a moment or two and then answer confidently, "About 1830, I should say—perhaps '35." Such decisions were hard to refute. He had another phrase which he rarely used, but which strengthened vastly his reputation as an expert. It was: "It has the feel of Stiegel, but hardly the true color." And to the ears of amateurs who had barely heard the magic word this was Delphic.

"Stiegel!" once echoed Hi Beales. "What in thunder is that?"

"It's something a few blamed fools will pay a lot of money for. Find me a piece and I'll find the fool."

"By gum, Chet, you're a slick one, all right!"

On which basis a new partnership was arranged between the two; an informal, unwritten working agreement that was developed and elaborated into a secret pact with Chester Preble as the master mind directing every move from behind the scenes. Had the business objects of the firm been frankly stated, the slogan would have run something like this: "Soak the suckers." Of course no such acknowledgment was ever made. It was not even expressed in their confidential talks. "Antiquers," was the limit of their spoken scorn, and in public the designation became "customers," with an added chuckle when that was considered safe.

Their operations began with the opening of the next summer season, when the owners of country homes in the surrounding hills arrived and a new list of auctions was scheduled. Nowhere in the country does the public vendue flourish as in New England, partly because of quirks in the inheritance laws, somewhat on account of a common custom. Anyway, if the owner of a farm passes on to his long rest, it is usual for the heirs to agree that the best and most convenient method of dividing the estate is by sharing the receipts from an advertised sale. Sometimes, when the auction has been properly announced, this brings gratifying returns; but if the stage has not been well set, if the attendance is small and limited to neighbors and near-by villagers, the results are disappointing. Rare old household treasures go for a song, and the casual collector who happens along revels in bargains. As Chet Preble was then making a business of being present at every affair of this kind held within a radius of thirty or forty miles, he was often the fortunate one. He had invested in a second-hand motortruck, and seldom did he return without some worthy additions to the stock which was accumulating in the cupolaed barn back of the big house on Main Street.

This was during his first period. He was selling nothing, simply acquiring, and not without difficulty persuading his wife to supply the needed funds for such reckless plunging.

"How you ever going to get rid of all that stuff, Chet?" she demanded.

"You'll see, Henrietta. Wait until August."

"I hope we ain't in the poorhouse before then," she sighed.

"Don't you worry. I know what I'm doing."

It was this unwavering faith in himself which carried him through. Though he realized that this was for him a new and untried venture, he went into it boldly. He had met enough dealers to know that he was crowding into a field occupied by shrewd, keen-witted persons of long experience. He had heard the record of others, not so shrewd, who had failed dismally. He was aware that in the summer colonies were many amateur collectors who were experts in their various lines, who could afford to outbid him and would. There were tricksters in the game too. But Chet Preble felt that he could, as he put it, "outsmart 'em all." He had at horse trading. He would at antiquing.

And when the time was ripe he did. If his tactics were not strictly original, they were at least thoroughly conceived and perfectly carried out. His moves were subtle, sure. This was the fashion of them: There would be announced a farm auction, "on the premises of the late Abner Whosit, two miles north from Cheshamville Corners, including the entire household goods of this Colonial homestead." Perhaps the house did date back to somewhere near Colonial times, perhaps it was of much more recent origin. No matter, the designation looked well on the bill. And whether or not among the shabby furnishings could be found anything earlier than mid-Victorian was of little consequence. About dusk of the evening before the day of sale a heavily laden motortruck would be driven into the yard of the weather-beaten old farmhouse and its contents carried into one of the dingy rooms—Chet Preble's motortruck.

So, when the crowd of buyers gathered early the following forenoon, there were displayed all the items mentioned in the attractive list—a Pembroke table, a rocker with baby rack, a two-drawer pine blanket chest, one banjo clock, one grandfather's ditto, two pairs of brass andirons, set of tin candle sconces, six whale-oil lamps, framed prints by Currier & Ives, and the other articles which were always "too numerous to mention." The larger pieces were scattered about the yard, the banjo clock hung on a wall it had never known before, the glassware spread on a kitchen table.

True, the wax-finished Pembroke hardly looked as though it belonged with the cheap oak dining-room set, and a speculative observer might have wondered how the late Abner Whosit came by such an imposing hall clock. But tradition has it that every farmhouse can yield such treasures, handed down from one generation to another, and your average antique collector is not apt to ask why and how. He is satisfied to find the hunting good, eager for the fray to begin. What if here and there a hard-boiled dealer does sniff, and whisper to a confrere, "Salted sale, eh?" That will not keep them out of the bidding, especially if some impatient client has asked for a Pembroke or a matched pair of glass lamps.

Hence the bidding was apt to be lively. If for any reason it was not, if the attending dealers showed a tendency to fraternize too closely, or there were signs that they had entered into a gentlemen's agreement in dividing their patronage, the emergency was promptly met. At an almost imperceptible nod from Mr. Preble, two bystanders who had hitherto been silent began to edge in and make bids, apparently to the surprise of Mr. Beales.

"Hello! Fire broke out in a new quarter, eh? All right! Let's go! I have ten fifty, will you make it 'leven? Fifty, fifty, fifty, do I hear the 'leven?"

As a rule this had the effect of bringing others into the contest, and when the figure was satisfactory Mr. Preble would take off his square-topped derby and gaze contemplatively into it, at which the two bystanders would suddenly retire. Of course, sometimes the two would rouse no further competition, and then the article would be knocked down to one of them, to be set aside and later loaded into a truck which seemed to be in no way connected with Mr. Preble. Yet one of the pinch-hit bidders would be Jim Hammond, who drove the vehicle, and the other a Mr. Krimms, who acted in the capacity of helper.

Which should, in part, explain the detached but watchful manner of Mr. Chet Preble.

In other ways too he betrayed a passive interest in the auction. He not only followed the bidding, but noted the bidders. At times he moved among them, exchanged friendly comments. He could be seen appraising with critical eye a Windsor chair, or a six-legged Chippendale sofa, or holding to the light a lace-pattern Sandwich cup plate. He had the air of a connoisseur, of one who could sift the wheat from the chaff. And he was often consulted by those who were impressed by his technic, who could not rely on their own judgment. Always he was ready with words which sounded fair and wise. No didactic decisions, you understand; but calm conservative estimates as to the genuineness of this or that, modified by a hint that, after all, one might be mistaken.

"Yes, that's a good bonnet top on that highboy; but it's hard to tell, with so much paint on it, whether it's maple or birch or maybe cherry. Original brasses? Well, I wouldn't want to say. They turn 'em out in all the old patterns, and age 'em up with acid. Still, they might be old, at that. Handsome piece anyway. Yes, it might go as high as two-fifty, but there's always a chance of stealing a thing like that for a hundred or so. Depends on how bad the other fellow wants it. No, I'm not going to bid on that. I got one I like better. Show it to you some day if you'd care to see it. Well, I have said I'd sell it sometime. I dunno but what I would. Better see what luck you have with this one first."

It was an attitude which made friends for Mr. Preble. As in the instance of this Professor Rumley.

From his tree-shaded seat on the old mower, Chet Preble seemed quite unconcerned with the further activities of the professor. Why waste time on such small fry when bigger game was afield? Besides, the poor fish was securely hooked, had swallowed bait and sinker. He'd bid his head off for that fool table.

Very nearly Newton Rumley did. He began modestly enough by holding up three fingers, and a gray-haired lady with a determined chin raised the bid to five. A dealer from Concord tried to shut them both out with an offer of ten and was promptly overbid by a young lady who had recently opened a tea room on the Daniel Webster Highway. At twenty-seven there came a lull, and the professor nodded when Hi Beales asked for twenty-eight. Somewhere between thirty-five and forty the dealer and the tea-room proprietor dropped out, but the gray-haired lady was still going strong. Also a dapper middle-aged person in a linen golf suit. When the lady hesitated to go beyond fifty-six her place was taken by someone on the edge of the crowd who shouted a hoarse "Sixty!" Seeing that the newcomer was a rough-looking, overall-clad person, Professor Rumley went to sixty-one. At seventy he shook his head, but a moment later he had recanted. And at ninety-three dollars, amid a buzz of comment, he was proclaimed the victor.

"Sold to Professor Rumley!" called the auctioneer to the clerk. "Ninety-three. Now the next article."

Still tingling from the clash of combat, the professor bore away his trophy to the humble flivver which, with its station-wagon body, served him as touring car and truck. He had stowed and roped on his other purchases—three wood-bottomed horn backs, a grained-pine bureau, a wheelbarrow, a light stand, two Bennington jugs—and was wrapping the shiny table carefully in a pieced bedquilt when he glanced up to find the keen brown eyes of Mr. Preble regarding him somewhat quizzically.

"Well, I see you stayed right with 'em on that piece, eh?" commented Preble.

"Yes. I did go higher than I intended, but I—I'd made up my mind to have it, you see."

"That's the stuff! When you find what you want go right after it."

"Then you don't think I paid more than the table was worth, do you, Preble?"

"Worth!" echoed Preble. "That's something that's all up to you, every time. If you wanted it that much, why, it's bound to be worth it—to you. That's all there is to this game."

The professor could not decide just what Chet Preble meant to convey by this. It sounded a bit cryptic, and there was almost a mocking note in the tone. The cynical smile with which Preble favored him as he turned away also was a little disturbing to Rumley. As he drove back over the hills to Ledge Acres, and as the excitement of the auction wore off, he began to wonder if he hadn't been rather foolish. Nearly one hundred dollars for a little table which would be almost lost in a corner of the big living room! He had never plunged quite so heavily before. Generally Marion was with him at these sales to add a word of caution or to tug at his coat sleeve restrainingly. Perhaps he had been a trifle reckless today. How the total had mounted up, with all those other items! And looming ahead of him next month were the return tickets to be bought, the fall-term tuition bills for the children to be met, winter wardrobes to be replenished, taxes, life-insurance premiums—and his next quarterly check a long, long way off. Still, if it should prove to be a genuine Jonathan Rodgers, he had secured a rare bargain. It might even turn out to be a museum piece, worth four or five times as much as he had paid.

So, with a mixture of pride and guiltiness, he finally reached home and exhibited his cargo of miscellaneous loot to a family group which had gathered in the elm-shaded dooryard at the sound of the flivver's squealing brakes. He was greeted with prompt protest from the younger members.

"Oh, dad!" sighed Miss Ruth. "You've been running wild again, haven't you?"

Then Gilbert relieved his feelings by chanting satirically, "And the farmer! The farmer took another load of junk away!"

The professor was fully accustomed to the disapproval of his young people. In fact he could recall but one point of favorable mention from either of them during the whole summer. Gilbert had openly praised his dad's back-hand tennis stroke. Aside from this virtue, however, his rating was about D minus. And this weakness of his for continuing to squander the limited family bank account on antiques, they considered a little worse than race-track gambling and not quite so depraved as the drug habit.

As usual, he endured their jeers and protests in meek silence. But he did look eagerly to his wife for quick appreciation when the hard-won table had been unswathed. A fair-haired, whited-browed person was Mrs. Rumley, of pleasing matronly curves, slim ankled, and with sober gray eyes which could look searchingly and deep. She was viewing the trophy calmly, even critically.

"Well, Marion, isn't it a beauty?" urged the professor.

"I suppose it is. But isn't it rather—er—Grand Rapidsy, Newton dear?"

"Judge by line, not by the surface," quoted Rumley. "Some misguided finisher put that gloss on. But for all that it's the real thing; early American, perhaps quite early. Unusual, too. Why, even Preble said he'd never ——"

"Again, Newton? Did you allow that man to tell you this was a genuine old table?"

"He did better than that, Sagacious One. He showed me how I could tell for myself. It's always the drawer that counts. And, behold!" The signature of Jno. Rodgers was triumphantly displayed. "And observe the duck feet, the fluted column, the pie-crust top."

Mrs. Rumley observed. Then with sure intuition, she demanded; "How much, Newton?"

He had not meant to make the confession at that time, had intended to delay naming

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the figure at least until they were quite alone. But the sober gray eyes were fixed insistently on his. He admitted the price.

"Good night!" groaned Gilbert. "There goes my initiation into Gamma Psi."

"And my sorority dues," wailed Ruth.

"I wish I had let the currant jelly wait, and gone with you, Newton," added Mrs. Rumley.

The professor spent an evening in disgrace. Even his suggestion that they might save railroad fares by camp-touring in the flivver back to the Middle West was waved aside. The usual cheerful banter was missing, and instead a soggy gloom descended on the family group, for at least three of them could not keep from considering other and saner ways of spending ninety-three dollars. Once Newton tried weakly to bring them out of it.

"After all," he suggested, "it isn't as though I had pawned the family jewels or been caught robbing a bank."

"Of course, Newton," assented Mrs. Rumley.

Then there was silence until Gilbert summed up his sarcasm by asking: "Why hasn't someone written a parable about the prodigal father? Then we'd know how to behave."

"Very well," said the professor. "Give me corn husks for breakfast, Marion." With which he went to bed.

He had intended to spend the following morning in the workshop rubbing down the table, but he had no heart for the task. So he got out the flivver and drove into town for the mail. And it was a chance meeting with Mr. Alden Sears in the post office which gave him a hint as to a way out of his dilemma. Mr. Sears, he knew, was a real collector. His summer home, a dozen miles from Ledge Acres, was an estate; and the great rambling Colonial house, so the professor had heard, was filled with choice samples of early American pieces. Rumley had seen him at dealers' sales buying only the rarest articles. He remembered his bidding in a shell-top pine cupboard at a price which had caused the professor to gasp. Perhaps he would give as much for a real Jonathan Rodgers.

True, they had merely a nodding acquaintance, but between members of the antique fraternity that counts for much. The professor stopped Mr. Sears at the door of his limousine, told him about the table.

"One I picked up at an auction. I'm not sure, but I believe it's quite early. Might even be a museum piece. You would know, Mr. Sears, at a glance; and if you cared to stop as you drove by ——"

"H-m-m," said Mr. Sears, pulling on his chamois glove. "About 10:30."

Professor Rumley hurried home and waited, trying to decide how much he would ask for the table should Alden Sears show signs of wanting it. Not that he fancied the rôle of seller, but if the thing was more valuable than he could afford to keep, why should he not be sensible about it? Besides, if he could make a profit of one hundred, or even fifty dollars on the transaction—well, that would be something to mention, quite casually, to the younger set.

Mr. Sears was only a half hour late and offered no apology. Why should he? He had often kept a whole board of directors waiting longer. And he was businesslike when he did come.

"Where is it?" he demanded.

Nor did he care to hear any preliminary description of the piece, so the professor was forced to lead him at once to the shop, where Mrs. Rumley was discovered applying varnish remover to an Empire bureau. Briefly acknowledging the introduction, Mr. Sears turned to the exhibit.

"H-m-m! I believe I've seen this before. Yes, yes. The very same. Couldn't very well be another like it in the country."

The words fell gratefully on Rumley's ears, caused his mild eyes to gleam. He hazarded a quick glance at Marion.

"Then you consider it somewhat unusual, Mr. Sears?"

"All of that, professor. In fact it is the most unique example of antique fakery I've ever seen—and I've been shown a good many."

"Fakery?" gasped Rumley.

"Impudent fakery, sir."

"But—but have you seen the drawer?"—the professor pulled it out—"and the Jonathan Rodgers signature?"

"I have. Who this Rodgers was or how his name came to be scratched there I don't know; but I am certain this whole table was built to fit around that drawer, and that no more barefaced swindle was ever perpetrated than the contriving of this absurd hybrid."

Mr. Sears was preparing an impatient exit when the professor asked rather plaintively, "But I don't see how you can say that. Why could it not be a ——"

"My dear sir," broke in Mr. Sears, "did you ever see or hear of a pie-crust table that was not a tip-top, or one that had a drawer? And can't you tell factory fluting from handwork, or reproduction duck feet? Picked this up at an auction, did you? I suppose the Hon. Chester Preble was somewhere about, wasn't he?"

"Why, yes. I—I consulted him about this table before the sale."

"Excellent! And I presume he suggested that you inspect the drawer and allowed you to discover the signature. That was his method when he brought it to me last week. I was half inclined to buy it, too, as a horrible example of furniture faking. By the way, professor, may I ask what it cost you at auction?"

The professor was blushing like a truant schoolboy who has been led back to his teacher by the ear. "I—I had rather not say, but it was more than I could really afford."

"H-m-m! Someone ought to get after that fellow. Not easy to catch him red-handed though, and no doubt you careless bidders are fair game. Good day, professor."

When he was gone Newton Rumley sat himself down and stared at the hybrid table.

"Jonathan," said he severely, "who put that pie-crust top on you, and where did you get those duck feet? Oh, there's no use blinking innocently at me through your knobs. I know you for a rank impostor. Yes. I've taken a full course in fake furniture—F. F. 1, for sophomores only—and it cost me ninety-three dollars cash, as well as the respect and good will of my entire family and one of my neighbors. For shame, Jonathan!"

It was a gallant gesture he was making as he lifted the bitter cup, but Mrs. Rumley noted that his ears were still pink, that there was a sag to his shoulders.

"Never mind, Newton. I've no doubt Mr. Sears has made mistakes too. And he needn't have been quite so snobbish about yours either. We'll say no more about it."

"Thank you, Marion. That's noble of you. But I mean to take my medicine. We will put this hybrid object in the living room and I shall tell the children all about it. I shall confess to anyone who comes in, fully. I've been tricked and swindled; I'm an easy mark; I am meek and lowly, sick and sore—especially I am sore. But I am a turning worm, Marion."

"You don't mean, Newton, that you ——"

"I intend, my dear, to get even with Chester Preble if it takes me the rest of my natural life."

"But Newton!" There was alarm in her voice.

"No, not by the assault-and-battery method; nor shall I invoke the slow majesty of the law. It is not wholly a personal revenge that I'm after either. Sears called me a careless bidder. I'm worse than that. I've been plain silly. I invited Preble to fool me and he did. He hardly hid his contempt while he was doing it. That's all right too. But his scorn for the good honest old things which our forefathers made and used—that's another matter. Oh, he does scorn them. I have felt that all along, and here is absolute proof. Why, a man who would fabricate a table such as that would sneer at his own grandmother. A pie-crust table with a drawer! Why, he'd draw the Goddess of Liberty with bobbed hair; he would paste a Charlie Chaplin poster on Plymouth Rock."

"I believe he would, Newton. He handles antiques as a cobbler does old shoes. I am sure he was the one who palmed off those goblets on us. But I don't quite see what you can do about it."

"Nor I, as yet. I'm not much good at plotting either. But somehow I feel as if I owed it to my Colonial ancestors to lay this sacrilegious trickster by the heels, to become the agent of retributive justice. Who knows? I might be inspired."

At about this time Chet Preble was tilted back comfortably in an old rush-bottom armchair just inside the half-open door of the combined office and shop which he had improvised on the first floor of the big barn. Had he been vice president of something, his secretary would have told callers he was in conference. Hi Beales was there, and Joe Derry; and over at the bench by the east window was Herman Metzler, a Swiss cabinetmaker who had drifted into town sometime in March, quite drunk, with two cuckoo clocks which he claimed to have made entirely from cigar boxes. Mr. Preble was in the police station chatting with the chief when the befuddled foreigner was brought in, and he heard the claim. Taking a purely sporting chance he went bail for Herman, secured a suspended sentence for the offense against the peace of South Adnock, and when Herman had become sober provided him with three cigar boxes and told him to make good his boast. Herman did. From that date he worked for Mr. Preble during such periods as bootleg liquor, Jamaica ginger and patent medicines of high alcoholic content could be kept from his ingenious fingers and thirsty throat.

But not making cuckoo clocks. Just now he was carving a rope design on the legs of a cherry table. He was not a member of the conference.

It was an informal affair. Mr. Preble and Hi Beales had finished going over some figures, and the former had stuffed into his coat pocket a roll of bills just as the second-hand dealer dropped in.

"Hear you had quite some sale yesterday," said Joe Derry.

"Yes," assented Preble. "We got rid of quite a lot of stuff."

"I'll say we did," added Hi Beales. "Good prices too. Ay gorry, Chet, I never thought you'd get so much for that there pie-crust table that Herman fixed up. You seen it, didn't you, Joe? What you guess it brought? Ninety-three!"

"Good gosh! And I let you have most of it for ten! You sure are a slick one, Chet."

Mr. Preble raised no clamorous dissent, merely blinking acknowledgment. Such tributes had become commonplace to him, but they were by no means unwelcome. He fed on them and liked the diet. It was no scanty fare either. For, though only a few of his intimates heard the details of his transactions, it was generally known about town that Chet Preble was making a good thing at the antique game; and as his revenue came exclusively from the summer people there was no local criticism—chuckles, rather.

"I bet he stings some of them antique hunters good and plenty," was the usual comment. "Must, the way he splashes round with a new car and everything."

"Yeauh! They gotta get up pretty early to get ahead of you; eh, Chet?" was another tribute whose triteness he did not despise; nor did he hesitate to repeat any of them to Henrietta, whose relish for these titbits was almost as keen as his own.

"Yes," she would add; "and most of them rich city folks you unloaded your junk on are supposed to be pretty smart too. You outsmart 'em though; don't you, Chester?"

"I have to or else give up. When I can't I'm through."

"I say it only serves 'em right—filling their houses with old stuff when they could well afford to buy new stylish things," and Mrs. Preble glanced with pardonable pride around a sitting room in which an ornately carved davenport, gilt chairs, overstuffed easy-chairs, and a ruddily mahoganized table were crowded on the vividly flowering carpet. No one could doubt their newness, or fail to be impressed with the fact that it must have cost a lot to furnish a room so lavishly. And everything had been bought with merely the surplus from Chester's sales and deals—from attic discards and woodshed relics. Why should she not pay homage to such cleverness?

So Joe Derry was but swelling the chorus when he declared that Chet was a slick one. The fitting of an old drawer into a new table, however, and getting ninety-three dollars for it, seemed to him about the climax of Chet's career.

"Doggoned if that ain't rich!" he asserted, slapping his knee. "Musta been some plute that didn't care what he did with his money. Who was the poor saphead, Chet?"

"A fool professor by the name of Rumley. Bought the old Tilton place out toward Gilseyville. No, he's sort of a cheap skate, but if he's bound to throw his cash around I figure I might as well have it as the next one."

"Was that Alden Sears party to your auction, Chet?" asked Joe.

Mr. Preble shook his head.

"They tell me he goes in for these antiques strong. Comes poking around my place now and then. Ever hook him with anything, Chet?"

"Not yet. One of these wise birds, Mr. Sears thinks he is. Turns his nose up when I show him pieces. Got real uppish the last time I was there. Insulting, I called it. But you wait. I've been laying for him. I'll get him yet."

"I bet you do too," assured Mr. Derry. And Hi Beales nodded confidently.

So there matters stood in early August. The firm of Preble-Beales continued to operate busily and prosperously. During one notable week they staged four separate auctions, each of them profitable, and one a veritable "killing," as Joe termed it. Almost it seemed that every owner of a summer home within fifty miles was there, each bent on outbidding the other. Two, however, were missing if not missed. Alden Sears, after glancing at the name of the auctioneer, had tossed the bill into his wastebasket. And Newton Rumley had forsworn such affairs.

The professor was busied in his workshop. He was taking apart a rather ungainly old pine cupboard which he had found in the great cellar of the farmhouse. On its wide shelves crocks of preserves and pickles had once been stored—perhaps pies and cheeses. They were generous shelves, two feet or more deep, an inch thick, and the boards were of one piece, handsawn from what was once known as the king's pine.

Precisely what Newton Rumley was doing in his workshop none of his family seemed to know. Neither Ruth nor Gilbert asked, being content that he was tinkering away there and avoiding auctions; for they had heard all the shameful story of the hybrid pie-crust. He had spared himself in no way, promised to reform. As Gilbert put it: "Dad's on the wagon, don't wave anything red." And Ruth: "Poor old dad! He didn't know it was loaded."

Even Marion Rumley, who usually shared all but his inmost thoughts and aspirations, was aware only that Newton was engrossed in some enterprise about which he had not as yet consulted her. He would in time. Or perhaps he was working out a penance by making for her that kitchen cabinet which she had once suggested. Yet she noted that he had driven over twice to see Alden Sears and had spent several evenings drawing patterns for something on the kitchen table. She heard him planing and sawing in the shop.

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2 for 25c
and 10c
Trial Package
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CHARLES THOMSON

"HAVANA RIBBON"

Havana Ribbon
An exclusive blend of domestic to[bacco]
Trial Package

BAYUK CIGARS INC.

PHILADELPHIA

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Rumley had more than an amateur's knack with tools. He could put up shelves, cure sticky window sashes, make doors swing the other way, build a folding ironing board. He had fashioned for Gilbert a perfectly good mandolin, somewhat to his own subsequent regret. Anyway, there was deftness in his slim fingers. Perhaps a good carpenter had been spoiled for an indifferent chemist. At least he turned for recreation to his workbench rather than to his laboratory. And for two weeks he stuck steadily to his shop, emerging only to construct what looked like a small smokehouse out back of the barn. There were no hams to be smoked either. Something was so treated, however, and afterward carried secretly into the shed and covered with a bedquilt. Following this he made several trips to town and paid another visit to the Sears estate.

Then Chester Preble was called on the phone one morning by Doc Sawyer. "I got a piece up here, Preble, that I'd like to have you look at; a thing I bought the other day and something I guess I got stuck on."

"I'll be up in about an hour," said Mr. Preble.

And when he arrived he was led into a back storeroom, an old quilt was thrown aside, and there stood revealed an object in whose presence Chet Preble, for all his poker face, could hardly suppress his quick interest.

"Huh! Where'd you get this, Doc?"

"Why, a fellow brought it in from some farm. Must have dug it out of the attic by the looks. An old-timer, eh?"

"What did you have to give for it, Doc?"

"Well, I expect I gave more'n it's worth. Just a battered pine table. But it's kind of a curious-shaped one. I've never run across one before, but seems to me I've seen a picture of one like it—in an antique magazine. What they call a butterfly table, isn't it?"

"M-m-m," murmured Mr. Preble. "It might be, at that. How much did you say you paid?"

"Why, it was this way: the fellow wanted some ready money and named his figure. Seemed an awful lot, but he acted like he had his mind made up to get just that much. He'd been talking to Alden Sears about this table and he sort of let on that if I didn't take it right off he'd lug it up to him. Well, you know how I am. I don't always know about such things, but I thought to myself, if this is something Mr. Sears really ——"

"What's your price, Sawyer?" broke in Mr. Preble.

"Mine? Oh, I'll tell you, Chet; to get out whole and make—well, say six or seven profit—I ought to get an even hundred."

"Huh!" Chet Preble was rubbing his chin. Paying a sum of that size was quite different from receiving. "Let's get this into a better light."

The table was dragged near a window, where every inch of its dusty surface was gone over by the shrewd brown eyes. He called for a cloth and rubbed clean part of the scarred top, brushed some clinging cobwebs from the bottom stretchers. He unfolded the winglike supports of the leaves and rapped them with his knuckles.

Yes, it was a butterfly table, without doubt. Only once before had Chet Preble seen such a piece and that was in the semi-public museum of a multimillionaire collector. And here was another! Could it be genuine? Well, there was the staple-hinged pine top, scratched and dented, one leaf slightly warped, and all mellowly toned with the touch of time. It had the patina, the age tint. One of the slim, gracefully turned oak legs had been split and mended with wooden pegs, cunningly driven in. Then there was the drawer, dovetailed and pegged together, grease-stained. A product of some journeyman cabinetmaker whose sturdy handiwork had survived for more than two centuries. Even Chet Preble was a little impressed when the thought surged in on him that at this table some grim-faced Puritan, some fair Priscilla, had bowed their heads in prayer while without the crude cabin lurked painted Indians. Not that he sentimentalized for long.

"You can shade a hundred some, eh, Doc?" he asked.

"Couldn't do it, Chet. The fact is, I might get Sears to do a lot better'n that. He hasn't seen it yet, but from what the fellow told him about it, he thinks maybe it's a real Petard butterfly, whatever that is. I dunno, do you?"

"Petard? Well, not exactly. Name's kind of familiar though. Even if it was one, that's a lot of money for an old pine table. Tell you what I'll do, Doc; I'll take a chance and give you ninety-five."

"No-o-o. I guess I better let Sears have a show at it. I called him up and he said he'd be in this forenoon. But if you want it now, Chet, for what I told you I'd ——"

"You've sold it, Doc. Here! I expect I've got that much with me." He counted out the amount and asked for a receipt. "And if you don't mind I'll just wait here until Sears comes. You can sort of let on for a while that it's still yours. That all right, Doc?"

"Why, sure, Chet. Just as a matter of curiosity how—how much you going to ask Sears for it?"

Mr. Preble leisurely folded the receipt, tucked it into a billfold, and lighted a blunt-ended cigar. "For a butterfly? Why, if he's real decent and doesn't try to get uppish with me, I might let him have it for five hundred."

Doc Sawyer appeared to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple. He dropped into a chair, took off his glasses and wiped them, and stared, first at Mr. Preble, then at the table.

"By gum, Chet, but you are a smart one! Why, that's more'n I've made all summer. But I don't set up for a real trader, and if you can get away with a deal like that I guess you deserve it. Hello! Here come Beales and Joe Derry. I'd like to see what they say when I tell 'em about this. You don't care, do you?"

Mr. Preble waved a careless hand. And Joe paid his usual tribute. He was still emitting explosive "Ay gorrys" when a purring motor car was driven into the side yard and Alden Sears came striding into the back room. In his usual direct manner he walked straight to the table.

"This is the piece, is it?" he demanded. "M-m-m!"

His inspection seemed casual enough. "Yes," he announced. "It has the true butterfly design. Looks as though it might be original too."

"Might!" Chet Preble had stepped forward. "Could pine wood get colored up like that if it hadn't been weathered a couple of hundred years? I'll say it's old enough."

Alden Sears regarded him calmly and coldly. "You are an expert on such things, are you, Preble?"

"Well, that's what they say." He drooped an eyelid for the benefit of Hi Beales.

"Yes, I know," went on Sears. "You have built up quite a local reputation, I hear, as a judge of early American craftsmanship. But there are very few butterfly tables in existence. Would you back your judgment, for instance, on this?"

"I have backed it. I just paid Doc Sawyer good money for that table. That's how much I think of it."

"Ah!" Mr. Sears allowed a note of disappointment to creep into his voice. "Then I am a little late?"

Joe Derry was grinning broadly as he felt the elbow of Hi Beales in his ribs.

"I don't know as you're too late," observed Mr. Preble. "I don't buy such things to use in my own home, or to bump my head on the floor in front of every time I pass. I buy 'em to sell again. And this table's on the market. I know about what I can get for it too. If you're interested in the price ——"

"I am," cut in Alden Sears.

"Five hundred dollars."

Joe Derry could no longer hold his enthusiasm. "Ay gorry!" he broke forth, staring in admiration at his hero. A similar sentiment glittered in the shifty eyes of Hi Beales. Doc Sawyer breathed heavily, sensing the tenseness of the scene. For this was Chester Preble's big moment. He had played the same game before, but never for such a stake, never more boldly.

"M-m-m!" Alden Sears was stroking his chin. "I should like to consult a friend whose judgment, in this instance, I am sure would be better than my own. He is waiting in my car."

"Call in anybody you like," agreed Preble.

But when Alden Sears reappeared with Professor Rumley in tow the keen brown eyes flickered suspiciously.

"You call him an expert, do you?" asked Mr. Preble with unveiled sarcasm.

"In the matter of Petard butterfly tables, yes. If there is a more competent authority in the country than Professor Rumley, his existence has escaped my notice."

"All right. If that's what he is let him go to it."

"Professor," explained Mr. Sears, "this table was purchased by Preble as a genuine, pre-Colonial butterfly table. He has offered it to me at five hundred dollars. May I ask your opinion of it?"

With his usual diffidence, Newton Rumley glanced about the little group, noted the grinning secondhand dealer, saw the sneer on the ample lips of Chet Preble, and sidled toward the center of the stage. He lifted the table, ran his finger tips over the top, stooped to examine the legs, pulled out the drawer. It was a fair imitation of the Preble method. After a moment or two he shook his head.

"I should say, Mr. Sears, that it was only a moderately successful reproduction."

"What!" This hoarsely from Chet Preble.

The professor ignored the ejaculation, turning to Doc Sawyer. "Do you happen to have some denatured alcohol handy? Ah! Thank you." He saturated a woolen cloth, rubbed the time-yellowed top. "As I suspected. This wood has been treated in some way, probably with chemical fumes. See?" He pointed to a spot which had all the appearance of comparatively new pine.

Preble, who had crowded to his side, snorted his dissent.

"Tommyrot! Alcohol will do that to any kind of wood, no matter how old."

"I don't agree with you, Mr. Preble. But let's have a look at the drawer. That's the test of an old piece, you know—the drawer. And this one—well, the chamfering is too smoothly done, for one thing. With a modern plane, I judge. Still, I may be mistaken. And sometimes there's a signature. I wonder if —— Why, hello! Just a moment."

He had taken a penknife from his pocket and was scraping away at the bottom.

"Someone has filled this in with stick shellac," he commented. "It's beginning to show, though. Here it is! Well, well! I suppose this was meant for humor. Can you make it out, Mr. Sears?"

Mr. Sears could.

"It seems to be signed 'A. Faker, 1925.' Not such an early piece, then, as you thought, Preble. I'm afraid you've been taken in by some practical joker."

"Lemme see that drawer," growled Preble. Having glanced at the thing, he threw it angrily from him.

Mr. Sears raised his eyebrows and turned to Newton Rumley. "Your decision, then, is that this is not a genuine Petard butterfly?"

"Oh, it's a butterfly of some sort, and I've no doubt that it was meant to be a Petard. Perhaps it is. But I should say its market value was about ten dollars."

"In that case," said Mr. Sears, "I think we will not tempt Mr. Preble to part with it. Shall we go?"

Gazing stonily after them, Chet Preble stood for a full moment, being stared at in turn by his admirers. At last he asked throatily: "Doc, just what did you pay for that thing?"

"Why, Chet, I agreed to pay exactly ninety-three for it. I must send the fellow a check too."

"Ay gorry!" exploded Joe Derry. "Ninety-three! Dog-goned if that ain't one on you, Chet. Looks like that saphead professor had outsmarted you in the end; be dog-goned if it don't."

And in the following chuckle, Chester Preble heard more than the expressed fickleness of a single follower. He knew how the tale would be spread, not only by the veering Joe but by Doc Sawyer, by Hi Beales. It would reach his newly made friends in the City Club, be repeated on the streets, passed over the counters in stores, whispered at church suppers, told at lodge meetings. Some female gossip would take it to Henrietta. He saw all the elaborate structure of his smartness tumbled in the dust, spat upon. For a small town knows no mercy, and smartness is a quality which even your best friends resent. It was the foundation upon which he had built, and now at a single blow it had crumbled. He might laugh off the incident for the time being, but it would follow him, haunt him.

Yet he squared his shoulders, relighted his cigar, smiled sneeringly.

"By a fool professor too!" he remarked bitterly.

"And say, Chet," asked Joe Derry, "what the hell is a Petard anyway?"

"That's another thing I ought to know, Joe, but don't."

And he left them to chuckle at will.

The Rumleys did not go flivver camping back to the Middle West. They went in a Pullman—Drawing-room A.

Thug: "'Lo, Red! How 'Bout That Job We Planned for This Week?"
"Gotta Make it Next Week. I'm Bein' Tried for Grand Larceny This Week."

ANOTHER WATERLOO

(Continued from Page 7)

turned up—"*retroussé*," George called it euphemistically. When I saw her at a later date I thought her mouth sulky, with lines about it that had not been begotten entirely by smiles. Her hands were well kept but plebeian, and her wrists were overlarge. I noted that her manners and her speech, though accurate enough, were cautious. She reminded me constantly of an amateur pianist performing a difficult but long-practiced concerto.

"Tell me about yourself," she began brightly, when food and drink had been ordered. "You're a Harvard boy, of course—I knew that the minute I saw you. I can always tell a Harvard boy. I don't know why, but there's something different about them, I guess. They seem somehow like Englishmen, don't they, mother? Mother and I've often said so, haven't we, mother?"

"Often!" agreed Mrs. Vivian heartily. "They're gentlemen—that's what I always say—they're gentlemen. And nobody's not a gentleman can fool Vonnie or me for a minute. We've been up against the other sort much too much—in Vonnie's profession, of course," she added as a hasty afterthought.

Mrs. Vivian, George reflected, had not quite the polish of her daughter; but she was such a very friendly soul, and he could not help liking what she said about Harvard men. He wished Vonnie would not call them Harvard boys.

He admitted modestly that he attended Harvard and—far more difficult—disclaimed being anything more mature than a freshman. Immediately Vonnie besieged him with a cannonade of questions:

"Do you know Bob East, the captain of the football team? No? Oh, I thought of course you would know him. I know him awfully well. He's a lovely boy, isn't he, mother?

"Do you know Jim North, the captain of the crew? You don't? How funny! He's just one perfect peach, isn't he, mother?

"Well, you certainly know Jack South, the captain of the baseball team? What, you don't know dear old Jack South? We're great pals, Jack and I, aren't we, mother?"

Poor George, as was quite natural, knew none of these celebrities of the senior class; but finally, desperate and conscious that he was appearing to disadvantage, he blurted out, "I know Tom West, the captain of the lacrosse team, pretty well. Do you know him?"

Vonnie wrinkled her brows and deliberated for a space before she said, "Tommy West? Tommy West? No, I don't think we know Tommy West, do we, mother?"

My nephew breathed a sigh of relief. He, too, knew no Tommy West, and knew not a single one of the members of the lacrosse team.

When they had exhausted the list of possible mutual friends—and it never occurred to my nephew to doubt that Vonnie was intimate with the men she mentioned—the conversation switched to parentage, and it was here that Mrs. Vivian entered magnificently into the arena. She had had three gin fizzes and her cheeks were flushed and shiny and her hat was not quite straight and there was a glint in her eye. She delivered a monologue on the late Francis J. Vivian that might have served as a funeral eulogy.

"A man of wonderful family, Mr. Coventry," she said—"simply wonderful family. The best in the country. And a clubman—a very prominent clubman. Belonged to all the best clubs all over the world. Lived right here in Boston, Mr. Coventry, but his work—engineering, y' know—took him to every state in the Union. Traveled man, y' know. Splendid breeding—'ristocrat to his finger tips, I always said. And yet, y' know, Mr. Coventry"—here she leaned forward and lowered her voice—"the loveliest man about the home y' ever could imagine—a home-loving man, I always called him. Yes, Mr. Coventry, a home-loving man. And"—her voice rose again—"a genius, Mr. Coventry—a genius in his perfession!"

Vonnie, a little uneasy, interjected, "We are all very proud of father, but we mustn't bore Mr. Coventry."

George protested that he was not bored, that on the contrary he was intensely interested in the late Mr. Francis J. Vivian.

"He built skyscrapers and bridges and things, I suppose," he said.

Mrs. Vivian's fat arm described a circle that embraced not only skyscrapers and bridges but also, no doubt, the pyramids and the Colossus of Rhodes.

"Everything!" she exclaimed. "Everything! All the big buildings in New York—he did 'em. All the bridges—he did 'em. The Elevated railway—he did it. Did 'em all, Mr. Coventry. Monuments to his genius, that's what they are. Monuments to his genius!"

She was becoming a little tearful, and suggested another gin fizz. Vonnie frowned and bit her red lower lip with her impeccable teeth.

Then, determined to make the best of it, she smiled understandingly at George and whispered, "Mother's so funny! The least little bit of a drink goes straight to her head. Poor dear!"

This confidence immediately established a bond between Vonnie and George—a secret shared in common.

"And what happened to him?" continued Mrs. Vivian, rhetorically questioning. "He was wasted—wasted! Killed by a dirty Spanish bullet at San Jewn. The flower of the country, Mr. Coventry, and he was sacrificed—cut off in his bloom—at San Jewn. Now tell me what you think of that!"

She paused triumphantly, waiting perhaps to hear what my nephew thought of that, and then, when he voiced no opinion, applied herself to the most recent gin fizz.

The hour was approaching midnight, and presently Vonnie signified her desire to go.

"I try so hard to keep fit," she sighed. "I simply can't stay up to all hours of the night, like the other girls, and feel that I am doing justice to myself or to my career." She stopped to laugh briefly. "I guess you think I'm a funny sort of a girl to be on the stage," she went on. "Lots of people think so, because I suppose I'm different. I don't drink or smoke, as you've noticed, and I don't want you should think, Mr. Coventry, that I go out to supper with every man that asks me just because I went out with you. You won't think so, will you?—because I'm not that kind at all, and I'd hate awfully to have you get any wrong ideas in your head about me."

George assured her that he understood perfectly, and that nobody could converse with her for a minute and not know that she was—well, different. He felt very chivalrous and protective toward her, and he resolved that he'd have her and her mother out to tea in his rooms in Randolph. Let people talk! She was just as decent a sort as any of those Beacon Street washouts. Besides, she was prettier and dressed far better. Before they parted he delivered the invitation.

"I'll show you around Cambridge," he promised—"Memorial Hall and the glass flowers and everything, and then we'll have tea at Randolph Hall and I'll ask a few of the fellows in. What do you say to that? Tomorrow, eh? Let's make it tomorrow. I'll come and get you."

Vonnie thought it would be awfully nice, and her mother finished her gin fizz and agreed.

Denny Shea, still more or less sober, drove them to their small, immodest hotel. On the way my nephew ventured to touch Vonnie's hand with his.

She gave him a friendly little squeeze and said, "You're a nice boy, Mr. Coventry."

"Call me George, won't you?" said my nephew.

"George," she whispered obediently, and his heart began to sing syncopatedly.

Mrs. Vivian had all the earmarks of being sound asleep.

II

I GATHER that during the next two weeks my nephew came to take his infatuation seriously. He scarcely missed an evening at the theater, and his bill at Thurston's must, in consequence, have been staggering. But he had other expenses—flowers, candy, restaurant checks, and the inevitable Denny and his cab: and he spent many vain hours in jewelers' shops searching for a diamond-and-sapphire bracelet for ninety dollars, which was all the cash he could afford.

In Cambridge he assumed among his friends an air of complacent boredom. He let them understand that their silly little flirtations and their puerile adventures held no interest for a man who was experiencing the *grande passion*. When young Vandyck boasted of having met Miss Bessie McCoy, then playing in Puff, Paff, Pouf! my nephew viewed him with a cynical, disconcerting smile. His Vonnie was not yet a star, to be sure, but some day ——

The tea that he gave in honor of Mrs. and Miss Vivian at Randolph Hall was not, in every way, a great success; and this, I imagine, was the fault of George himself. He invited four only of his most intimate friends—men whom he could depend on to

(Continued on Page 131)

"Very Well, George; I Shan't Say a Word Until I've Talked to Her—and Heard Her Talk. When Is That to Be?"

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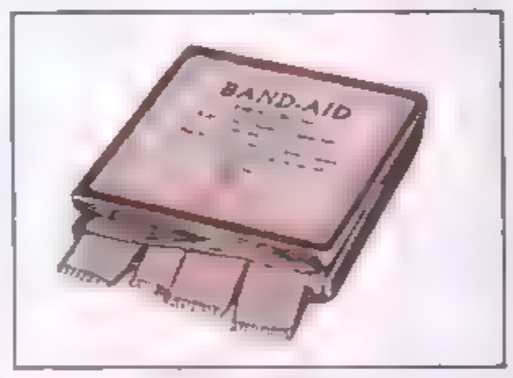

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WEAVERS OF THE FAMOUS KARNAK WORSTED WILTONS

(Continued from Page 128)

do and say the right thing; men, in short, of wide experience and social *aplomb*—and he warned them very gravely that, although Miss Vivian was temporarily in the chorus, she was, nevertheless, a lady and just as well-born as they were. He hinted that his affection for her was of a quality far purer than they, in their ignorance, might suppose.

"I'd invite my own sister to meet her," he asserted, "if I had one."

In consequence, it was a stilted, ill-at-ease group of youths that sat in an awkward circle around Vonnie and ventured remarks on the climate or offered her more toast and marmalade. Even Mrs. Vivian, subdued no doubt by a daughterly rebuke for her conduct of the night before, was thoroughly sober and discreet.

"What perfectly lovely rooms!" Vonnie exclaimed. "You know, I think you boys are just simply spoiled to death, aren't they, mother?"

From George's mission morris chair, she was able to identify his series of Fallowfield Hunt pictures, but she fell down rather badly on the reproduction of Sargent's "Carmencity," which I had given him.

There was one thing, however, which she did to my nephew's complete satisfaction—she called him repeatedly by his Christian name, and she gave the four hand-picked youths to understand that she and George were friends of long standing. And before he said good-by to her at her hotel, he obtained her promise to have supper again with him that evening.

"Mother," she said, with a meaning glance at that lady, "won't be able to come with us tonight, I'm afraid. She's been complaining of a headache all day. But if you can stand just little me alone ——"

He stood little her alone, not only that night but many subsequent nights. He promenaded her proudly in all the best hotels; he went so far as to wear a dinner coat every evening; he ran up a vast bill for ties, shirts and socks; he allowed an emissary of an expensive Boston tailor to measure him for a dazzling plaid suit which, when it had been delivered, he had not the courage to wear.

One afternoon he hired an automobile and took her all the way to the Wayside Inn for tea. It was on that occasion that he asked her to marry him. I imagine that Vonnie had a good bit to do with it; for George assures me that, although he sincerely believed himself in love with her at the time, he had not until that day seriously contemplated proposal of marriage. Some grain of common sense, bequeathed to him at birth no doubt by his very practical father, had argued that it wouldn't do.

It might have been the racy air of spring, but my opinion is that it was more likely a deliberate resolve that caused Miss Vivian to unbend, for unbend she did. She, who until then had allowed my nephew only the most furtive of handclasps and the most transient of kisses, suddenly warmed to her work and amazed him with the brilliancy of her technic and the ardor of her performance. She swept him off his feet and, on one occasion, a teacup off the table.

They were in a small room which the hospitable and clairvoyant landlord had allocated to them alone. It was spring, I repeat, and George, at least, was young; and Vonnie, at least, was beautiful.

"You're wonderful, Vonnie!" my nephew exclaimed. "I feel as if I'd never really known you before."

She panted a little and murmured, "I've tried so hard not to show what I felt for you, Georgie boy." In a saner moment he must have shuddered at "Georgie boy." "I oughtn't ever to have let you know, because it's only going to make everything harder for both of us. Everything is so hopeless—so hopeless!"

She seemed to be on the verge of tears, and my nephew was no man to stand by and see a sweet, innocent young girl suffer. What, he wanted to know, was hopeless? Why, he wanted to know, didn't they have as much right as other people to be in love?

"Love," he explained authoritatively, "is something over which we have no control."

"Yes," she agreed, her face in her hands, "but don't you see that our love can't lead to anything? You never could ——"

She stopped and sent in a sob to bat for the rest of her sentence.

"I never could what?" asked George.

"You never could marry me!"

Then George rose to dizzy heights. Marry her! He thundered that, of course he could marry her—could, and by heaven, would! What did she mean?

She raised her head to tell him that she meant because she was only a chorus girl—"Your family will object."

"I have no family," said George. "I have nothing but a guardian—my uncle—Uncle Foster." That, of course, was I.

This was cheering news to her, no doubt, but there remained, in her mind, a second very important factor to consider.

"Oh!" she said; and then, with only an instant of hesitation, added, "But, Georgie boy, he'll cut you off without a penny. He'll stop your allowance if you marry me."

George was in a position to laugh that objection aside.

"Why, Vonnie dearest, he can't do any such thing! I have five thousand a year until I'm twenty-one, and then I come into the whole caboodle." She smiled sadly.

"You're such a funny boy, Georgie! You talk as though you were going to inherit a million."

"Two," answered George briefly, and put his arms around her.

"My own Georgie boy!" she murmured, drawing him closer.

Before they left the Wayside Inn she had shyly consented to be his.

III

IT MUST have been on the following day that I received a telegram from my nephew announcing his engagement. He withheld the name of his prospective bride, but urged me to come to Boston and meet her. In as much as George had not kept me adequately posted on the ups and downs of his *affaires de cœur*, I quite naturally supposed that it was the manly little Back Bay girl that had at last accepted him. I knew nothing either against her or in her favor, but I did know that George was far too young to take any irrevocable step on the path to matrimony. A bachelor myself, I looked back and shuddered at my own narrow escapes; and I reflected that while there is probably no one woman in the world without whom a man cannot live, there are at least a million rather than live with whom he would prefer to die.

I arrived at the South Station in Boston a little after six o'clock. My nephew, very considerately, met me and had retained Denny Shea to drive us back to the Touraine. While I bathed and changed, George sat on my bed and told me all about it.

"All I ask," he concluded, "is that you don't get prejudiced against Vonnie until you've met her and had a chance to see how fine a girl she is. She's no more like the ordinary chorus girl than—than you are."

"Very well, George," I said patiently, although I was inwardly much perturbed. "I shan't say a word until I've talked to her—and heard her talk. When is that to be?"

"I've two seats for the show tonight," he explained, "and I've arranged for us to take her and Mrs. Vivian out to supper afterward. I've reserved a private room at one of the hotels so we can be quiet and—and sort of get to know one another. I ordered champagne," he went on, pathetically, I thought, "because it makes things easier, and besides, I figured that this was an occasion more or less—announcement of my engagement, you know."

He was quite red in the face, poor boy, and I felt sorry for him when I saw that he realized how tawdry an engagement party this was to be.

During dinner our conversation was awkward and carefully impersonal. I am sure that both of us were glad when the time came to cross Tremont Street to the theater.

"She comes on almost at once after the curtain goes up," George informed me nervously. "The scene's in Maxim's and she comes in and sits on the second high stool from the left, in front of the bar. I'll point her out to you. She wears a red dress. You just wait—she's wonderful!"

I waited as advised, but I knew I should not share George's enthusiasm. I am not, I think, bigoted; I have met, in my more or less remote youth, very charming ladies wasting their talents in the chorus; I have encountered wit and generosity and cheerfulness under adversity, incased in the proverbial pink-silk tights. I have encountered all these, I say, but, to quote the much-quoted Mr. Kipling, "There are other things besides, and I should leave this game alone." Kipling was referring to horse racing, of course. However ——

The orchestra blared out something or other, the curtain rose on a glorified, unrecognizable Maxim's, and presently my nephew nudged me.

"There she is!" he said. "See, that's Vonnie coming in now in red. Now she's sitting down, second stool from the left. See her? That's Vonnie!"

"Yes," I said, "I see her. She's very pretty, I think."

"She's wonderful!" said my nephew, and relapsed into silence, the better to contemplate her wonderfulness, no doubt.

After the first act, George took me to the famous bar on Boylston Street, where he bought me a drink and presented me to Denny Shea. Denny seemed fairly drunk, but he assured my nephew that he wouldn't take anything more and would be waiting for him with his cab as usual after the performance.

"Denny," I said before we left, "I don't suppose you remember me. I'm Foster Coventry, of the class of '89. I remember you perfectly."

Denny stood off a pace and regarded me and a great light came over him.

"Fosther Coventhry!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'll be domned! Shure as death, I rimimber ye, an' why for should I not? Wasn't it mesilf that let ye droive me cab all th' way to Boston an' ye dressed loike a bally girrul, that toime ye was runnin' for th' Dicky? Little Fosther Coventhry, is it? Well, I'll be domned! Here's yere very foine health, Misther Coventhry, an' may ye always kape out o' jail."

I fled before he could fling his arms about me and embrace me. My nephew seemed amused.

"I suppose you raised a good deal of hell in your day, Uncle Foster," he observed.

"Transient hell only," I said; "nothing that stayed with us in later life."

"Oh," he said vaguely, and fell silent.

At the conclusion of The Pet of Paris, my nephew guided me to the stage entrance. In that miniature purgatory where all men must wait, George had by now come to occupy a position of some prominence as the recognized and, so to speak, official waiter for Miss Vivian. The girls now were apt to toss him a cheerful "Hello!" on their way out, and Mr. Hawthorne, the comedian, had been known to nod and mutter "Good night."

The wait seemed intolerably long and my gray hairs absurdly out of place. I had the guilty feeling that, by those of the company who passed me, I was looked upon scornfully as a lecherous old satyr. I was on the point of retreating to the obscurity of Denny's cab, when Vonnie and her mother came clanging down the stairway.

The introductions and salutations having been accomplished according to the rules of the Book of Etiquette, we squeezed into Denny's cab and were driven laboriously to the hotel, which abounded in private dining rooms. Denny was, as usual, instructed to return for us at midnight. He was far from sober, I noted, and as I entered the revolving door I looked back and saw him with a pint bottle of something applied to his mouth.

My nephew had ordered a rather elaborate supper, with two bottles of champagne, cocktails and liqueurs, and I reflected rather apprehensively that before the evening was over the rules of the Book of Etiquette might well be outraged.

At first everything went stiffly but smoothly. Vonnie, in the accurate, cautious manner that I have noted before, laid herself out to be charming; but beneath her apparent friendliness I detected an undertone of defiance. She could not help being aware that I was not on her side.

"Let's you and I be frank, Mr. Coventry," she said. "You know that this engagement is a shock to you, isn't it? No, don't deny it—I can understand it so well."

I had made no move toward denying it.

"It was, of course, very sudden and unexpected," I said.

"Yes," she agreed—"that too. But what hurts you most, I'm sure, is that I'm a chorus girl, and you've got no use for chorus girls in the Coventry family. Am't I right?"

"My nephew assures me," I replied, "that the Vivian family can hold up its head with the Coventrys, or anybody else, for that matter."

"And they can, too," said Mrs. Vivian. "If George told you that, he told you the truth. My late husband was a 'ristocrat to his fingers tips, Mr. Coventry."

"I'm sure of it," I said.

"It's not quite that I mean, mother," Vonnie said a little impatiently. "What I'm trying to tell Mr. Coventry is that I don't think a girl's profession ought to be held up against her. It's the girl herself that counts."

"Of course it is!" exclaimed George vehemently. "And Vonnie'd be a brick in any walk of life!"

"She's not like the others, thank God!" said Mrs. Vivian piously, and reached behind her to take a second cocktail from the serving table. "Vonnie's straight and pure and clean, she is, as I, her mother, ought to know, thank God!"

"Mother, please!" protested Vonnie, trying in vain for a maiden's blush. She applied herself, with head lowered, to her lobster, not forgetting to raise and crook her little finger in very convincing fashion. George was busy opening champagne and it devolved upon me, I saw, to say something.

"Please don't think," I murmured, "that I need to be won over. I have no reason to oppose your marriage and I have but one suggestion to make—that is that George waits until he is twenty-one. At present he is far too young, and what, after all, are three years to wait when, as is the case with you two children, your love is undying?"

Before she could veil her eyes with her ever-industrious lashes, she gave me a venomous look. From that moment I am convinced that she hated me.

"Rot!" cried George, and pulled the cork. "That's the way old people always talk. It's always wait, wait, wait. You waited, didn't you, Uncle Foster, and just see where you are!"

"I do see where I am," I answered complacently. "I'm an extremely contented bachelor."

"Shame!" put in Mrs. Vivian coyly. "If all men felt like you, what'd the race come to, I'd like to know? Where'd all the little kiddies be?"

"All men, Mrs. Vivian," I pointed out, "have not my self-control. They've not the patience to wait."

"Or, maybe," suggested Vonnie tartly, "they've got more blood in their veins."

"Apoplectic," I said, and satisfied that I had made my position clear to Vonnie, at any rate, I earnestly strove to turn the talk into pleasanter channels. In this effort I was greatly aided by Mrs. Vivian, who, as she confided to me over her champagne glass, didn't like to see a party get too serious.

"Champagne," she asserted, "wasn't made to be glum on."

Vonnie, I noticed, drank very sparingly. She, at least, I conjectured, was on her

(Continued on Page 133

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(Continued from Page 131)

guard; and this calculating caution of hers I held against her. I should have preferred to see her natural, relaxed, her very self. I have no doubt that thus she would have been more likable.

She sat almost silent, half angry, half sulky, and when she did vouchsafe a remark it was in a shrill, forced voice and accompanied by a hard and unenthusiastic laugh. George, I could perceive, was disturbed by her attitude, was apprehensive of the impression she was creating on me. His eyes pleaded with her for a little more geniality, a little unbending, but they met with no response. Once or twice she said something impatiently to him in a low voice; once or twice she quite conspicuously frowned on him. I judged that she was preparing to bully him when they should be alone. Wretched boy! I, too, in his position, would, I think, have drunk too much champagne.

Conversation limped along half-heartedly, Mrs. Vivian contributing rambling monologues on her husband's social prominence and on her daughter's purity.

At midnight the waiter came to announce that Denny Shea and his cab were waiting for us.

"All right," said George. "Tell him to keep on waiting. The party's just begun."

"Excuse me, sir," said the waiter, "but I think I'd ought to tell you he's a little bit drunk."

"Bully for him!" said George recklessly, and he attacked the second bottle of champagne. He was determined, I judged, to make a go of what so far was not a successful entertainment.

Endeavoring to assist him, I managed to get a smile out of Vonnie and rather uproarious laughter from Mrs. Vivian. I have never before tried so hard to be scintillating. I suppose I must have scintillated for ten minutes before the waiter returned with disquieting words.

"Excuse me, sir, but your cabman says he won't wait no longer, and he wants to be paid and he says you already owe him twelve dollars and he's getting hard to handle, sir "

"All right," said George cheerfully. "You tell him we'll get another cab and he can go straight to hell." The waiter hesitated.

"I'm afraid he won't be willing to do that, sir," he said. "He seems like an obstinate sort."

"Better pay him off, George," I recommended, loath to risk any more unpleasantness.

"Pay him off nothing!" my nephew exclaimed. "The old rascal owes me twenty-five dollars now on a five-to-one shot I hit at Belmont last week. If he won't pay when his book loses, I don't see why I shouldn't take it out in cab fares "

"The boy's right," said Mrs. Vivian sententiously. And then she added, "Any jury'd acquit you, George."

The waiter, still dubious, withdrew, but George continued to explain his injured innocence.

"Why," he said, "he's nothing but a robber—one of those friendly sort of robbers, don't you know. Slap you on your back with one hand and reach for your watch with the other. The nerve of him, saying I owe him twelve dollars, when as a matter of fact he owes me twenty-five minus twelve."

"Thirteen," prompted Mrs. Vivian. "That makes thirteen."

"Why do you patronize him, George?" asked Vonnie. "Aren't you rather foolish to bet on the races with a man you know won't pay you if you win?"

"Oh, well," said my nephew tolerantly, "we all know Denny Shea."

At that a strange thing happened - Vonnie and her mother both cried "Who?" at the same time.

"Denny Shea," repeated George.

There was an instant of silence, during which I caught Vonnie and her mother exchanging startled glances; and Mrs. Vivian, not quite inaudibly, said, "My God!"

After that things happened almost all at once, and, accordingly, it is extremely difficult to set them down in a consecutive and comprehensible manner. The great dramatic scenes of life are, I think, brief but full to flowing over, and in them there is usually to be found, peering in perhaps from the wings of the stage, that kill-joy of those who take their drama earnestly and prayerfully—the ludicrous. In this scene of poor George's, the ludicrous stamped right out onto the stage and clamored for the spotlight, while minor little tragedies were being acted out, poignant enough, but well-nigh unnoticed in the surrounding obscurity.

First there came the sound of angry voices from the corridor; then the voices ceased and in their place came the ominous stampings and gruntings and thrashing about of limbs indicative of a struggle; then, triumphant as chanticleer at dawn, the cry, "Ye wud, wud yez, ye poor, ignorant wurrums!" Then, amazingly and inexplicably, the staccato snapping of a whip. And then Denny Shea, ardent from battle and rejoicing in his strength, lurched through the door into the room.

I repeat that I am somewhat at a loss here to describe precisely what we did while Denny stooped to turn the key in the lock behind him.

George, I know, sprang up and yelled, "Hi, you, what the devil!" Vonnie, as I remember it, turned her back and said nothing. Mrs. Vivian addressed some appeal or other to the Deity, and I—well, I think that I fumbled in my pocket seeking for a twenty-dollar bill with which to pacify the intruder. But Denny, his battered whip clutched tightly in one hand, turned to face us with a sly, drunken grin splitting his purple face.

"Shure," he said, "here be th' par-rty I've been sthrugglin' to fine! Little Misther Georgie an' his uncle, little Misther Fosther Coventry, and—God bless me soul! I'll be foriver domned if it ain't Maggie hersilf!"

I sat, fascinated, speechless, while he tried to focus his bloodshot little blue eyes on the features of Mrs. Vivian. He advanced a pace toward her, craning his short thick neck. As he advanced, Mrs. Vivian shrieked and recoiled.

"Get away! Get away from me, you filthy, disgusting creature! Oh!"

He nodded his head, satisfied.

"Shure," he said, "now I know it's Maggie. No wan but hersilf has lungs loike a domned pair o' bellows. An' phwat moight th' other young lady be loike? 'Twill break poor old Denny's heart if he foinds his woife, an' his daughter be not with her."

He side-stepped solemnly around in a circle and peered into Vonnie's white, sneering face. She raised her head to look him in the eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Get out before we call the police!"

He regarded her, shrewdly smiling, and shook his head sadly.

"Hark to her," he said—"hark to little Rosie, me only daughther, askin' who her own father is! Gintlemen, it brings th' tares to me eyes and th' sobs to me throat. An' to think thot all these noights I've been drivin' me own woife an' child around the black strates o' the city an' niver knew it till now. Faith, it do go to be showin' thot wimmin all look th' same in th' dark."

George moved over in a sort of daze and laid his hand sternly on Denny's shoulder.

"Get right out of this room, do you hear?—or I'll put you out. And if I have to do that, I warn you, you'll go to jail."

Denny drew away, on his guard. I could see that he had sobered off considerably. I wondered if I had a fifty-dollar bill to give him and, if so, would it be enough. I believed, you see, that he was telling the absolute truth—believed that Mrs. Vivian was his wife and Vonnie his daughter.

"Ye wudn't be afther breakin' up a family rayunion, George?" he protested. "Shure an' it's foive long years since me Maggie an' me little Rosie here run away from me."

"You're a liar, Denny Shea!" cried Mrs. Vivian, and immediately realizing how incriminating the gentle observation was, clapped her hand to her mouth.

Vonnie looked at her with superb contempt, sighed and said softly but distinctly, "You poor fool!"

"Maggie was always thot," agreed Denny.

Quietly and disdainfully Vonnie began to collect her belongings—her cloak, her gloves, her bag. She delayed a moment, coolly to powder her face and to touch up her lips.

"Well," she said, studying her artistry in a small round mirror, "I guess that's about all for tonight. I resign. Oh, yes, he's my father, right enough. See him? That's the prominent clubman mother was telling you about!"

I could not, I confess, resist turning my eyes to the prominent clubman. There he stood, whip in hand, redolent of rye, battered silk hat aslant above his mottled, unshaven face, a little frightened at the havoc he had created and a little pleased that he had been able to create it. With Mrs. Vivian's description of her husband fresh in my mind, it is small wonder that from that moment I viewed the situation gayly.

"Everything that I am," continued Vonnie ironically, "I owe to my parents, George. But you must admit it's pretty tough, just when you think you've shaken father for good and all, to find that he's driving you around in his hack." She raised her hand, kissed the back of it, blew on it twice and said, "Good-by, two millions! Good-by, Georgie boy." Then she gathered up her mother. "Come on, you poor lemon," she urged. "Cut the sob stuff—the act's over. Good night, gentlemen—no, don't bother to escort us. Father, I'm sure, will drive us home."

Somehow or other, while George and I stood sheepishly aside, she got those preposterous parents of hers out of the room; and as the door closed behind her, I reflected that nothing so became her as her end.

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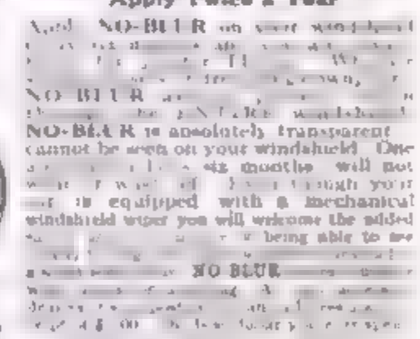

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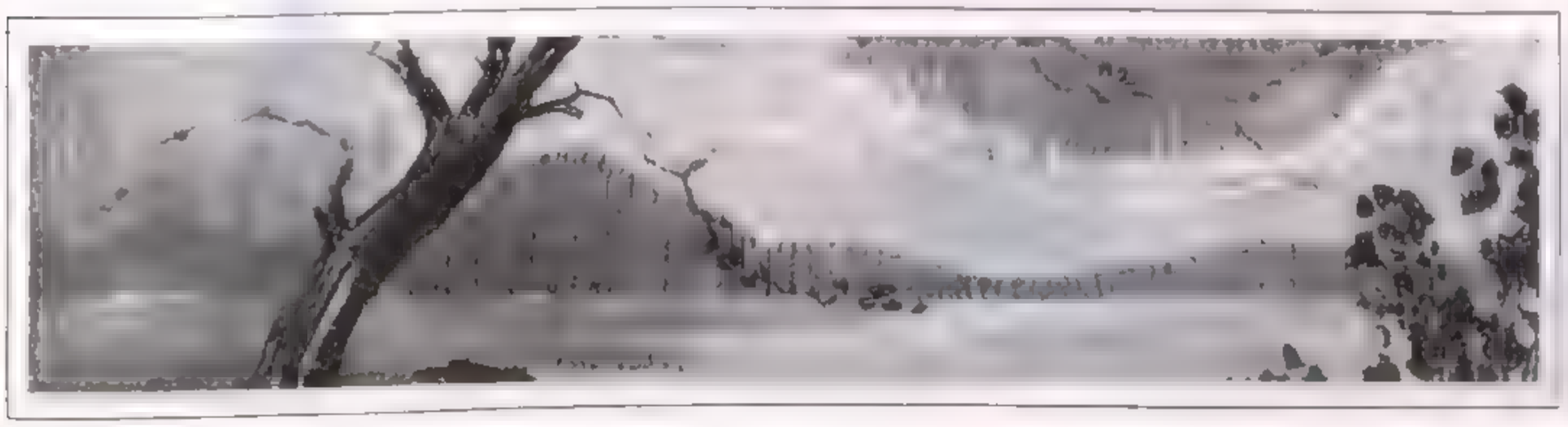

THE PENNINGTON PERAMBULATOR

(Continued from Page 19

"You could do with some," she replied.

"Must I?"

"You must."

"I'm terribly busy," he protested.

"You're always terribly busy. But just the same, you are to meet Mr. Heath at the first tee at four."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. Pennington with resignation, "if you say so."

At quarter to four he was reaching for his hat when Lyle Keever came into the office, a sheaf of papers in his hands, concentration on his brow.

"Sorry, Alexander," said Mr. Keever. "I know you have a golf data. But I must take a few minutes of your time to get the details of this big shipment to the Coast straightened out. I'm afraid it can't wait. I'd handle it myself but I need your help. It shouldn't take long."

Mr. Pennington put his hat back on the peg.

"Miss Birch," he called, "please phone Mr. Heath that I'll be a bit late."

"Now, Mr. Pennington ——" she began.

"Sorry, Miss Birch," he said. "Important shipment to the Coast. Have to help Mr. Keever with it for a few minutes."

"Oh," said Miss Birch, "I know about that shipment. Tomorrow would be time enough."

Mr. Keever favored her with his best smile.

"Perhaps," he said gently, "I am a better judge of that than you, Miss Birch. . . . Now, Alexander, the difficulty is this: We agreed to ship on the fifteenth ——"

Mr. Keever plunged into an intricate problem involving bills of lading. It was well past six when Alexander Pennington found the solution.

"Better go home now, Alexander," advised Mr. Keever. "You look all fagged out. Get a nap before dinner."

"I do feel a trifle all in," admitted Mr. Pennington. "Think I'll run in town to a concert tonight. They're playing Stravinsky's Fire Bird. Music always sets me up."

Mr. Keever sighed.

"I thought," he said, "that tonight I was to come to your house to go over that tire matter with you. The last batch of rubber was below our standard, you know. We must do something about it rather soon. Of course, if you don't want me to come ——"

"Oh, that's so," said Mr. Pennington. "Well, all right. Nine o'clock then."

There was spring in Mr. Lyle Keever's step when, a month later, he came into Mr. Pennington's office. Alexander Pennington was not looking well. He had lost color. His eyes seemed duller.

"Feeling any better today, Alexander?" queried Mr. Keever.

"No," said Alexander Pennington, for him, curtly.

"I was afraid not," said Mr. Keever. He took a seat close to Mr. Pennington's broad desk. His manner was as grave as a coroner's at an inquest. "Alexander," he said, "I had a talk with Doctor Trask last night."

"Yes? What about?"

"You," said Mr. Keever.

"Really? What did he say?"

"First, let me ask you this: Have you confidence in Doctor Trask?"

"Why, yes," answered Mr. Pennington. "For a young man, he seems to have an old head."

"He was considered the best man in Chicago," said Mr. Keever. "That's why I asked him to come on here to see you. Your doctor, Van Buren, is a nice old fellow; but in medicine, as in most things, one has to keep up-to-date. Believe me, Alexander, Doctor Trask knows what he is talking about."

"Bit of a pessimist, though," suggested Mr. Pennington.

"He doesn't kid his patients along, if that's what you mean," said Mr. Keever.

"Well," asked Alexander Pennington, "what did he say about me?"

"It's rather serious," said Mr. Keever. "I'm going to tell you straight out." Mr. Keever squared his shoulders, as a man does when he has a difficult and highly unpleasant duty to perform. "Doctor Trask said, Alexander, that the only way you can escape a breakdown is to get a good long rest far away from work and worry."

"Retire?" Mr. Pennington groaned.

"Alexander," said Mr. Keever earnestly, "you know I look upon you as—well, almost as a father. What I am going to say is for your own good. You're a sick man. You're too game to admit it. Indeed, you may not even realize it. But I can see it. Doctor Trask can see it. Your one chance, if you want to stay on earth, is to quit work, and quit it soon. Look here."

Mr. Keever produced a colorful booklet which set forth the fact that the S. S. Luxurian was shortly to depart for a cruise around the world. Mr. Pennington eyed it without enthusiasm. Mr. Keever read from it:

"'Cuba, Panama Canal, Hawaii, Tokio, Shanghai, Singapore, Java, Calcutta, Egypt, the Mediterranean, Paris—long stop-overs. Everything first class. The ideal way for a tired business man to rest.' Well, Alexander, what do you say?"

"I'd rather stay right here," said Mr. Pennington.

Great gravity was in Mr. Keever's manner as he said, "No, Alexander, don't try to buck Fate. You've done your share of work. Now is the time to retire. Doctor Trask strongly advises that when you come back from the trip you get yourself a nice quiet place in Florida, where the climate is mild and you can have your garden and golf and music."

"In short," said Mr. Pennington morosely, "the scrap heap for me."

"Not at all," Mr. Keever assured him hastily. "You'll have time to play. If you stay here and work you will go on the scrap heap for keeps."

"But," said Mr. Pennington, "what about the business?"

"Alexander," said Mr. Keever, "the time has come when you can leave the business to others. You knew that time would come sooner or later. It has come sooner than you or any of us expected. You know me and trust me, don't you?"

"Yes, Lyle," said Alexander Pennington wearily, "I do."

"You know," pursued Mr. Keever, "that I can and will carry on the business just as you would wish it carried on. When my time comes to retire, I'll have trained my son Pennington to take my place. The Pennington tradition will go on."

"That's what I care most about," said Alexander Pennington.

"Well, then, leave everything to me. I'll arrange all the details," said Mr. Keever. Then, in a casual tone, he added, "Of course I'll need full power of attorney."

"I suppose so," said Alexander Pennington. "Lyle, I'm afraid you and Doctor Trask are right. I'd better retire while I can."

"That's sense," said Mr. Keever heartily. "I'll draw up the papers right away."

"All right," said Alexander Pennington. As he left the office Mr. Pennington called to him, "There's one thing you must do."

"Anything you say, Alexander."

"You must always see that Miss Birch has a place with us."

"Certainly," promised Mr. Keever. "We couldn't get along without Miss Birch."

When the S. S. Luxurian slipped out into New York harbor on the first leg of its cruise round the world, on the deck in a steamer chair, his cap pulled down over his eyes, lay a sick man. At that moment Alexander Pennington was not thinking of his parting with Lyle Keever, in the course of which Mr. Keever had been greatly moved and had assured Mr. Pennington for the sixth time that the business would be carried on with credit to all of them. Alexander Pennington was thinking how curiously Miss Amy Birch had behaved when he said good-by to her on the pier. She had not been her usual bright, competent self at all. There had been a redness about her eyes which powder had not entirely concealed. Her voice had been shaky; and, he remembered, the last thing he had seen as the liner slid away from its moorings was Miss Amy Birch at the tip end of the pier, waving her handkerchief to him; and even from his place on the promenade deck he could see that she was crying.

By the strict orders of Doctor Trask, Alexander Pennington received no business mail during his trip. With mild pleasure he did his sight-seeing. Perhaps the thing that interested him most were the jinrikishas in Japan. They made him homesick. When the S. S. Luxurian, after its long trip, nosed its way back into its New York slip, Alexander Pennington was lying in his steamer chair, his cap pulled down over his eyes, and his eyes seemed no brighter, his spirit no more elevated than when the liner had left. As the ship neared the dock, the other passengers crowded to the rails. They waved frantically to husbands, wives, children. They were waved at. Alexander Pennington didn't crowd to the rail. There wasn't anybody there for him to wave to.

Lyle Keever was on the pier to meet him, smiling, dapper, energetic; and with Mr. Keever was Doctor Trask. They greeted him with an almost melancholy cordiality.

Almost his first question was, "How is Miss Birch?"

"Well, I think," said Mr. Keever.

"Don't you know?"

"Miss Birch," said Mr. Keever, "is not with us any more."

"But you agreed ——" began Alexander Pennington.

In accents of regret, Mr. Keever said, "She insisted on resigning. I tried to dissuade her, didn't I, Trask?"

The doctor nodded his professional Vandyke.

"She led me to believe," said Mr. Keever, "that she had a better position in view. Could I stand in her way?"

"I suppose not," said Alexander Pennington. "How's Cyprian?"

"As fit as a Pennington Perambulator," said Mr. Keever. "He's in Florida now, getting your new home in order. A perfectly corking place, isn't it, Trask?"

Doctor Trask said that, indeed, it was all of that.

"And the business?" questioned Mr. Pennington.

"Never better."

"I'm glad to hear that. Shall we start for the works at once?" Mr. Pennington asked eagerly.

Mr. Keever looked at Doctor Trask and Doctor Trask looked at Mr. Keever. The doctor felt Mr. Pennington's pulse, listened to his heart and then wagged a solemn head.

"I'm afraid," said Doctor Trask, "that I must forbid it. You are not a well man, Mr. Pennington. The trip, I regret to note, has not done you as much good as I hoped it would."

"Nothing to do but rest," muttered Mr. Pennington. Then—"I don't see how it would hurt me to go out and take a look around the works."

Doctor Trask compressed his lips ominously.

"Mr. Pennington," he said—and no justice of the Supreme Court ever spoke in weightier tones—"in questions of health a wise man takes the expert advice of his physician. When I agreed to take your case, you agreed to do as I advised. Am I right?"

"Yes, but ——"

"I know you, Mr. Pennington," went on Doctor Trask. "Once you get out to the plant, no mere visit will content you. You'll want to pitch in. We wouldn't be able to tear you away for days. No, as your physician I cannot permit it."

"But what's the matter with me?" Mr. Pennington asked.

"The great American disease—business fever," Doctor Trask told him. "If you were to have a relapse now, it might—indeed it would—prove fatal. Complete retirement, sir, is your one hope. Now this is what you must do: There is a drawing-room reserved for you on the express to Florida this afternoon; take it; read yourself to sleep; sleep all the way to Miami. Cyprian will meet you there and take you to your new home. You'll like it, I think. I selected it myself. Take it easy there. Don't worry. Play. Forget business."

"Humph!" said Alexander Pennington. "Sounds simple. Wish it could be done."

"It must be done," said the doctor.

"I'm afraid, Alexander," said Mr. Keever, his face a study in acute regret, "that Doctor Trask is right."

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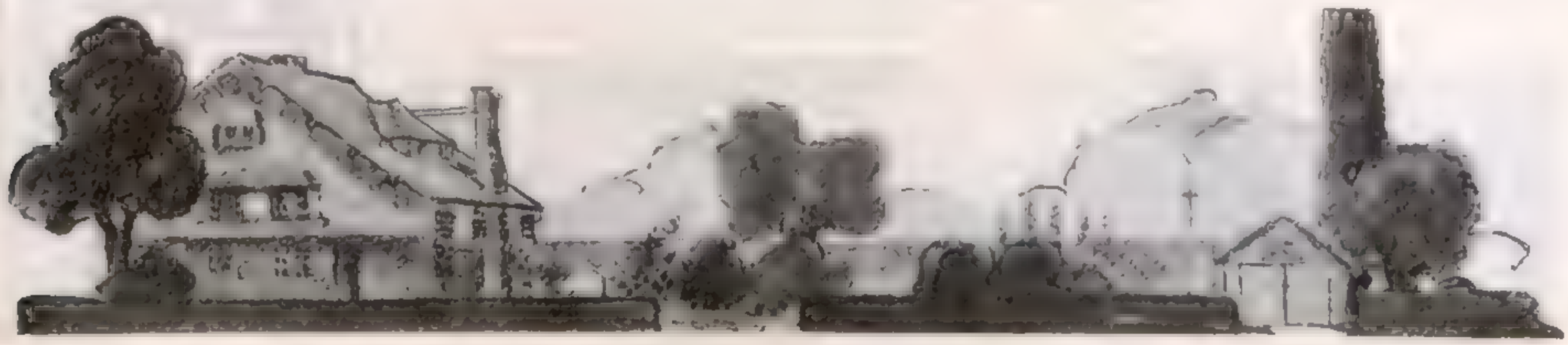

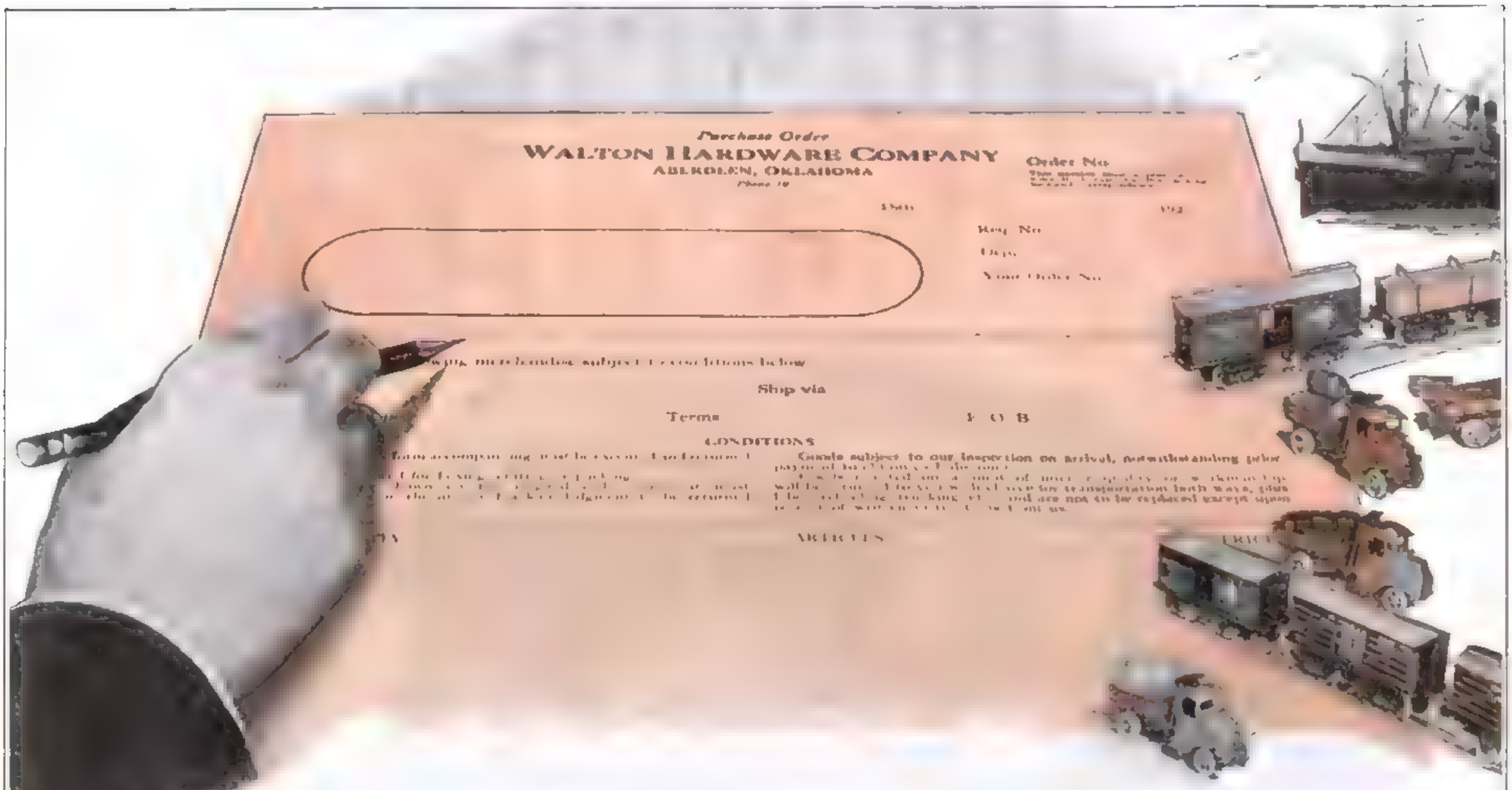

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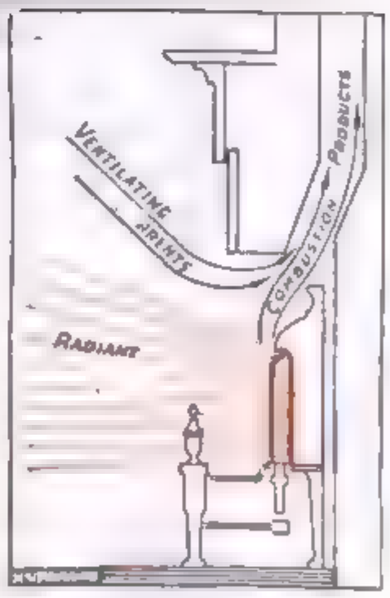

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CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

(Continued from Page 134)

"I could just go out and walk through the plant once, couldn't I?" asked Alexander Pennington hopefully.

"No," said Doctor Trask.

"No," said Mr. Keever.

"Well, I could drive by in a car, and not even get out."

"No," said Doctor Trask.

"Sorry, Alexander," said Mr. Keever. "I'm thinking only of your own good."

Alexander Pennington had finished watering the flowers in the garden of his place near Miami. He had been there a week. It was a perfect spot, quiet, mild. He stood, watering pot in hand, and sighed.

"Innocuous desuetude," he said.

Cyprian looked up from his weeding.

"What say, Mr. Pennington?"

"Never mind," said Alexander Pennington, and, turning, went slowly into the house. The mail must have come. What of it? There had been a time when every mail was an adventure to him. That time was gone. He examined what the postman had left—real-estate prospectuses mostly. Then he made a sound that closely resembled "What the devil?"

His eye had been pulled to a big envelope that stood out like a burning haystack on a dark night. It was vivid yellow, and on it was the drawing of a man with a low-comedy face, and this man was shouting crimson words through a megaphone. It was the words that held Alexander Pennington with a dreadful fascination. For the red letters screamed:

"BOYS, Get Aboard the PENNINGTON Band Wagon!!!"

He ripped open the envelope. Then he knew that that sudden sharp fear he had felt was realized. It was the new catalogue of the Pennington works.

Now in the past it had been the custom of the Pennington works to issue annually a modest brown booklet, as dignified as the catalogue of a university, containing simply half-tone photographs of the four styles of perambulators, their prices, and, as a preface, the pledge of good workmanship written by old DeWitt. That was all; but it had always been enough to bring in as many orders as the plant could handle. There had been no need to exhort—in crimson type—dealers to get aboard any band wagon. With incredulous, with horrified eyes, Alexander Pennington scrutinized the new catalogue.

There was a breezy foreword:

"Say, Mr. Dealer, have you heard the big news? This is going to be a WHALE of a Pennington Year! Yes, sir. Young blood in the business. Bigger plant. New methods. New styles. And LOWER PRICES. We are going to double our output of the old standard perambulators, and our new methods will enable us to cut their prices! And we are adding some snappy new lines that will be big sellers. There's the new Pennington Kiddie-Roadster, designed by Lyle Keever himself—balloon tires, disk wheels, and priced so low it's bound to be a sensation. Then we expect to make on a large scale the new Pennington Tot-Sedan—the Easy-Going Gocart—for the low-price trade. You'll clean up with this one. And remember, men, they all bear the famous Pennington name ——"

At this point, Alexander Pennington, with trembling hands, crumpled the catalogue and hurled it into a corner. Then, with a ferocity remarkable in an invalid, he reached for the telephone, and by the use of urgent language he was able to pull Lyle Keever out of a conference. To Mr. Keever he spoke free and frank words.

"Now, Alexander," Mr. Keever's voice came smoothly over the long-distance wire, "you mustn't excite yourself. It would be bad for you. I only did what I considered best for the business."

Mr. Pennington sputtered words that all but melted the wire.

"Now, Alexander," said Mr. Keever, and his voice was not so silken, "let's understand each other. You left me in full charge of the business. Your power of attorney gave me complete authority. This is the age of progress, you know. I decided to make some changes I deemed necessary. I had the Pennington works incorporated. I issued stock."

"You what?" roared Alexander Pennington.

"I must tell you," said Mr. Keever, "that it will be futile for you to try to do anything about it. I had the most able legal advice."

"Keever," said Alexander Pennington, between his teeth, "I demand that you resign. I may be a sick man, but may I be roasted in Hades if I don't come up there and kick you and your Kiddie-Roadsters into the street!"

"There, there," said Mr. Keever, ice in his voice, "you are hardly in a position to do any kicking. You're just a minority stockholder, and very much minority at that. If you have anything to say about the conduct of the business, say it in writing and the board of directors will consider it."

"What board of directors?" frothed Mr. Pennington.

"A corporation must have directors, you know," said Mr. Keever pleasantly. "Our board consists of myself, Trask and Messrs. Gordon, Zimmerman and Lewis, very clever Chicago business men. Take it from me, Alexander, the sensible thing for you to do is enjoy peace and quiet where you are."

"But you promised ——" Alexander Pennington began hotly. But the only reply he received was a click as Mr. Keever hung up his receiver. Alexander Pennington sat there till dinnertime. He was glaring at the twisted catalogue in the corner.

Cyprian had made some of his celebrated chicken à la Maryland for dinner, but Mr. Pennington didn't eat much.

"And most usually," said Cyprian, "you is a most eating man, Mr. Pennington." But Alexander Pennington did not hear him. He was sitting there, gripping his knife and fork and regretting that Mr. Lyle Keever was not within easy carving distance. At last he laid down his knife and fork with a despairing gesture.

"No use," he said, with a half sob. "I'd fight 'em, but I have nothing to fight with." He felt numb and dizzy. He sat facing a cruel fact, and that fact was that he was through—a has-been! The sight of the catalogue had almost jolted him into action—almost. He sank back limply in his chair. Why fight? He knew Keever. Whatever might be said of that gentleman's idea of honor, no one could say that Lyle Keever was lacking in cunning and thoroughness. If he said he had full control of the business, he had it.

Alexander Pennington kept telling himself that he must be philosophic, that he must accept his destiny. He kept trying to assure himself that it wasn't such a bad destiny. He was on the shelf, but it was a pleasant shelf. Other men would be glad to be there, with nothing to do but rusticate and enjoy his income. His wasn't a large income, he reflected. He'd always given away any surplus to help educate the sons and daughters of men in his plant. But it was enough. He could potter about his garden. He could hear music. He could play chess with—well, why not admit it?—with the other old men. He made a resolution. He would forget all about business and perambulators. Let Keever make them any way he pleased—out of cardboard and old tomato cans—it meant nothing now to Alexander Pennington.

"I'm going to enjoy life," said Alexander Pennington.

In a dogged sort of way he began to enjoy life. He worked in his garden. He went to symphony concerts. He played chess. The days went by.

"How you feeling, Mr. Pennington?" asked Cyprian one evening.

"Splendid," said Alexander Pennington.

"But you ain't et enough to keep a grasshopper alive," said Cyprian.

"Well, what of it?" said Mr. Pennington. For a man who was feeling splendid, his tone was singularly sour.

He didn't feel like getting up next day. Cyprian sent for the doctor. He came and examined Alexander Pennington. His report was not encouraging.

"You seem fairly sound," he said. "Good heart. Good set of lungs. But no vitality. No energy." He ended by prescribing rest.

"You fellows will rest me to death," protested Alexander Pennington. By the doctor's orders, Alexander Pennington, all the protest gone out of him, was taken the next day for an airing by Cyprian in an invalid's wheel chair. He smiled bitterly as he was trundled along. So this was the fate of a man who had given his life to making honest perambulators!

The second day they were out, as they were moving sedately along a path, Alexander Pennington suddenly cried, "Stop!" At some distance ahead he had seen two things. One was a woman and the other a perambulator. She was pushing it. His eyes lacked luster, but they were good enough to see that the perambulator was a Pennington and the woman was Miss Amy Birch.

"Step on the gas, Cyprian," he directed, and Cyprian, forgetting his rheumatism, went into high speed. So that, said Alexander Pennington, is what happened to Amy Birch! Married. That was her better job. Well, he must congratulate her. She deserved happiness. As the chair overtook her, he framed appropriate congratulatory words.

"I certainly am glad ——" He stopped. A curious feeling had come to him that perhaps he wasn't sincerely glad, after all. Then his chair overhauled the perambulator.

"Oh, Miss Birch!" That wasn't her name now, of course. She made a little startled noise.

"Why, it's Mr. Pennington!" She shook his hand. He attributed her slight stiffness to surprise. "How are you?" she asked.

"Oh, not so bad," he lied. "You're looking very well yourself. And by the way"—he fumbled for words—"congratulations."

She opened her eyes wide and regarded him uncertainly.

Mr. Pennington, feeling that it was expected of him, peered into the carriage, where a small boiled-looking object was trying to eat its blanket. Awkwardly he poked it with his forefinger and said, "And how's the ickle man?"

"It's a girl," said Amy Birch.

"She has your eyes," said Mr. Pennington.

"Really?"

"Yes," he hastened on, embarrassed. "You should have sent me the news about the baby."

"It didn't seem important," she answered.

"Good Lord! Not important? Didn't you think that I—one of your oldest friends—would be interested?"

She looked at him steadily.

"No."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Alexander Pennington. "What is the matter? Why, you didn't even tell me you were married!"

The slightest of smiles came to her face.

"I'm not," she said. All Mr. Pennington could do was stare at the pink object in the perambulator. "That isn't my baby," said Miss Amy Birch.

"Oh!" said Mr. Pennington. "Oh!"

"It's Mrs. Goring's. She's a rich woman. I'm her secretary. Sometimes she lets me take the baby out. It isn't part of my work, but I like to do it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pennington. "So that's why you left us!"

"I didn't leave you," said Miss Amy Birch. "I left the works because I was not wanted."

"What?" Mr. Pennington sat upright in his chair. "Who said you weren't wanted?"

"Nobody said it, but I knew. Mr. Keever was most polite. He gave me an office and a typewriter—and absolutely nothing to do. I couldn't stand being useless. Mr. Keever gave me to understand he was obeying your wishes. The process, I believe, is technically known as easing the deadwood out of the organization. Good day, Mr. Pennington."

"Stop!" cried Alexander Pennington. "Just wait a second." Then—"Keever's work. Well, the—the" he thought of better epithets, but compromised on "the lying, scheming hyena! Look here, Miss Birch, did you write to me?"

"Of course. I saw what was happening in the works. I thought you should know."

All Mr. Pennington could say, for his voice was husky with rage, was, "Oh, that hyena! That two-faced, tricky hyena! He never forwarded your letters."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Amy Birch in a low voice. "I should have known." Then, a shade more brightly—"Well, anyhow, I made Mrs. Goring buy a new Pennington Perambulator. Look!"

She gave it a slight push. It squeaked.

"What?" cried Alexander Pennington. "A new one—and it squeaks?" He looked closely at it. Then he shot out of his chair as if he had been prodded with a hot poker. He examined it with the quick eyes of an expert. He tested the spokes, pinched the tires, prodded the upholstery. Then he exploded in a cascade of short, strong words.

"Cheap and nasty!" His voice was a muffled roar, for he was on his hands and knees exploring the lower part of the perambulator. "Cheap and nasty! Look at those tires!" He plucked one loose from its rim. "Rotten rubber. Rotten workmanship."

He raked his finger nails across the side. "Look at that paint! The poorest quality." He wrenched loose a piece of the upholstery. "Just look at that!" His voice had grown to a bellow. "Rotten! The whole job's rotten!"

"You'll ruin the perambulator!" cried Amy Birch.

"It's a ruin to start with," he said savagely. "It will fall apart in a few months."

His eye lit on the little bronze name plate, with Pennington engraved on it. He ripped it off.

"Oh, Mr. Pennington, do be careful!"

"Don't worry. I'll get Mrs. Goring a new one—a good one—one of the old ones I made. If I can't get one, I'll make her one with my own hands. Here, take the baby."

He handed her the blanketful of infant. Then he kicked the perambulator. His eyes were shining.

"Call that a Pennington! Bah!" He kicked it again. "Miss Birch."

"Yes, Mr. Pennington." Automatically, she said it just the way she had said it so many times in his office.

"Take the baby home. Tell them a lunatic stole the carriage. Resign your job. Come to my house. Bring your notebook."

Without hesitation, Amy Birch said, "Yes, Mr. Pennington."

"Come on, Cyprian."

"But, Mr. Pennington, ain't you going to let me push you home?"

"Push me hell!" said Alexander Pennington. "I'm going to do the pushing now."

And he strode home, shoving the wreck of a perambulator before him.

Once home, he seized the telephone. He used it extensively. The faintness had gone from his manner.

"Now, Mr. Pennington, the doctor said you must rest," said Cyprian.

"I am resting," he said, "my own way."

And he called up another number.

"Cyprian"

"Yes, sir."

"Clear out the potting shed. I'm going to use it. There'll be a load of tools and stuff coming this afternoon. More later. There's the doorbell. It must be Miss Birch."

It was Miss Birch. He shook her hand warmly.

"I knew you'd come," he said. "Now take a letter. The Dupont Tire and Rubber Co. Gentlemen ——"

But Amy Birch did not open her book.

"Mr. Pennington," she said, "just what do you intend to do?"

He grinned.

"You know perfectly well. I'm going to do what I want to do, and that is make perambulators."

"But how can you?"

"At first, the way my great-great-grandfather made them—with my own hands."

"But you're sick!"

"Am I? Maybe. I'm going to be too busy to notice it. What are you smiling at, Miss Birch? I know. You think I'm mad."

She continued to smile.

"Yes," she said, "I do. But ——"

"What?"

"Sometimes it's a good thing to be a little mad."

He held out his hand to her.

"It's a fight, a hard fight, you know. Are you with me?"

"Yes. But ——"

"Oh, I know what I'm up against. No capital to speak of. No plant. And Keever. He'll hit below the belt, and we can't. But I'm going to make an honest product—and if you have the real goods, you can sell them. Besides, luck is with me. I know."

"How do you know that?"

"Well," he said, "I call meeting you here sheer luck."

Miss Amy Birch made a series of meaningless spirals and loops in her notebook.

"Maybe," she said, not looking at him, "it wasn't entirely luck."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Let's get on with the work."

When Alexander Pennington brought his two hands together with a resounding smack, it was a sure sign he had an idea. He brought his hands together now.

"Amy Birch, answer me. Why did you come to Florida?"

"It was part of my job with Mrs. Goring," she said, making more loops and spirals.

"But why did you take a job like that, when you could have had better ones nearer home?" She did not answer. She was absorbed in her loops and spirals. "And answer me this, Amy Birch: Wasn't it you that sent me that terrible catalogue?" Then she looked at him. She nodded. "Why?"

"You know why," she said.

Alexander Pennington began to laugh—a great laugh that filled the room and overflowed into the garden.

"I think I do," he said. "It almost got me. But it took the sight of that miserable perambulator to do the job."

"Shall I take that letter?" asked Miss Amy Birch.

"Wait a bit," said Alexander Pennington. He stood up. He paced up and down. He brought his hands together with a smack. "Yes, take a letter," he said. She poised her pencil over her book.

"To Miss Amy Birch," he dictated.

"What?"

"To Miss Amy Birch," he repeated. "I am going into a fight to put the Pennington name back where it belongs, period. In my fight I shall need a partner, comma, one that I can trust, period. I have been a blind fool, period. I should have seen years ago what I see now, period. That is that I love you and need you, Amy ——"

It isn't often that a man gets an answer to a letter before he has finished dictating it.

Mr. Alexander Pennington came into his old office one morning. He came in briskly. There were flowers on his desk. He smiled as he read the card. The flowers were from his executive staff and the card wished him joy on his fifty-fifth birthday.

"Miss McLane," he called.

His secretary came in. "The new catalogue has just come from the printer's," she said, and laid one on his desk.

He smiled as he glanced over it. It was a modest brown booklet, rather like a university catalogue, with pictures of the four standard styles of Pennington Perambulator and old DeWitt's pledge of quality. There was also a preface, and it read:

"Mr. Alexander Pennington announces that he has purchased the Keever-Pennington Corporation. The lines manufactured by it have been discontinued. The Pennington works will hereafter make only the standard Pennington Perambulator. In the future, the business will be carried on entirely by Mr. Pennington and his son."

"It's O. K.," said Mr. Pennington. "Anything exciting in the mail?"

"Nothing but orders," the secretary reported.

"Good! I'll attend to them later. Now I have to go out for a walk."

He strolled out into the fresh morning. The air felt good in his lungs. His neighbors saw him taking his regular morning walk. He moved slowly, for he was pushing a perambulator. It was not empty.

STAVE STUFF

Continued from Page 9

Slandering a boy! Shame on you! Fine work for a grown man!"

She swept him before her so vigorously that he could not withstand her, could not even find space for a word. As he left the house he saw Willie grinning at him from the woodshed door; but when he took a step that way Willie disappeared like magic and Arthur hopelessly withdrew. Mrs. Pettle did not speak to Arthur after that for years, met and passed him on the street without a sign. And when by Willie he one day sent word—a sort of peace offering—that he would like her to do his washing for him, she replied that she knew no one named Arthur Tuck in town.

The episode of Ed Whalen's barn occurred when Willie was just past fifteen. Whalen dealt in coal and wood, in hay and grain; he had docks at the harbor side, and a warehouse there; and he had also, upon the outskirts of town, barns where he stored the baled hay which he bought in the surrounding countryside when the crop was good. One of these stood on land adjoining the Pettle farm, back from the water, in a meadow which was bordered on the north by that growth of scrub oak and dwarfed hemlock and poplar and birch, not worth cutting, not worth saving, fit only for stave stuff, which had sprung up on the cut-over land left by Randolph Pettle. One evening this barn was discovered to be on fire; and, with some hundred tons of hay which it contained, it burned to the ground, and the embers smoldered for days.

No one with any orderly business there had been near the barn for days; but Whalen heard from Joe Truro, who lived in Harmony and who had driven to East Harbor that day, that when he started for home a little before the fire was discovered he had seen Bill Pettle coming from the barn.

Willie's guilt was definite enough; definite and actual. He had been in the woods on some errand of his own, and he came back past the barn, wandering aimlessly, and stopped there to smoke a cigarette—a covert indulgence at which he was by that time expert. When he had lighted the cigarette, he indolently held the burning match to a tuft of hay protruding from one of the bales piled on the barn floor and watched the stuff flare up, and watched the flame eat into the tight-packed hay. His mood was mere curiosity; and he was careful to contain the flame, prevent its spreading. It interested him to watch the fire burrow into the bale. But when he tired of this, he took a stick and poked at it till it seemed extinguished, and went home, carelessly content. The fire smoldered, came to life again, and the barn was gone.

Ed Whalen was naturally a good-natured man, but this passed the bounds and he was for a time extremely irate. In this first rage he went to Sam Gallop and made a complaint. Sam was the chief of police, a round, bald, easy-going, wordy man; and he heard Ed through with mild interest.

"Don't prove much of anything," he said, when the grain dealer was done, "just seeing him come from there. The fire wasn't burning then or Joe would have seen the smoke. Didn't start up till a while after."

"You know well as I do," Ed insisted, "Bill Pettle started it. May not have done it a-purpose, but I wouldn't put it past him. Anyway, it was him."

"What do you want I should do?" Gallop asked easily. Ed had not thought of this, and he hesitated, and Sam continued, "You know you don't want to put him in jail. Might maybe get him sent to the reformatory, but what good would that do? It'd leave his ma alone. He's all she's got, and she's a hard-working woman. Be kind of tough on her."

"Go down there and give him a licking," Ed urged. "Take a brad and wear it out on him."

"Guess she'd take a broomstick to me if I tried it," Sam retorted good-naturedly. "She'll stick up for him. You know that well as I do. She never will own up that there's any harm in the young devil. 'Course I'll do whatever you say."

"Well, you can lay into him, anyway," Ed insisted lamely. "Won't do any good to send him to jail, but he can't go around setting barns on fire."

Sam grinned. "Bill's a good deal like lightning," he commented. "He don't strike twice in the same place. You can't rightly foresee the boy—but I'll go down."

He did so. But he met the reception he expected. The situation was by this time well recognized in East Harbor; the fact that no matter what Bill Pettle might do, his mother would stick up for him. Mrs. Pettle heard Sam out in grim silence which he found decidedly disquieting, and when he was done she asked curtly, "That all you got to say?"

Willie was there, and Sam looked at him with a mildly truculent eye.

"I hadn't really anything to say to you, ma'am," he confessed. "Anything I've said is aimed at Bill here. I know him and he knows me. And I'm about ready to handle him, if there's any more complaints."

"I never set fire to the barn," said Willie stoutly. "Ma, you know I wouldn't go to do a thing like that. It's got so everything happens in town is blamed on me."

"You hear what he says," Mrs. Pettle told Sam. "He never done it."

"He come from there just before the fire started," the chief of police reminded her.

"He was up in our woods," Mrs. Pettle retorted. "He come down across the field, that's all. It's a pity if a boy can't cross Ed Whalen's hayfield. He never went near the barn. You tell Ed Whalen he can keep off our land, too, if he's going to act this way."

"Ed's all right," Sam urged. "You can't blame Ed. He could have Bill here put in jail if he wanted to, but all he wants ——"

"Jail?" Mrs. Pettle cried. "That's enough out of you, Sam Gallop! About one more word like that and I'll make you prove what you say, and you'll look sick trying to do it."

"But blame it all, it's true," Sam insisted, his slow and stubborn anger rising. "You be honest, Mis' Pettle. You know Bill's a young hellion. If his pa had lived to lick him oncet in a while ——"

"A hellion, is he?" Mrs. Pettle cried. And she took toward Sam Gallop a truculent step, towering over him, tall and stern and angry. "Willie's a good son to me and I know him better'n the rest of you. If he says he didn't set fire to the barn, then he didn't do it; and nobody's going to say he did."

Sam said sorrowfully, "He'll go on till he runs into something, ma'am. Needs a man to handle him. I'd like to ——"

"You lay a hand on him and I'll handle you, Sam Gallop!" she cried. "You or anybody else in this town!" There was no self-pity in her tones; only a righteous wrath. "I can look out for Willie, and for myself too, and you tell Ed Whalen that."

Sam surrendered lamely. "I meant it kindly, Mis' Pettle," he protested.

"Then you take yourself kindly out of here," she retorted. "And take your kindness somewheres else," she added. "I don't want any kindness from anybody, only my dues; and Willie too."

Sam could think of many things to say, but he said none of them. He had done his duty and he went his way.

The effect of these matters and others like them was to create around Willie Pettle and his mother a zone of isolation. Her pride repelled the world, as his petty vices did.

Other boys were forbidden his company, and though he thus acquired a certain prestige in youthful eyes, and a certain dark preëminence, the effect of public opinion was in other ways not so pleasant. For Willie no longer got so many odd jobs to do, and his mother was forced more and more to rely upon her own efforts even while she grew older and her strength began to fail. Willie occupied himself about the farm, milking the cow, cutting what hay they grew, picking the apples in the fall. But he had become an outcast; and as such things go, matters were laid to his door with which he had in fact no least concern. Just as public approval is a tonic, so is an evil reputation dangerous medicine for any man; and for a boy it may well be ruinous. Willie may have had good qualities, but they were smothered by the circumstances of his life, seldom revealing themselves.

His dark repute brought him in the end very near destruction. East Harbor has not an atmosphere in which flourish major crimes, but in the fall of Willie's twentieth year the town was struck to consternation by a spectacular and murderous piece of banditry. The apple crop that year was a heavy one, and this circumstance was coupled with a general failure of the crop elsewhere. As a result, buyers came to town; the bidding even on cider apples ran to unheard-of figures, and every farmer who brought a load to town rode home with a comfortable amount of cash in his pocket. The market developed suddenly—so suddenly that it created somewhat of a drain upon the cash resources of the banks in town. The Penobscot National found it necessary to send to Bangor for a fresh supply of small bills and silver; and Bart Jenkin, one of the tellers, and Dan Morse drove up to get it.

The lower bridge was at that time closed for repairs and they had to cross the upper bridge, beyond Mrs. Pettle's farm. About dusk that night, Dolph Bullen, driving home from Jackson, came upon their car where the road ran through a cut on the Pettle place, and he stopped to investigate. He found Bart dead, Morse apparently lifeless, and the money gone.

Morse went to the hospital with a chance for life, and within half a dozen hours suspicion centered on Bill Pettle, and Sam Gallop came to the house and arrested him; arrested him in the face of Mrs. Pettle's grimly furious protestations, and in spite of her asseveration that Willie had been in the house with her since mid-afternoon.

The case against Willie rested for the most part on his reputation; people said they had expected some such exploit from

Continued on Page 140

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(Continued from Page 138)

him for years. But also he had been in the bank when Jenkin and Morse set out and might have overheard enough to know their errand; and he had a double-barreled shotgun, which Sam Gallop found foul from recent firing; and no one else had been seen in the locality where the crime occurred. It was remembered, or imagined, that after Jenkin and Morse left the bank to drive to Bangor, the young man had hurried purposefully home, and those who saw him decided there had been something furtive in his movements at that time.

The fact that Mrs. Pettle stubbornly insisted that she had been with him at the hour when the crime must have been done had little weight with anyone; her disposition to defend her son against any accusation was too well known. If East Harbor folk had been of bloodier disposition, that night might have ended Willie's career. But Gallop was permitted to get him safely into jail, and for three or four succeeding days he lay there, while the certainty of his guilt crystallized in the public mind.

If Morse had died, it is probable that Willie would have been convicted of this crime. But Morse, on the fourth day, recovered enough strength to answer questions and to tell what had occurred. Arthur Tuck, without consulting Mrs. Pettle, had it in mind to offer to defend Willie; and with this purpose he procured admission to the hospital with the others when he knew that Morse could speak. What followed was conclusive. Morse said weakly that a man had stepped out in front of them as they were climbing the steep grade through the cut in second gear, and this man halted them with the shotgun in his hands. Morse was driving, but Jenkin tried to bring into firing position the revolver which he had in his hip pocket. The orange flash of the shotgun, in his very face, blinded Morse then, and a moment later the second charge blasted consciousness and almost life itself from his body. Thereafter he had known no more.

He told this much, haltingly and weakly; and Arthur Tuck, listening, perceived what was to come. For Morse must have known Willie Pettle, if Willie had been their assailant.

So Arthur asked gently, "Did you know the man?"

Morse shook his head back and forth upon the pillow.

"Never saw him before," he said.

"Wasn't Willie Pettle, was it?" Arthur asked. Morse grinned weakly.

"No. Saw him all plain in the headlights. Saw his face. He had a handkerchief across his jaw, but it wasn't Bill."

"Couldn't be sure, could you," Sam Gallop urged—"if he had a mask on?"

"Sure," Morse insisted. "Wan't his build. Older man too. Short and stocky, and grayish hair."

The man himself, a professional gangster who had drifted into town on the heels of the buyers, scenting easy money here, was later captured; but this confirmation of Morse's story was not needed to free Willie Pettle. Arthur and Sam Gallop went with the young man to his home, not sure what to expect, hoping for some measure of gratitude from Mrs. Pettle. But Willie's exoneration seemed to anger her even more than the fact that he had been accused.

"That ought to teach you something," she told them. "'Stead of jumping on Willie all the time. Willie's a good boy. I'm his mother and I ought to know."

Willie himself seemed to enjoy the situation and the discomfiture of the older men. He even offered them his hand.

"I don't hold any hard feelings," he told them. "But you can't blame ma for feeling the way she does."

The effect of this affair, manifested during the succeeding days, was in some ways unfortunate. East Harbor, conscious of having wronged Willie, sought to make amends, and the young man basked in this gentler sentiment, enjoying it immensely. When men stopped on the street to express their regret for what had happened, he accorded them a genial forgiveness; and when Ed Whalen, carrying his contrition even further—for Ed had been loud in expressing his conviction of Willie's guilt—offered Willie a job on his coal wharves, the young man accepted it with a certain air of condescension which Ed found it hard to ignore.

The boy had hitherto done only casual labors, small odd jobs for hire; this was his first regular and formal work. There was a feeling among some folk that the effect would be salutary; that regular habits and a routine might lead him into a more conventional attitude toward society at large and his neighbors in particular. For a time this prediction seemed likely to be realized; for though Willie was not always punctual in the morning, and not always the last to leave the wharves at night, nevertheless he worked well enough while he was there, and showed to those who worked with him a cheerful friendliness, marred only in small degree by his trick of doing small things calculated to annoy or to irritate them.

The coal wharves were, in the summertime, a busy place, and a place to which the boys of the town flocked for their swimming. The level of the docks was sufficiently low so that even a timorous boy might at high tide venture the dive; and this was an advantage which the steamboat wharf did not possess. Also the water here was cleaner than about the steamboat landing, where the propeller churned up mud from the bottom, rendering the water noisome twice a day. This was not the summer season; it was already late fall. But the days had been warm and some hardy spirits still came here to swim, Dolph Bullen's oldest son among others; and Brig, Ed Whalen's half-grown boy.

One day when Willie had been about two weeks at work upon the wharves, a coal barge was to be landed there. The coming of these barges was always something of an event for the boys of the town, and particularly for those along the water front. Tugs brought them in strings of two or three, arriving usually in the night; and the whistle of the tug, signaling the barges to cast off their lines, and the answering toot of the whistles on the barges, on a still night occasionally woke the town. In the morning the barge would appear at anchor in the lower harbor; and when Ed Whalen was ready to handle the coal, it was towed up and thrust alongside of his wharves, this task being done by a tug if there was one about, or by a half-bred fishing sloop equipped with power and owned by one of Whalen's men.

On the day when this barge was to be unloaded, Brig Whalen came down to watch the proceedings; and it happened that that day Mrs. Whalen was away from home. Lacking a nursemaid or a governess—there are few servants in East Harbor—she had committed to her son's care his sister Betsy, at the time about three years old. The boy felt his responsibility, but also he wished to see the docking of the barge. So he brought Betsy with him to the wharf; and Ed Whalen was glad to see her, chuckled at the disquiet Mrs. Whalen would feel if she knew, bade Brig look out for her welfare and dismissed her from his thoughts. The youngster and the little girl went out on the wharf and down to the water's edge.

Ed Whalen was a man given to thoroughness. Another, confronted with the business of building a dock and wharf here, would have been content to drive piles; but Ed was a man with a curious touch of poetry in his make-up. He conceived the scheme of building in more substantial fashion; and to that end a few years before he had put in, at considerable expense, a heavy cribwork of squared timbers, laden with logs, invulnerable to the buffets of ice and storm, enduring and substantial. Some people had been inclined to call this folly on his part, but Ed never begrudged what it cost him. He liked to come down in the evening and stand there above the water and feel the structure beneath his feet like a part of earth itself.

"It'll be here when I'm gone," he used to say to those who derided him. "It'll be here a good many years after I'm gone. I'm satisfied to leave something behind me that'll last a while."

There was thus presented to the water a solid front, the squared timbers spaced not far apart, the heavy bowlders appearing between. At intervals along the front, piles had been driven to serve as buffers; and the impact of barges and tugs landing here had chafed these oak shafts, and battered them and splintered them and worn them down till they were now almost as soft as cushions, receiving easily the blows of the barges berthing here. On this particular day the barge was being handled by Whalen's man with the fishing sloop; and he had it under good way, a stiff wind helping it along, sliding it in aslant along the front of the wharf. There were men on the barge fore and aft to cast lines, men on the wharf to receive them and snub the ponderous craft and bring it into its appointed place. It would not make an easy landing; but there was no particular need for overmuch care in such matters, since the barge was built to stand a buffet and the wharf to stand forever.

Willie was there, but he had no task appointed. He was simply a spectator. There were a dozen folk about, watching what went forward as the barge swung in at its relentless glide. It was obviously moving faster than it should; and Ed Whalen, overseeing the matter, saw danger that it would be driven past by the wind and go ashore on the mud flats beyond the wharf before it could be checked. He was shouting orders, oblivious to all else but the business in hand; he saw the front line cast and saw it drop uselessly into the water; but the after line and cable had come safe to the wharf, and Ed shouted:

"Snub her! Snub her hard there, Joe!"

The barge, thrusting so stubbornly ahead, felt this tug at her flank; and her bulk swung inward toward the wharf front, not moving swiftly, yet with a ponderous and irresistible momentum.

Dolph Bullen was there that day; and he said to the man beside him, in the quick excited way which was his habit, "By George, she'll stave in her sides against the wharf!"

The moment was in its essence critical; the barge focused every eye.

This being the case, it was not wholly surprising that Ed Whalen's boy forgot the sister in his charge; and little Betsy, finding herself free, perceiving that something of interest went forward at the wharf edge, turned that way. It happened that she came past Willie Pettle's legs and leaned forward to look down into the narrowing water between barge and wharf. Willie's eye was caught by her movement, and he swept her up and held her high above the water.

"Look out there, sis! You'll fall in!" he cried teasingly, and shook her to and fro.

The boy, young Brig Whalen, saw what went forward; and he sprang at Willie with a quick instinct to defend his sister, and he caught at Willie's arm, tugging it away. Thus came catastrophe; for the unexpected jerk at his arm made Willie lose his hold, and the little girl, so quickly and so quietly that not one in four knew what happened, dropped into the water between the wharf and the barge.

Willie saw her go. He must have seen, too, the barge surging slowly and relentlessly inward toward the wharf. And no one ever accused him of lacking wit, so that it cannot be argued that he failed to understand what he was about. He must have understood that to do what he did was destruction; yet he did it. Did it, too, before anyone of those around him could make a move. He dropped feet first into the water, just beside where the little girl's dress showed her half submerged; and when he came up she was in his arms. By that time the barge was so close to the wharf that while it touched one of his shoulders, the other pressed against the timbers of the crib. But he had an instant—an instant in which to twist flat, to hold the baby at arm's length with one hand and to press himself against the crib, taking his one chance of life.

If the piles which served as buffers had been new, they might have saved him; but they were old. Nor was there time for any of those above to lend a hand. The barge came gently in, moving so slowly it seemed utterly innocent and harmless; and Dolph Bullen, on the wharf above, had a glimpse of Willie's face, black and contorted. Then the barge touched the piles, and shivered and creaked, and rebounded ponderously, and hung a little way off.

There were hands enough now to help. Two or three men in the water, others with blocks of cordwood set between barge and wharf to fend off the craft if it surged in again. And so Betsy and Willie Pettle were lifted to the wharf.

Betsy, save for her wetting, was not the worse for her experience; but Willie was the worse—or perhaps the better after all.

It seemed fitting that a tribute should be paid him. He had so recently been falsely accused, so recently exonerated; and he had now so gloriously ended his inglorious life. Ed Whalen took an active hand in arranging the matter; took to Mrs. Pettle his assurance that her welfare should hereafter be his charge, and told her what the town now planned to do.

The old woman, outwardly as proud and unrelenting as she had always been, heard him in a grim silence; and in the end she made him no reply. The poignancy of her loss, the fathomless emptiness of her life now Willie was gone, she hid behind a mask of cold and hostile reserve.

Nevertheless, the plan went forward; and Mr. Jason, the minister, recently come to town to preside over the congregation of the federated churches, preached a sermon over Willie. A poor enough subject in some ways, you might have said, but Mr. Jason did well with it. When he was done, many who had sworn at Bill Pettle in the past wept over the virtues of dead William Pettle now; and those few who had occasionally given the boy a kindly word felt themselves glowing with self-congratulation.

Arthur Tuck and Ed Whalen and fat Sam Gallop, who had upon their souls a particular sense of guilt, because they had in the past approached Mrs. Pettle with criticisms of Willie, were made exceedingly uncomfortable by that sermon. And after the services at the grave they made it their business to take the woman home in Ed's car, and like guilty boys they sought to cajole her into some kindly word.

She had been since Willie died inclined to silence, and she heard them in silence now. It was Arthur who spoke first.

"Mr. Jason's remarks must have made you very proud, Mrs. Pettle," he said. "I think we all saw the good in Willie; but we see it more clearly now."

She made no sign, and fat Sam Gallop wiped his brow.

"A fine boy, he was," he declared. Mrs. Pettle looked at him with a grimly sardonic eye.

"He was a good worker," Ed Whalen agreed. "Yes, sir, Mrs. Pettle, you ought to be right proud of Willie."

She stirred a little in her seat, and they saw that she would speak. This woman, Willie's mother, who, no matter what his crimes, had always defended him before; this woman in whose eye he could do no wrong. They prepared themselves to agree with what she now should say; but they forgot that though Mrs. Pettle was his mother, she was also stiff with pride, never one to take kindly to pity or to sympathetic words.

"You're a pack of liars," she said harshly now. "Sniveling around, trying to make a fool out of me."

Her voice ceased with a curious suddenness, as though something might have choked her. "You know well as I do there wan't any good in Willie. Stave stuff—that's all he was."

"What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching, head to head
Facing on a single track,
Half a world behind each back?"
. . . Bret Harte

"— and the last spike was of gold"

Stanley Products were used in the building of the transcontinental railroads which finally bound the nation into one united and indivisible whole. Today, through every mile of the empire the railroads opened up, the STANLEY name is accepted as a guarantee of quality.

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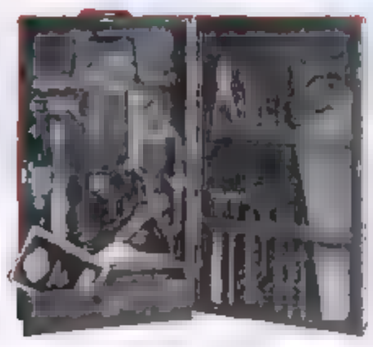

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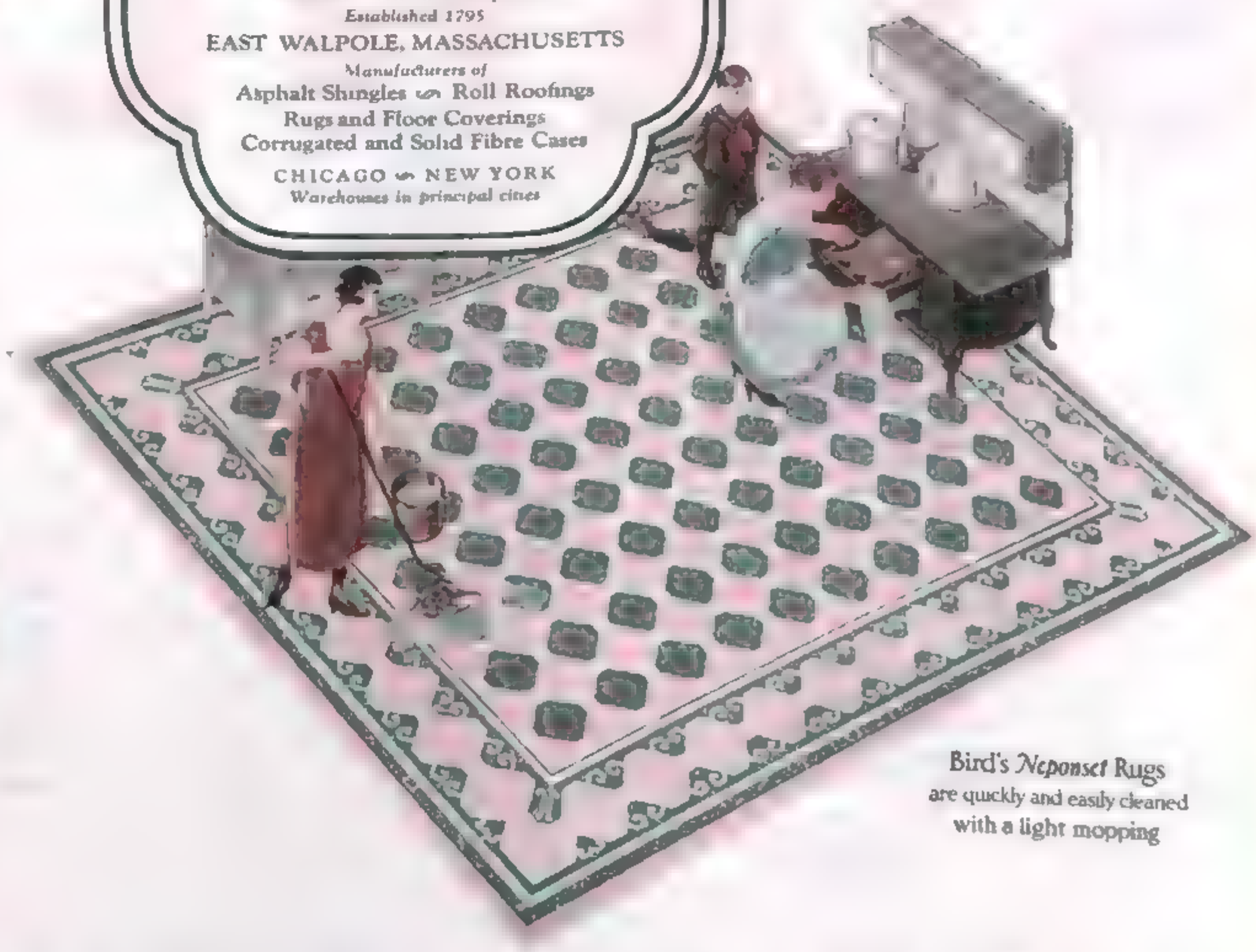

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs
are quickly and easily cleaned
with a light mopping

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 21)

I could endeavor to have the prominent stage folk visiting Milwaukee sing my humble offerings. But no sooner had I overcome one obstacle than another presented itself; namely, how to procure the necessary wherewithal in order to attend the different theaters nightly. It was highly necessary for me to witness a performance in order to discuss intelligently the shortcomings with the performers and in the end induce them to use my songs for any situations in their acts. If my songs registered with the performers and audience, my next step was to have them published.

By a queer coincidence I became acquainted with the correspondent of the New York Clipper. He informed me that a new dramatic paper was being inaugurated in New York, called the New York Dramatic News, and edited by Leander Richardson. He suggested that I write Richardson and ascertain from him the possibilities of becoming local correspondent for the new periodical. Incidentally I was permitted to use him—the Clipper's correspondent—as a reference. I knew that once the assignment of local correspondent for a dramatic paper was granted me, I would be permitted to enter any theater as a matter of courtesy. Much to my surprise, Richardson appointed me local correspondent.

Making Allowances for Lyrics

At this time a skating rink had been converted into a theater and called the Standard. It was under the management of George H. Nicolai and Oscar Miller, both newcomers in the amusement field. It was to be a 10, 20 and 30 cent theater, with a weekly change of program. For instance, Baker and Farron, popular favorites, would play one week Chris and Lena and the next week The Emigrant. Baker was possessed of a charming voice; one of the songs he used was the old lullaby, Rock-a-by, Baby, on the Tree Top, When the Wind Blows the Cradle Will Rock, and he would point up to an imaginary tree. It was beyond me why he should sing that song in that spot.

After the performance I sought Baker out in his dressing room and suggested to him that he sing a song to fit the situation, and was dryly told to write one if I was so cocksure. I accepted his offer and went home that night and wrote Creep, Baby, Creep:

See our little baby creeping,
How she tries to cross the floor,
When she hears her papa's footsteps,
Knowing he is at the door.
How the little eyes now brighten,
As she sees him standing there.
Papa surely now will catch you,
And will kiss your golden hair.
Little hands to him outstretching,
"Papa, come and take your baby girl."
And her rosy lips so catching,
Making papa's fond heart thrill.
With a cry he folds her to him,
Nestled in his arms so close.
Papa's caught you, baby darling,
And it seems the baby knows.

CHORUS

Creep, baby, creep,
Mamma will surely catch you;
Creep, baby, creep,
Mamma is near to watch you;
Creep, baby, creep;
Creep to the breast that will love you,
Hold you so tight, mamma's delight,
Creep to me, baby, now creep.

Right here I wish to say a word regarding the lyrics of most of the descriptive songs of those days. To the average person today they undoubtedly appear more or less crude. Certain allowances should be made in order that the words fit the music or rhythm, so as to give it that lilt or swing that is necessary for its popularity. When the song is rendered these defects are not so apparent. And this also holds good with most of the popular songs today—the music or harmony is the thing. Of course, if the lyrics are particularly good, or out of the ordinary, as is sometimes found in a comic or jazz song, with a catch line, such as Yes, We Have No Bananas, which appeals to the sense of humor of the average person, so much the better for the song and its ultimate success. But in most instances, as we mentioned above, the music is the thing first, last and all the time.

I returned to the theater the following day with the song in my hand. I told Baker that as he used his grandchild, an infant, in Chris and Lena, when he came to the chorus of Creep, Baby, Creep, the child should creep from behind the scenes out on the stage and into his arms. He grasped my idea immediately. For three consecutive seasons Baker used this song for his play, with the result that when I branched out later as a publisher many thousands of copies of this song were sold. The idea was simple, and what really caused this song to sell was the sentimental theme.

Another young man in Baker's company, named Eddie Gaven, played an Irish character, Alderman Michael O'Rourke. Owing to the success of Creep, Baby, Creep, he asked me to write a song entitled Alderman Michael O'Rourke, for ten dollars. I agreed and he gave me five dollars on account. That night I wrote the song, which the following day I delivered to Gaven, who in turn passed it on to the orchestra leader to make an orchestration.

Meanwhile Pete Baker informed me that Gaven would try the new song the last night of the performance. I made up my mind that the song was going to be a success and so I conceived the idea that I would have someone in the gallery to start the applause. The rest of the audience would surely follow. This idea has been handed down to this very day, but I can safely state this occasion was the first time it was ever tried out in the history of the popular song. That was the real beginning of song plugging, a word suggesting the exploitation or advertising of a song by calling the public's attention to it either by singing it or applauding. I engaged a negro expressman known as Julius Cæsar; gave him a dollar and instructed him to sit in the gallery, particularly impressing upon him that immediately after Alderman Michael O'Rourke was sung he was to applaud very loudly. From his massive hands I was satisfied there would be enough noise that night.

Saturday night I took a seat in the middle of the theater, looked up into the gallery and there was my friend Julius Cæsar sitting in the front row, watching for the big event. Gaven sang the song and received a fair round of applause from the audience in the orchestra. I waited for the big explosion from the gallery, but not a sound. I looked up and there was my friend with his head on his arms, which were resting on the railing of the gallery, fast asleep. My first plugger proved a fizzle. However, the next time I was more successful.

A Song for Irene Franklin

It was during one of my visits backstage, while Peter Baker was singing Creep, Baby, Creep, that there stood behind the scenes a little girl of about ten years, who also appeared in the cast. She pulled me by the sleeve and said, "Aren't you the Mr. Harris who wrote that beautiful song?"

"Yes," said I.

"I wish you would write a song for me for next week, as I have a good part in The Emigrant."

"What part do you play?" said I.

"I'm the emigrant's daughter, and when we move to America no one wants to play with me and I am sitting by the kitchen door all alone."

"Do you suppose Mr. Baker would like you to sing a song if I wrote one?"

"He has been looking for a song for me for a long time."

"Well, my little dear," said I, "I will write a song for you entitled Sitting by the Kitchen Door," which song the little girl sang with great success.

She gave me her photograph and wrote her name upon it; it was little Irene Franklin, who today is one of America's most versatile actresses, and whose name is well known to those familiar with variety performers. Her husband, Burt Green, was one of my dearest friends in after years.

Meanwhile I continued supporting myself by teaching the banjo, as I had not yet definitely decided to abandon this means of earning my livelihood. There were two publishing houses at that time in Milwaukee. One was William H. Rohlfing & Sons and the other J. S. Lake, a very small music house. In addition, the former retailed musical instruments.

They specialized in the publishing of classical songs exclusively, a popular song at that time being unknown in the sense that we know it today.

What the Public Didn't Want

I had written a song entitled Kiss and Let's Make Up, containing a simple plot, wherein two children, a boy and a girl, are at play upon the sand. The girl had erected a small sand pile and the boy in a mischievous mood kicked over the sand pile, causing his playmate to weep. His childish feelings are aroused and he seeks to make amends:

Two little playmates, a boy and a girl,
Were playing one day on the sands.
They had built up a house of pretty sea shells,
With no tools but their little brown hands.
At last it was finished, their work was well done,
And two little hearts were made glad.
When the boy, just for fun, gave a kick, then did run,
And down came the house on the sands.
The girl for a moment stood shocked and surprised,
Then tears to her pretty eyes came.
"I'll never forgive him," she sobbingly cried.
"Oh, how could my Jack be so mean?"
And when the lad saw his sweetheart in tears,
He manfully to her side came,
And throwing his arms around her dear form,
Said, "Kiss and let's make up again."

CHORUS

"Kiss and let's make up, my darling,
Dry your tears, don't cry in vain,
For you know I love you, darling,
Yes, I know I was to blame,
So you wished you'd never met me?
Don't say that, my little pet,
What would this life be without you?
Kiss and let's make up."

The years rolled by, the lad sailed away,
The maiden, she waited in vain,
Could Jack have forgotten those bright happy days,
When oft to the cottage he came?
The shells by the seashore are strewn all about,
Each one brings fond memories back;
When they built little houses upon the warm sands,
She and her boy lover Jack,
He promised to write to her once ev'ry week,
Had another fair face won his heart?
Or else had he tired of his true country lass?
Was he satisfied that they should part?
But the true honest fellow was sailing back home
To the girl who was waiting in vain
To hear his dear voice whisper low in her ear,
"Come kiss and let's make up again."

As none of my songs had ever appeared in publication form, I was eager to have this song published; and so one day I strolled into Rohlfing's with my manuscript under my arm. Bearding Charles Rohlfing, son of William, in his den, I timidly offered my manuscript. He looked it over and commanded me to play it, which I did. When I finished he burst out laughing and said, "You call that a lyric? That's nonsense. Two little kids building a house of sand and the boy kicks it down! That's no story for a song. Here is the kind of song they want today," showing me songs written about the birds, the stars, rippling streams, the perfume of the flowers, the thee-and-thou songs.

"All right," said I, giving him the benefit of the doubt, "I will write a song on that order."

Three days later I brought him Thou Art Ever in My Thoughts, which he accepted immediately and published. This was the first song with my name that ever appeared in publication form. The chorus was:

Thou art ever in my thoughts, thy sweet face is ever near.
Could I ever, no, no, never, forget thy love so dear?
Thou art ever in my thoughts, never doubt; my heart it all is thine.
In waking, in dreaming, in pleasure, in tears, thou art ever in my thoughts.

Nevertheless, I felt that Rohlfing made a big mistake in not publishing Kiss and Let's Make Up. I received $16.75 royalty for Thou Art Ever in My Thoughts. Royalties were few and far between in those days.

A few months later a new music dealer, A. A. Fisher, opened up in the city. He challenged Rohlfing & Sons for supremacy in that industry. I purchased several banjos for my pupils through his house. We soon became acquainted and he took a fancy to me. Upon discovering that my studio was in my mother's parlor, he offered me a room above his store, gratis, provided that I sent my pupils to his store for their strings, books and music. I grasped the opportunity immediately.

Everything was going along smoothly, with the exception of Fisher's little son, then about eight years of age. It seemed to me that he was the original Peck's Bad Boy, nicknamed Bud. He was as thoroughly absorbed in the banjo as I had been at his age. He had a peculiar liking for the Spanish Fandango and would often stop me in the midst of my teaching and insist that I play this composition. Invariably I acceded to his request. This was the only way I could get rid of him. This same little chap, Bud Fisher, eventually drifted into the newspaper field and became a cartoonist. He created Mutt and Jeff.

A Taste of Temperament

Fisher, Senior, sold out a year later and I moved to a little office at 207 Grand Avenue, the rent being $7.50 a month, where again I hung out my shingle, Banjoist and Song Writer. Songs Written to Order.

Gus Williams, the eminent German comedian, was to appear at the Bijou Theater in One of the Finest. Gus was singing several of his own compositions. I decided to land him with one of my songs. I understood he was partial to baby songs at the time. I knew his manager, Eddie Cook, intimately, who by the way was a Milwaukeean, and who is now located in New York.

I told Eddie my troubles. He suggested that I appear in Williams' dressing rooms at seven that evening, when he would introduce me to him. I was there at the appointed hour. Eddie came to me and told me to wait a moment, saying that he wished to prepare Williams first, for he was very temperamental.

(Continued on Page 145)

ALCOHOL *costs money don't lose it through* LEAKS

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WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

(Continued from Page 143)

I waited at the head of the stairs and overheard the conversation between them.

Eddie started it by saying, "Good evening, Mr. Williams."

A gruff voice grunted, "'Evening."

That did not sound so good to me.

"Mr. Williams," again started Eddie, "a young friend of mine has written a beautiful child song called Only a Tangle of Golden Curls. I think it would fit a certain situation in your play."

"Songs!" roared Williams. "See here, young fellow, please remember that Gus Williams writes all his own songs and does not need any outside stuff whatever, especially those written by amateurs." Eddie vamosed.

Not wishing Eddie to think I had overheard the conversation, I sneaked out in front of the theater. Eddie came along and told me that Williams had a grouch on, but that he would try to fix it some other evening.

A few years later, when I had written After the Ball, Williams again played the Bijou Theater, in a new play. I did not see the show, as he did not interest me after he had expressed his opinion of amateur song writers. That same night I was sitting in a restaurant patronized by the profession, when Mr. Williams entered with Mr. Will Dunlop, the dramatic critic of the Evening Wisconsin. Will was a friend of mine, and they took seats near my table. He said something to Mr. Williams about my being there and he expressed a desire to meet me. Still smarting under his treatment of both Cook and myself, I told Dunlop I did not care to meet Williams, and he conveyed this information to Mr. Williams.

The following morning he walked into my office, demanding an explanation for my refusal to meet him the evening before. I explained to him the Cook incident and what it would have meant for me at that time if he had sung one of my songs. But he interrupted with:

"Ah, my boy," he said, "you never know what goes on back of the stage before a performance begins. I had a little tiff with my Frau that night, which was soon forgotten, but it left me in a very bad humor. I now recall the incident and humbly beg to apologize for my rudeness."

I told him to sit down and offered him a cigar. I soon found him a charming fellow with a fund of humor and a heart of gold. I learned to admire him, and we were fast friends for twenty-five years.

Once Aboard the Whaleback

About that time something happened that made me feel as if my star was ascending. I received a letter from the famous David Henderson, manager of the Chicago Opera House and producer of the popular extravaganzas, Sinbad the Sailor, and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Picture my excitement and delight when I read that Henderson wanted the then obscure banjo teacher to write some new songs for a new edition of Ali Baba. I had never dreamed such a stroke of luck would come to me. I could only account for it by supposing that some singer for whom I had written a song must have mentioned my name to this celebrated manager.

I pawned my silver watch for six dollars. The fare on the Whaleback, a large steamer running at that time between Milwaukee and Chicago, was two dollars a round trip; together with board and lodging, I calculated it would amount in all to $5.70, which would leave me about thirty cents with which to return home.

Arriving in Chicago, I found my way to the Chicago Opera House, where Henderson was located, and with much trepidation entered his office.

Henderson looked up at me with the query, "Well?"

Somewhat taken aback, I drew forth Henderson's own letter, which I handed to him as the best means of introducing myself. After glancing at my precious missive he casually inquired, much to my surprise, for my father, to which I replied that he was home in Milwaukee at his work. When he thereupon asked for the song writer to whom his letter was addressed, it dawned upon me that my extreme youth, I being only eighteen years old, was misleading, and it would be necessary for me to convince Henderson that the youngster before him was really the Charles K. Harris he had requested to come to Chicago. I still can recall very clearly his look of amazement and his ejaculation, "Ye gods!"

Fortunately, I convinced Henderson of my identity, and we proceeded to discuss the matter of new songs for his coming production.

At that time Eddie Foy was the featured comedian in Ali Baba, and it had occurred to me while traveling from Milwaukee to Chicago to prepare myself with a song for him, which I did, and brought it with me. I saw a piano in his office, and sitting down without an invitation, I ran over a new song entitled Am I Right? a topical song. Then I turned to him and asked what the leading topics in Chicago were.

He said, "Well, our river is in bad shape; it smells to heaven. Our street cars are all run down. Our police department is in bad shape."

A Typical Topical Song

I immediately wrote lyrics around each topic he mentioned, while he looked at me in amazement.

I said, "Mr. Henderson, the trick of the song business is this: Fit your songs to the situation; also write songs that will appeal to the imagination as well as point to a moral. To keep your audience interested, give it a good popular tune, one that it can whistle, and you have a hit not only in the song but it will make your show a success."

I guess no one had ever spoken to him like that before, and I am proud to say he listened to a boy of eighteen. He sent for Eddie Foy and the orchestra leader, and gave them that song to be used for Ali Baba.

Flushed with my success, I asked him, "What other songs do you want?"

"I want one for Ida Mulle, our leading soubrette."

"What situation?" said I.

"Well, it is a sort of Romeo and Juliet scene, with a moonlight night; she is singing from the balcony to her lover, who has left her after a lovers' quarrel."

"That's enough," said I. "This song will take me a little longer, Mr. Henderson, as it is a ballad and must be treated accordingly—a beautiful melody and a lyric to fit the situation."

"Where are you stopping?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"My satchel," said I, "is at the Union Station where I have checked it."

He picked up the phone and called the Palmer House and ordered them to reserve a suite of rooms for me at his expense. I repaired to the Palmer House, where I found my satchel with my scant belongings. A boy showed me to the room. Instead of one room it was five rooms, consisting of a parlor, library, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. It must have been the bridal suite. The hotel at that time was run on the American plan, four meals a day, and I can assure you I never missed a meal.

Nevertheless, I worked faithfully upon the song that night. As there was a piano in my room, it came in very handy. The song was entitled Last Night as the Moon Was Shining.

After I had submitted the ballad, Henderson called me to his office and said, "Harris, your work is splendid and is very satisfactory to all of us. When the production opens in two weeks we will have you come down to the opening performance. Meanwhile you say you have a return ticket. Your expenses are all paid at the hotel. Your boat leaves at five o'clock. Here is an envelope which you are not to open until you get on the boat."

He shook my hand heartily and wished me good luck.

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I made up my mind not to open that envelope, but to have my mother do so, as she was my guiding star.

On the boat that night there was a young chap with a fine voice singing at the piano, surrounded and admired by a dozen girls. The song which seemed most popular and which I enjoyed very much was There is No One to Welcome You Home, and it has always remained in my memory, for when the boat arrived the next morning the young man was greeted warmly by two Milwaukee detectives, who gave him a real welcome. I learned he was a thief from Chicago. No one to welcome him, indeed!

Faversham's Prediction

When I arrived at home my mother was very much excited, wanting to hear all the news. So I told her the entire story.

"Your board and expenses were all you got for writing those songs?" she asked.

The fact was that I had entirely forgotten the envelope, and happening to think of it, I drew it from my pocket and said, "Here, mother, is something Mr. Henderson said I should not open until I got on the boat. I decided not to open it myself, but to give it to you to open, as you have always been lucky for me."

With trembling fingers she opened it. It contained four new fifty-dollar bills. Mother almost fainted and I almost collapsed, as I had never seen so much money before, it being the biggest price I had ever received for my songs; ten dollars was the regular price for words and music. Mother kept the money and gave me five dollars for spending money, which pleased me very much indeed.

How well do I remember that opening performance, where I heard my own compositions sung by the droll Eddie Foy and the charming Ida Mulle, as Morgiana! And who can forget its wonderful Ballet of Jewels and its Monster of the Cavern winding snakelike across the stage? This production also boasted a genuine waterfall which trickled gently down the canvas rocks.

Another friend during those days was Hal Coleman, dramatic critic on a local newspaper. Coleman was musically inclined, and his bachelor quarters contained a piano, banjo and guitar. Frequently he entertained touring companies passing through Milwaukee. One night he informed me that he was arranging to entertain a certain theatrical company playing Milwaukee and asked me if I would not assist him by playing the banjo and singing a few of my new songs. Flushed with my first success due to Henderson, I had begun to learn the piano at home, picking out the notes with one finger, and not long thereafter I found the notes responding to my touch; besides, no one hearing me play could tell whether I played by ear or note.

On the night that Coleman's guests were being entertained I sat down at the piano and brought out the lyrics of my song, Kiss and Let's Make Up. One of the actors in the group listened attentively and when I finished, inquired who had written and composed it. Upon being told, he said:

"That's splendid. I know someone in England to whom this song will appeal. Her name is Bessie Bonehill. I received a letter from her not so long ago saying she is going to tour America. She is one of the biggest variety stars in England. If she ever visits Milwaukee or Chicago, I would advise you to call and see her."

Here I must interrupt the reader and state that the real beginning of popularizing a song is to sell it to the performers. If it strikes their fancy they will no doubt sing it for the public. Reason tells one the bigger the reputation and ability of the performer whose assistance the author and composer enlists, the more chances does one feel of its success in catching a hold on the public.

When repeating the chorus, this actor joined in with his beautiful high tenor voice. After this soirée we walked over to his hotel and he invited me to his room, where we chatted for another hour. He told me he was just over on his first trip from England and that his name was William Faversham. He said he was determined to make good here and that eventually his name would be displayed in bright lights on Broadway. He wished me success and predicted that if I kept on writing songs I would also attain success. His prediction concerning himself came true, for fifteen years later when I saw him he was starring on Broadway in The Conqueror. I was visiting New York and stopped at the Hotel Imperial. I had entered the elevator one evening and hardly noticed my fellow passenger alongside of me. We both called out the same floor to the elevator boy. I glanced up at this passenger and recognized him.

"Good evening, Mr. Faversham," I said, and he looked sharply at me. Continuing, I said, "You don't remember me, I suppose. I met you at Hal Coleman's rooms in Milwaukee, when I sang Kiss and Let's Make Up."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Faversham, in his typical English manner. "After-the-Ball Harris!"

We emerged together from the elevator and that night Faversham insisted upon my being his guest during a performance of The Conqueror.

Of course it is a very easy thing for one to skim over the hardships encountered by all mortals in their struggle for success and recognition, and no doubt Faversham could write page upon page of how a poor obscure Englishman attained success.

Returning to the period after my first meeting with Faversham, I had read that Tony Pastor had induced Bessie Bonehill to tour America. We must bear in mind that every manager connected with the amusement field had patterned himself after the greatest showman of them all—P. T. Barnum. They must be constantly on the lookout for new acts, talent and performers for the public. Even today all the large theatrical interests have representatives in foreign countries that act as scouts for them in the procuring of something new to entertain theatergoers. The biggest outstanding factor during those days was Tony Pastor, and frequently to procure new faces for the American variety stage he offered staggering figures for his time. By devouring the theatrical gleanings in newspapers, I kept pace with Miss Bonehill's movements.

Bessie Bonehill's Success

What a sensation she created in her first appearance in New York at Tony Pastor's Fourteenth Street Theater! The same sensational successes were scored wherever she made her appearance. Finally I learned that her itinerary called for her appearance at the old Olympic Theater in Chicago, managed for more than thirty years by Abe Jacobs. I determined to chance a trip to Chicago, make the manager's acquaintance and endeavor to meet the famous Bessie Bonehill. And so it came to pass that I boarded the Whaleback for Chicago, but this time upon no one's request. Alighting from the steamer, I made my way to the Olympic Theater and then to Jacobs' office, where I told him my object. This meeting was before the performance commenced. He told me to return immediately after Miss Bonehill's turn and he would take me backstage and introduce us.

Miss Bonehill repeated her triumph in Chicago. She possessed an uncanny method in registering songs to her audience. After the performance Mr. Jacobs introduced me to her as a song writer. He then left me to her tender mercy. Her maid was taking down her hair as she beckoned me to sit down on her trunk. Dressing rooms in those days were small cubbyholes. She asked me the style of songs I wrote. I told her songs that infolded a story.

"Sing one for me," said she.

So I unrolled the lyric of Kiss and Let's Make Up, and without any accompaniment

(Continued on Page 149)

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in white and red are inexpensive and convey to young and old thoughts beyond the power of words to express.

FRAGRANT LOVELY ROSES
[illegible] and beautiful [illegible] the joy of Christmas. At a great range in price, now

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY SEND MOTHER FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 146)

sang the lyric. I saw her motion to her maid to stop dressing her hair. This song affected her so much that she bade me sing it three times. Still absorbed in this song, she invited me to her hotel, where there was a piano. Again I sang it over for her, with the result that she accepted the song, and she kept it in her repertoire for three years. I dare say that there are many persons remaining today who heard Kiss and Let's Make Up thirty-five years ago.

Here again I must repeat that I had found that one of the main requisites to start a popular song was to have it sung by some leading artist; otherwise the public would never hear of it. I found it useless to go to a publisher with simply a manuscript and ask him to publish it. They all made the same complaint; I was an unknown writer who had never written a hit. No one had ever heard any of my numbers. If a copy was printed with my name upon it, it carried no weight.

The publishers said, "Have your songs introduced properly. If there is a call for them we will gladly publish them."

In after years, when I had gone into the publishing business on my own account, I found that their advice had been correct: a song must be sung, played, hummed and drummed into the ears of the public, not in one city alone, but in every city, town and village, before it ever becomes popularized.

I Receive an Ovation

On my return from Chicago there was a letter awaiting me from my eldest brother, who was engaged in business in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, seventy-five miles from Milwaukee. He invited me to spend a week-end with him and bring along my banjo so that he could entertain his friends. He even forwarded me a return ticket and offered to pay all my expenses. I gladly accepted his invitation, in real troubadour fashion.

On my arrival at Oshkosh on Saturday night I was immediately taken to my brother's home. After dinner he informed me that I was slated to play at a concert that night. As these were the days before the automobile, a closed carriage called for us and we were driven about five miles beyond the city. At eight P.M. we arrived at our destination. The building loomed up dark, and as we entered the hall my brother was greeted by a gentleman and his wife, who were delighted to see us. I was introduced to them—the doctor and his wife. They were very cordial to me and said that I had arrived just in time to go on with my act. They had been afraid that I was going to disappoint them.

I was ushered upon a platform and had just time enough to pull off the cover of my banjo and tune it up when I heard my name announced to the audience. I heard a great round of applause at the mention of my name and felt very proud, as I did not know my name had reached as far as Oshkosh, seventy-miles away from my home town.

I walked out upon the platform and received a big ovation. I immediately began to sing a medley of old-time darky songs, which was received with tremendous applause, followed by an imitation of the Trinity Church Chimes, swinging the banjo with one hand. The audience kept up its incessant applause. I finished the hit with Home, Sweet Home. To my last day, I shall never forget the reception that greeted me. When I left the platform they were still yelling and applauding.

The doctor and his wife shook my hand cordially and thanked me. I asked the doctor what the name of the college was for which I had played.

"College?" said he. "This is no college."

"Well, what is it?"

"This is the Northern Hospital for the Insane."

Tableau!

My next experience as an actor was due to my friend Hal Coleman, who wished to desert dramatic criticism for the more bountiful field of theatrical managership. He desired to form a small select company of entertainers to play in six towns in the vicinity of Milwaukee. He proposed to advance all expenses and have an equal division of the profits with the performers. He engaged one Wallie Heiber, a well-known church soprano; Gus Weinberg, a Milwaukeean, who is now a famous character actor; Charles Horwitz, my old partner, who had written Since Maggie Learned to Skate in collaboration with me: one Hambitzer, a well-known pianist and music publisher, as leader; and myself.

Our first performance was to be given at Waukesha, Wisconsin. Arriving at Waukesha, we were escorted to the hotel, where we dined. We then walked to the Opera House a few blocks away.

The floor above the theater was the Odd Fellows Hall. As soon as we entered the theater it commenced to rain. The manager of the theater told us that we had struck a bad night, as the people in Waukesha would never attend a theater when it rained; furthermore, that the Odd Fellows were having an installation and their wives and families accompanied them for the big banquet that usually followed. It looked dark for the Coleman entertainers that night.

Meanwhile we performers went to our dressing rooms and made up. Hambitzer played his opening on a tin-pan piano. I peeked through a hole in the curtain to see how the audience was piling in, but all I could discern was that the first four seats held the proprietor of the hotel where we were stopping, his wife and two small children as our entire audience in the hall—except the janitor. I was too scared to impart the news to my fellow actors. As Miss Heiber was the first one to sing, I knew she would find it out quickly enough.

The shabby curtain arose and out walked Miss Heiber upon the stage and sang as I had never heard her sing before. Her beautiful voice filled the hall and the audience of four enthusiastically applauded. She repeated by singing an aria from Faust. She was followed by Gus Weinberg, in comic songs and monologues. Then came Charles Horwitz with Shaksperean readings, while I closed the olio with my banjo and songs. That concluded the first part.

Performing for the Odd Fellows

We actors sat around on the stage and consoled ourselves. Meanwhile Hal Coleman, not aware of the Odd Fellows' installation, had gone upstairs to see what all the noise was about. He was told about the meeting of the Odd Fellows. Requesting permission to speak to the chief official of that organization, Coleman informed him that a wonderful entertainment was going on downstairs. The official desired information as to the identity of the performers and Coleman proceeded to mention all the names. When he came to mine the man asked if I was the son of Jacob Harris, of Milwaukee. When Coleman nodded in the affirmative, the man exclaimed, "He is the head of the Odd Fellows in Milwaukee."

"Certainly," said Hal, as his face lit up. "That's why I am here to see you."

"In that case," came back the answer, "we will all be down immediately and you can start your performance all over again."

When the curtain arose on the second part, and Miss Heiber walked out upon the stage, she was startled when she saw every seat occupied. We gave a great performance that night, judging from the applause accorded us.

That was my second appearance upon any stage. The story of the rest of the engagement had better be left untold. By the time we were through Coleman had run into debt.

A few days after we returned home Charles Horwitz came to my office to tell me that he had resigned his position as bookkeeper and had joined the Ray L. Royce Comedy Company. They had asked him if he knew of a good banjoist and he had mentioned my name. He suggested

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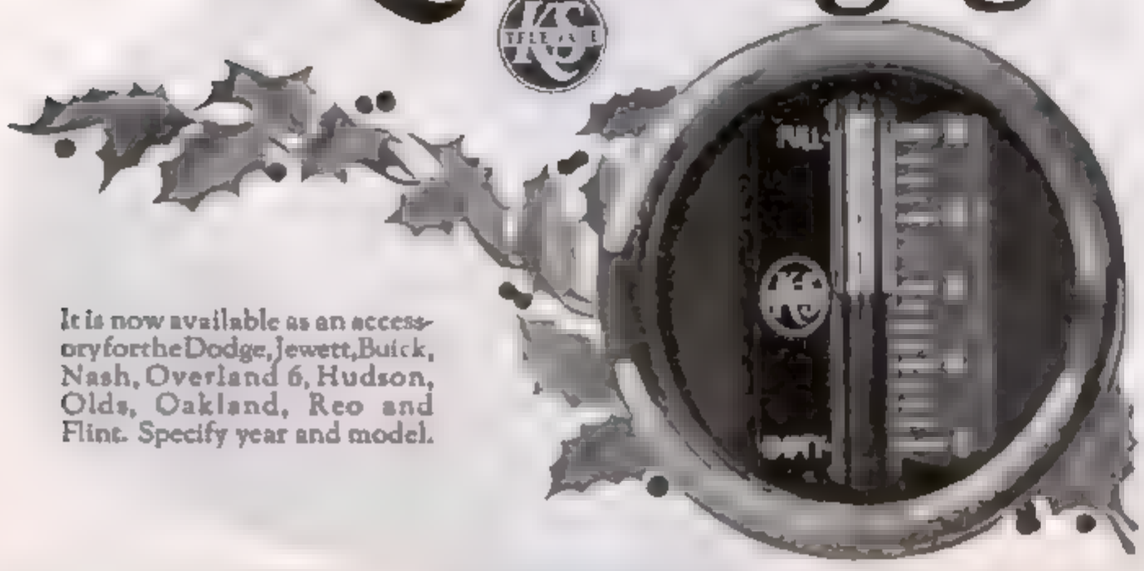

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that here was an opportunity to become a regular actor. With my recent experiences in Waukesha and the surrounding towns fresh in my mind, I decided to keep off the stage entirely and devote my time to writing songs. In the course of our conversation I gathered that Horwitz was to sing with this company. I had just finished a song that I wanted Horwitz to introduce in his new surroundings. It was something novel, a story about the telephone; I had called it Hello, Central, Hello! I showed Horwitz the manuscript, and after singing it over once he decided to use it. A suggestion came from Horwitz that he thought it would be an excellent idea if he could have a number of copies printed, which he could sell in the lobbies of the theaters for twenty-five cents a copy, provided he could purchase them from me for ten cents, thereby netting him quite a profit. He said he would purchase them at ten dollars a hundred, and to this I agreed.

Horwitz left town a week later with the Royce Comedy Company. Soon he wrote me that the song was registering with the public and inclosed his route of one-night stands from Milwaukee to Denver. He requested that I forward 100 copies of the song to Kansas City immediately.

In my zeal to put this new song before the public as Horwitz suggested, I had overlooked the fact that it required money to have the song printed, plates engraved, title page made, and a dozen other items pertaining to song publishing of which I knew nothing. Besides, my banjo students had dropped out at this time until I had no more, when a young man walked into my studio and inquired as to my fee for teaching him to play the banjo. When I told him thirty-five dollars he replied that he could not pay that amount. In the course of our conversation I learned that he was an engraver, and he finally agreed to make me a set of plates, which also included a title plate, in exchange for banjo lessons.

Two weeks later he informed me that the plates were ready, as well as the title page, and that he had sent them to a printer named Stern, who was holding them until I gave the order as to the number of copies I wished printed. I immediately saw Stern and ordered him to print 1000 copies at a cost of fifteen dollars.

My First Published Song

When the songs were ready he sent for me. I came over with the fifteen dollars to pay for same. He informed me that the engraver had not paid for the plates or title page. I was astounded and told him of the arrangements I had made with the engraver. He told me that had nothing to do with him. The engraver, instead of engraving the plates, had ordered Stern to set them up in music type, as he was the only printer who possessed a set of music type in the city, and that the engraver owed Stern thirty dollars for the job. The printer insisted that I pay him forty-five dollars.

This method of setting music type is now obsolete. Nowadays it is done by stone and lithographing.

However, my capital at that time was much below forty-five dollars, and the more I pleaded with him to let me have the music for fifteen dollars, as agreed with the engraver, the firmer he held his ground. I hurried over to the engraver's shop and asked an explanation. His excuse was that the printer had promised to send the plates to his office so that he could look them over before he paid for them. Buffeted between the arguments of both printer and engraver, I managed finally to add thirty dollars more to my fifteen dollars through loans from various members of my family and thus turn it over to the printer, who thereupon delivered to me 1000 copies of the first song published by myself, Hello, Central, Hello!

I carried the bundle of songs to my small studio, where I unpacked them and fingered them. What a thrill came over me, now that I look back to more than thirty-five years ago, when I saw both words and music with my imprint—and published by myself. I suppose it is akin to the feeling visualized by every author upon gazing for the first time upon his name in print.

I immediately dispatched 100 copies to Horwitz in Kansas City. A wire had come in meanwhile for more to be sent to another town, and money invariably followed these wires.

Julius P. Witmark, billed as The Boy Tenor, was playing Milwaukee in a musical *mélange* called The City Directory. His brothers, father and himself had embarked in the music-publishing business, their first publication being The Picture Turned to the Wall. This song was written by Charles Grahame, who had derived the idea from witnessing a performance of Hazel Kirke at the old Lyceum Theater in New York City. It came about that one of the scenes in this drama depicted an irate father turning the picture of an erring daughter to the wall. Possessed of a remarkably resonant voice, Witmark toured the country and always finished his bit with The Picture Turned to the Wall.

As his family was financially interested in this song, his next move was to visit all the music stores in the city and distribute title pages of this selection.

Framing Each Other

It was upon his first appearance in my home town that we became acquainted. When he returned he would often come to my banjo studio and we became fast friends. It was during one of his visits to Milwaukee that he suggested that I furnish his concern—M. Witmark & Sons—with a song for publication. He added that a song originating in New York City would assure success. He also suggested that I send it in care of his oldest brother, Isidor, the active head of the company, who at that time was only nineteen years of age. A few weeks later I sent him a song that I had written, entitled When the Sun Has Set. The song was accordingly published, and six months later I received a postal note for eighty-four cents accrued royalty. Feeling indignant, I wrote to Isidor that it was the smallest return I had ever received for any song; that I intended framing the postal note for a souvenir and writing beneath it, "The smallest royalty statement on record." As I recall it, Isidor Witmark replied thus:

"Yours to hand. Would say I am also framing your song and hanging it in a conspicuous place in my office where all in the profession can see it. Underneath I am writing this: 'The only song we ever published that did not sell.'"

Nevertheless, the Witmarks and I have remained sincere friends, although we became competitors in the same field later.

I can also recall receiving a letter from S. Brainard & Sons, music publishers in Chicago, to send some of my manuscripts to them. My name was beginning to spread slowly. Eddie Foy, Ida Mulle and Bessie Bonehill were utilizing my compositions. I sent the Brainards two manuscripts, entitled I Wonder, I Wonder, a little love ballad, and a baby song, Humming Baby to Sleep, which were immediately accepted for publication. They sent me a royalty contract and published them within a very short time. My royalties for these two songs in six months amounted to exactly $6.44!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

All on the Air on Christmas Eve—

. . . . . the carols, the melodies, the songs of long ago that still cast their potent spell tho Childhood is seven decades behind us — Creed and Dogma dwindle into insignificance as the entire Nation thrills anew with the Knowledge of the Brotherhood of Man.

And this Christmas Eve — as never before — the old, always new, Carols will wing their way in invisible flight over the cities, the villages, the back-country of America, and into the homes that are waiting to receive them—such is the Miracle of Radio.

To make your home a part of the universal audience, only a radio set is needed. The time is short: Today install a radio set in your home and a Cunningham Radio Tube in every socket. Then you will find that Christmas, 1925, takes on a new meaning and all of 1926 is a vista of new delight.

Since 1915 — Standard for all Sets

A type for every radio use

C-11, C & CX-12, C & CX-301A, C-299, CX-299, C & CX-300, CX-112, CX-220, CX-310. Rectifier Tubes—CX-313, CX-316B

In the Orange and Blue Carton

E. T. Cunningham Inc.

Home Office: 182 Second Street
SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO NEW YORK

SPLITDORF RADIO RECEPTION

The Polonaise

Five tubes. Inherently neutralized. Encased in attractive, hinged-top cabinet, finished in the latest two-tone effect—dark walnut and light natural gum. *Price $75.* The Grande Speaker, illustrated with set *$22.50 extra*

Why you should know the Splitdorf merchant

THE merchant who sells you a Splitdorf Receiver is a responsible business man—the type of man who realizes that every satisfied patron is a booster and that every receiver giving perfect satisfaction is a creator of more business.

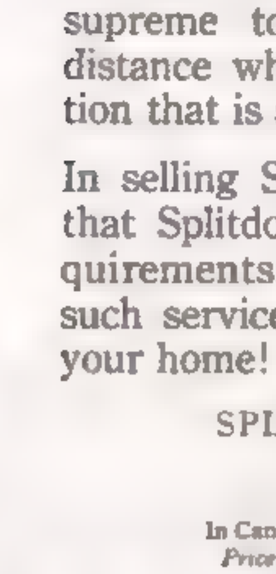
He also knows that the radio buyer of today expects supreme tone quality, great volume on occasion, distance when desired—and, above all, radio reception that is simple, dependable, certain.

In selling Splitdorf Reception, this merchant knows that Splitdorf Receivers are built to meet these requirements. And he is ready to see that they give such service, such SATISFACTION, when installed in your home!

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey
Subsidiary of
Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company
In Canada: Splitdorf Electrical Co., Ltd., 493 Yonge St., Toronto
Price quotations slightly higher west of Rockies, and in Canada

The Mikado

This creation of Japanese design includes console table and [illegible]. A console instrument [illegible] Individually decorated by hand by Japanese artists. *Price, $425.*



The Grande

A large bell, swan throat speaker of exceptional tonal quality. Equipped with adjustment for controlling volume and tone. Satin black finish. *Price, $22.50.*

The Rhapsody

Five tubes. Inherently neutralized. New electric-lighted tuning controls. Desk type console of solid American Walnut. Built-in speaker. *Price, $410.*

The Cello

A high-grade, curved throat, composition bell speaker. Large metal base. Adjustment feature permits of regulating tone and volume. Black finish. *Price, $10.*

THE SUPERMAN AND HIS SECRETARY

(Continued from Page 17)

set of tubes that were to carry hot-steel billets to rolls. He sent drawings and descriptions of this contraption to Billy, who privately called it "reedeeculous," but was obliged through respect for its august source to discuss it seriously and pigeonhole it tactfully.

But Gates' adventures in manufacturing technic were few and did no harm. His ignorance of mill practice really mattered not at all. Our staff of experts was there to attend to all that and he referred technical matters to them. They were chemists, metallurgists, engineers and mathematicians, all of whom had learned their arts from textbooks. Where he shone was in those arts of business not taught in any book or any formal school. He was a master trader, a man of the world, a self-taught reader of men, a dominating and valiant personality. The Illinois Steel Company needed all that at its head infinitely more than factory lore, which was why putting Gates in the presidency was the best stroke Morse ever achieved for his company.

The fever for invention seized me, too, after I came into the aura of Billy Garrett. I devised a pair of tongs for grabbing red-hot strips of metal. These tongs would cut the strip at any point while the man who held them ran alongside, and without losing their grip they would reseize the newly cut end and enable it to be stuck into the rolls. Garrett approved these tongs, saying, "Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom." But a newer and better arrangement of the rolls made them superfluous and my hopes of royalties died.

We were all tinkering with new inventions about that time, just as later, during the period of consolidations and quick turns in stock speculation, we dabbled in shares.

When a company reaches the stage of wealth where it can afford to make elaborate investigations through the medium of experts, it is in position to undertake seemingly daring projects with safety. The general public does not understand how much of an element research is in the taking of new steps, the launching of fresh enterprises and even in the day-by-day carrying on of large corporations. Actions that seem to be guided by superhuman acumen are oftener than not the fruit of thick sheaves of statistical reports, where every hazy point is so illuminated by collated facts that a tyro could go ahead confidently.

Looking Before Plunging

Gates, famed as a plunger and thought to be reckless to excess, would bide his time for months and even years while data were being put together for him and digested. He leaned heavily on certain tried and proven experts. One was the late William R. Walker, who until his recent death was Judge Gary's right-hand man, fulfilling the same duties as he did with Gates. Will Walker came of a good La Porte, Indiana, family, but started life as a water boy with the Illinois Steel Company, remembered even to this day as an incessant asker of questions as he trudged to and fro with his buckets. He wrote down every answer in his little notebook and at night studied chemistry and metallurgy. He rose to be head of the great South Chicago works. He was a dainty, cool, little man with eyes brilliant as gems, gentle in his ways but a terror to organized labor. Gates often urged him to go into money-making, but he preferred his princely salary and delving into steel facts.

I remember a Utah proposition offered to Gates—everything in those days to Gates was a "proposition," and the rank and file copied him in everlasting use of the word—a combined mining and railroad enterprise of great promise. Walker accumulated shelves full of maps. He explored the region himself. Hundreds of samples of ore were analyzed. The railroad gradients, cuts, culverts, ballast, and so on, were known to the last pebble on the right of way. Accountants piled up sheets of figures, and these were translated into graphs—one of Walker's favorite ways of visualizing data. Walker toiled over this accumulation and gradually evolved a report. As each chapter was finished he often backed me into a corner and read it aloud, insisting that I make any remark that came into my head, notwithstanding the well-understood fact that I knew just about nothing of the subject. He said, "Never mind, you might ask some question or make a random remark that would give me a new angle."

Counting Pig Iron

At length Walker's judgment, condensed from a hundred closely typed pages, was "No," and Gates thereupon said "No," and that ended the matter. But all that the outside world knew was Gates' "No."

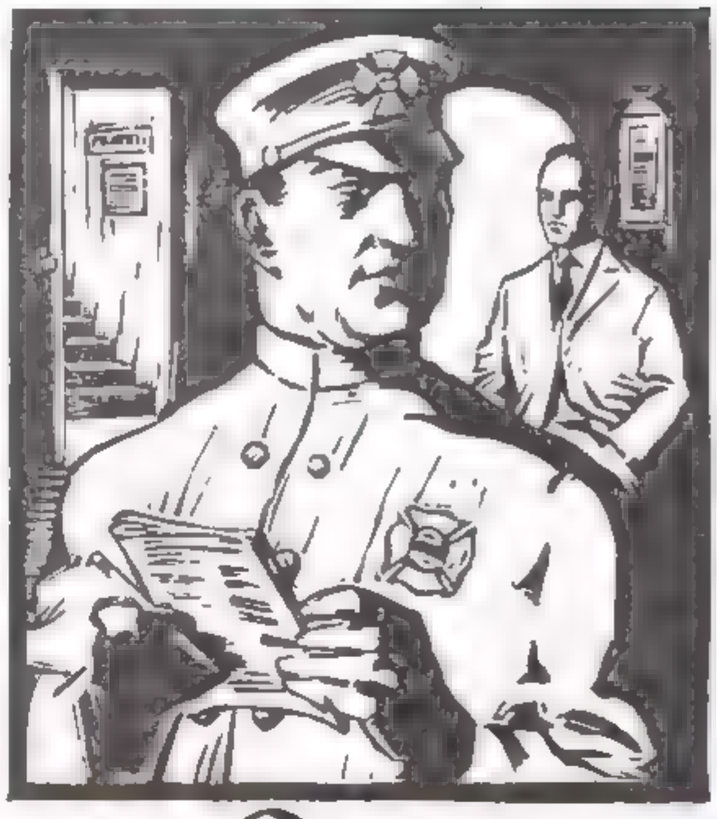
Shortly after Gates became president of the Illinois Steel Company his instinct told him something was wrong with the country's pig-iron supply. He meditated a stroke for the concern of which he was the newly elected head. His trusted man, W. W. Simmons, was sent out with orders to count the pigs of iron in the yards of all the producers everywhere. Probably no one ever thought of such a plan before. Simmons would at dead of night climb over fences, sneak into the vast yards of steel companies and count the stocks, mailing in every day greasy, dirty pencil memorandums of the counts. These were posted to me at my home address, and I turned them over to Gates. He totaled them, gradually obtaining by this homely means a more accurate knowledge of existing pig-iron stocks than anyone in or out of the industry had.

In the end he bought for the Illinois Steel Company very large amounts of pig iron. Much was bought from the Carnegie Steel Company, which later, when all the trade knew the actual condition of affairs, was compelled to buy it back at a cruel advance. From this flyer in pig iron Gates made a huge profit for the Illinois Steel Company. Incidentally his own prestige and that of the company were enhanced. Simmons' nocturnal activities were never known.

The Schulers, father and son, pillars of the early Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, split off in the later stages of Gates' wire career and prepared to start a wire mill of their own at Birmingham, Alabama. It became of moment to know how they were getting along and when they were likely to begin manufacturing and selling. I was sent to Birmingham to investigate. I took a private detective along.

My detective applied for a job with the Schulers, but his soft hands betrayed him and he was not hired. However, he mixed with the workers at night. From what he found out from them and what I found out in my own way, I was able to turn in precise information. Gates knew I had the facts and governed himself accordingly. My predictions turned out correct to the day and I won a silk hat on a bet from one of Gates' associates, who was sure I was wrong

While I was in Birmingham a particularly intelligent workman asked me for a



The Alliance Agent supplements the fire marshal

THE city fire marshal sees that the municipal fire ordinances are complied with.

The Alliance Agent supplements the fire marshal's work by pointing out conditions which, while not illegal, tend to increase insurance rates.

The fire marshal enforces general regulations for fire prevention; the Alliance Agent gives individual attention to the reducing of your own particular risks.

Perhaps the Alliance Agent can show you how to reduce the cost of your insurance by correcting some overlooked condition in your premises that operates to impose a more-than-minimum rate. Or he may be able to indicate ways by which you may lessen the hazards of fire created by carelessness or ignorance on the part of the occupants.

The Alliance Agent knows the chief causes of fires and therefore can help you to prevent fires.

There is an Alliance Agent near you; you are invited to consult with him freely.

ALLIANCE Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia

Better Radio Reception Without the Use of "B" Batteries

By H. C. MOHR

Radio Engineer of The Glenn L. Martin Co., Builders of the famous radio equipped Martin Aircraft

WITH the elevation of radio broadcasting to its present high standard of quality, with today's standardization of factory-built receiving sets, radio users are demanding reception of a consistently high quality with none of the bothers and troubles of the pioneer days of radio broadcasting.

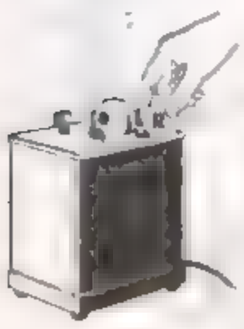
When radio first took the country by storm, people were content to fish around for mediocre programs, change "hook-ups" every week, try this, that and the other thing in the hope of improving reception, and "mess around" with the many necessary but troublesome accessories. It was a novelty, and they liked it.

Radio today is no longer a novelty. It has become a part of the life of the American people, and consequently the public wants the very best in program reception with none of the bothersome nuisances with which they were once content. "B" batteries, a necessary but more or less bothersome adjunct of radio reception, can now be entirely eliminated.

An Electric Light Socket and an Aero B—

and "B" battery troubles are done away with forever. All that is necessary now is to plug into your home lighting circuit to secure a steady, dependable source of "B" current. Where it was once necessary constantly to test, add water, and charge storage batteries or replace dry cells, all that is now required is a simple pull of a switch and the "B" current is always at its best and fullest.

Nothing to Require Attention



ONCE an Aero B is attached to a set, the "B" current source can be forgotten. When you pull the switch there is always the full plate voltage which your particular set demands, and there is nothing to require continual attention. Aero B simplifies radio reception.

The Best Reception—Always

No set will operate at its greatest efficiency with weak "B" batteries. A full steady "B" current is essential to good reception. As soon as you turn on your set the battery starts to go down. As the voltage drops, reception becomes gradually poorer until you notice it perceptibly in volume and clarity of tone. With an Aero B, the "B" current is always at its maximum, insuring the best reception of which your set is capable.

Tone Clarity and Full Volume

CLARITY of tone and signal strength depend on "B" current voltage as well as on the construction of the set. As the plate current becomes weaker it is impossible to have clear, full-toned volume. To be sure of maximum volume and greatest clarity of tone, you must have the full 90, 130 or 150 volts, whatever the "B" voltage your set demands. An Aero B gives you just the right voltage at its maximum strength—always. Consequently volume and tone are consistently at their best.

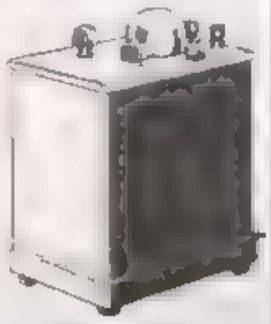
Airplanes and Aero B

For many years The Glenn L. Martin Company has been building the well known radio-equipped Martin Aircraft for the U. S. Army, Navy and Post Office Department. During these years our radio engineers have been constantly engaged in radio research in the fields of aviation and as an outgrowth of this broad experience they developed and perfected Aero B.

Aero B is fabricated to the same high standards that must prevail in the fabrication of quality aircraft.

Back of Aero B is the Martin reputation which we cannot afford to have sullied in any manner. We have thoroughly tested Aero B on all types of sets, and it is fully guaranteed to perform satisfactorily on *your* set, or your money will be promptly refunded.

Try an Aero B on your set now and convince yourself that it means better radio reception. They cost $42.00 (without tube), and are more than worth it. If your dealer doesn't handle Aero B, write us.



THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY

Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio

AERO B

job as investigator in other regions. We hired him and sent him into the Eastern Pennsylvania steel region. He obtained a lot of useful information. But one night in his boarding house he became talkative and bragged of his spying. This came to the ears of one of the spied-upon competitors and a letter to Gates followed that chagrined him and, of course, led to the man's immediate dismissal.

Gates used detectives freely all his life. One well-known agency had thousands of dollars from him. On one occasion Hermann Kohlsaat, the Chicago publisher, was shadowed night and day. We received reports every morning. But, unfortunately, they told much of Kohlsaat's personal affairs of no interest to us and Gates stopped the whole thing. The trouble with using ordinary detectives in industrial work is that their tendency is to report on the shadowed's social life and movements, which are relatively easy to ascertain, rather than on the wanted business secrets.

Gates employed investigators of all ranks continually in buying properties, in studying competition, in speculation and when determining what men to promote to important posts. John D. Rockefeller in his active days did the same thing. So do most big men of the same ilk, or they would not proceed so sure-footedly as they do.

True, however, to the paradoxical two-sidedness that ran all through his nature, Gates was as daring from the point where facts ran dry as he was cautious and patient while facts were still to be had. When the time came to act, and it was imperative to act, data or no data, Gates plunged fearlessly. In my opinion a first factor in his business success was his intelligent use, each at the proper time, of the opposing policies of "Be sure you're right" and "Damn the torpedoes!"

If you are head of a company and buy freely of its stock because you know of something that will shortly advance the price, and this knowledge is not shared by the public, you are doing something not altogether honorable. Still, you will not be ostracized.

But if you know something detrimental about your company, and on the strength of this inside information privately join the bear side of the market, thus reaping profit from the concern's misfortunes, there are those who will apply names to you.

Gates' Ethics

On one occasion he found that his wire company was overproducing. Its warehouses were fast filling with unsold product. At this time we had wire mills all over the country and our stock was actively dealt in on the exchange.

One night in Chicago, just before he was due to take the train for New York, Gates dictated a letter to a stockbroking firm in Chicago to sell for his account a huge block of the stock of his wire company. He signed this letter and handed it to me with orders to deliver it in person the next morning, at the same time saying very earnestly:

"This matter is strictly under your hat, Owen. Say nothing about it to anybody. And give me the carbon copy. I do not want any copy in the files whatever."

I well remember punning the letter safely into my inside vest pocket overnight. I handed it to the broker next morning. A day or two after Gates got to New York orders were issued from there closing a large number of our mills. The papers were full of the sudden and drastic shutdown. Of course our stock dropped headlong and, of course, Gates made an enormous profit—around $1,000,000, I think.

Wall Street is not inhabited by fools. The wise ones knew pretty accurately what Gates had done. The affair gave him a black name. He received many anonymous abusive letters. One of them inclosed a revolver cartridge, with the information that a companion to it was reserved for his benefit.

Gates probably reasoned that the stock was due to drop anyhow, so why might not he profit? Facts, not codes, were his guide. But there were things for which he had righteous indignation. One of his companies contemplated extending its plant. This would necessitate buying adjoining land. When the time came to make the purchase Gates discovered that the ownership had recently changed and the price was now way up. He smelled a rat. It became evident that one of his closest associates had forestalled the company and bought the land in the name of a dummy. Gates put a private investigator on the trail in an attempt to fasten the guilt upon the suspected person. A certain canceled check was the object of his quest. He never discovered it and the matter dropped for lack of proof.

A Card Table Code

Long afterward a banking friend of mine said to me without any preface, "Owen, I wish Gates had told me when he was looking for that canceled check in the so-and-so land matter."

In as much as no allusions to the matter had ever passed between this friend and myself, I feigned entire ignorance of what he was talking about.

"Never mind!" he said, laughing. "You know all about it! I am very close to the bank on which the check was drawn and I could have procured it for you people."

At this time it was too late to do anything and I never repeated his remark to Gates. But at the time of the discovery Gates' indignation knew no bounds. He considered the secret land purchase an atrocious breach of honor and abuse of trust. He and the other associates grilled the suspected man severely, but none of them severed business relations with him.

I used to think Gates' standards were an extension of card-table ethics. In playing poker, if an opponent foolishly exposed his hand an instant, Gates would profit by the peep. If he could deceive an antagonist into supposing that he held three aces when he did not, that would be allowable bluff in poker, where real and constructive fibbing is encouraged.

But he would have given up card playing forever rather than mark a card or cheat in any other way. In business trading he perhaps unconsciously lived up to some such rough-and-ready principles. Crookedness he detested.

One time a Gates representative, while in St. Paul on a business mission, lunched with the group of men he was there to negotiate with. There was one vital fact these men were overweeningly anxious to learn before settling down to business. They were aware that L. had this fact buried in his own honest bosom. Choosing a favorable moment, the spokesman of the group shot the question to L.:

"Is Smith going to resign?"

"No," shot back L. instantly.

When Smith resigned, two weeks later, these men proclaimed L.'s perfidy, but Gates and his friends insisted that it is not a lie to answer falsely when a question is impudent, unwarranted and nosey. There was a lively exchange of letters during the fixing of this canon of veracity.

What is the difference between an ordinarily successful man and such a one as this? Gates was an object of as much wistful curiosity on the part of men worth anywhere from $100,000 to $500,000 as they themselves are to men worth the clothes on their backs, some furniture and a bank balance of three figures. He was a phenomenon and incomprehensible to many who ranked rather well in their own communities.

Why and how did he go so high? Was it by superior ability alone? Was Gates a hundred times abler, with his $100,000,000, than a man worth only a plain $1,000,000? And if so, was Rockefeller, with his $1,000,000,000, ten times abler than Gates?

Of course not, any more than Dempsey and John L. were ten or a hundred times bigger than the men they floored, or than the

(Continued on Page 157)

American Bankers Association
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
No M6133121
MAY 29 1925
$1000
Pay to the order of (Here insert name of payee)
John Doe
SIXTEENTH STATE BANK
John Doe
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
10
OUTSIDE OF THE UNITED STATES THIS CHEQUE IS PAYABLE AT THE CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS CHECKS ON NEW YORK.

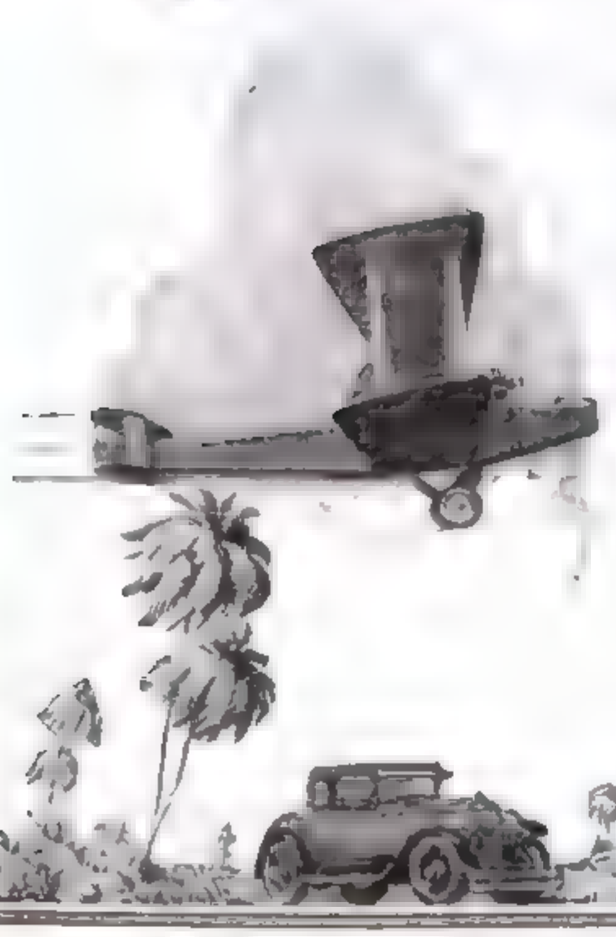
Like the Magic Carpet, A·B·A Travelers Cheques take you wherever you want to go.

Whether you Sail, Ride or Fly

Before You Start, Visit Your Own Bank And Get A Supply Of

A·B·A American BANKERS Association Cheques

"TRAVEL MONEY"



THEN, whenever, wherever, however you may travel; whether on business or pleasure; whether you will be gone a week or a year—you will be able to buy whatever money will buy in any land where money means anything—but with greater safety and convenience.

Most widely used: 650,000 travelers last year cashed 6,000,000 A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques totaling $136,500,000. Carried all over the world by experienced travelers.

Safer than money to carry on the person while traveling.

Easy to cash: Accepted by hotels, shops, banks and ticket offices at home and abroad. Cashed in foreign countries at current rates of exchange. No necessity for changing funds carried in A·B·A Cheques when crossing frontiers. A convenient way to carry travel funds because not dependent for cashing upon banks or banking hours.

Easy to use: You sign them all once when you get them. You sign each one again, when you use it, in the presence of the person who cashes it. That's all.

Handy: Provided in small, compact bill folds in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Light and easy to carry.

Neat: Clean, crisp, fresh and handsome as new bank-notes. Women especially appreciate this feature.

An identification: Your countersignature enables you to identify yourself, saving you the embarrassement of having a personal check refused, and avoiding annoying delays.

Official travelers' cheques of the American BANKERS Association, an organization of nearly 25,000 financial institutions.

Good for customs: Officially authorized by the U. S. Government for acceptance in payment of customs duties.

Buy your A·B·A Travelers' Cheques at your own bank.

The Agent for the Member Banks for the payment of all American BANKERS Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Free Travel Booklet Ask your own bank for the A B A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheque booklet, "Travel Trails," which contains information valuable to all travelers. Or write us direct.

McKAY-EQUIPPED
for Traction and Safety
By months and miles, McKays outlast ordinary chains. McKays mean more chain miles for the same chain money. Ask users. They'll tell you.
UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
Makers of McKay Tire Chains, McKay Shurout Chains, McKay Ready Repair Links, McKay Bumpers, and Chains for all industrial and commercial purposes.
UNION TRUST BUILDING
PITTSBURGH, PA.
McKAY
TIRE CHAINS
The Better Black Chains in the Red Band
McKAY TIRE CHAINS
McK
You can add "good looks" and protect "good looks" with McKay Red Bead Bumpers.

(Continued from Page 154)

horse who wins a $50,000 purse is some multiple fleeter than the one he precedes by a nose on the track, or than Coolidge and Harding possessed brains considerably heavier than the opposing Democratic candidates.

Gates was a big man, bigger mentally and in character qualities than the ruck of exceptionally well-to-do men he strove with. He looked it and showed it. His mien, his eyes, his talk were unusual. I think it was Edmund Burke who said that you could not take shelter under an archway from the rain ten minutes and chat there with a great man not known to you without discovering in those minutes that here was a somebody. Gates was that sort of man, and took no pains to hide it; but he pulled too many business boners in his lifetime to pass as infallible. Yet he had the extra few ounces of something that mark the champion, just as John L. and Roosevelt and Man o' War had. In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king.

Opportunity has more to do with these supreme successes than any other one element. Gates, for instance, was at just the right place in the right time when barbed wire was given to the world. But, you will say, hundreds of other men jumped into the barbed-wire business with him. It was an open opportunity. Why did they not also rise to great fortune?

The answer is simple. These men themselves were not naturally large caliber. Put it in a formula: The big man plus the big opportunity makes the $100,000,000 success. The little man plus the big opportunity, or the big man plus the little opportunity, makes the $1,000,000 success. And the little man with the little opportunity—the corner grocers, druggists, neighborhood doctors, factory foremen, desk-room brokers and all that host—make the $10,000 or $20,000 successes.

The gigantic fortunes of America are founded almost without exception according to this formula. Carnegie was Carnegie, but along came the epochal Bessemer process, a big opportunity. John D., big man, met the discovery of petroleum, big opportunity. J. J. Hill and the railroad-needing Northwest came together. Ford and the moment of the automobile coincided; he was big enough to see, what lesser contemporaries missed, that an apparent luxury was really a necessity and that cars should be cheap, not dear. Jay Gould and the electric telegraph were of one litter. Commodore Vanderbilt was of the great group produced by the newly invented steam locomotive, but he was just enough bigger than most to see the need of through cars and trains, through tickets, through shipments without breaking bulk at junctions, and through billing, when the route from East to West was a variously owned string of separate and jealous little railroads. Perhaps he was the father of consolidation in all its American phases.

Aided by Good Helpers

Another thing that keeps a man going and going until he reaches the top is his own early dreams of himself or what might be called his ambition pattern. Most people, without knowing it, stop trying at a certain point of progress because they have arrived at what in their subconsciousness is the apex. Some others revise their aims upward as they go along. Even Napoleon in his youth never dreamed of world dominion. It was not until the Battle of Arcole showed him that just a little more fierceness would beat any then extant human group that he became Cæsar in his heart.

Gates told me that in his early days he and Mrs. Gates often talked over getting rich, and agreed that when he had acquired $100,000 he would retire and stop.

"But," he said, "when I got $100,000 another $100,000 was right there for the reaching. It was too easy to pass up. Then $1,000,000 was certain by just going on the same way ——" And so he was lured from flower to flower, persisting in spite of his wife's pleas for rest. He was one who revised his limits as he proceeded.

One other element of the superfortune is that after a man attains a certain height he has at command instrumentalities not his previously, the most important among these being very competent men not before in his power to hire. Instantly his scope is widened, and with so much collaboration he can, if he is willing to proceed, pass from the very wealthy to the No. 1 class.

I have spoken of Will Walker as one such helper, a man known in steel circles on both sides of the Atlantic. There were many others regimented by Gates. One was John R. Bennett, who enabled him and his associates to win at last in long, tedious and costly patent litigation with the Washburn-Moen Company, which had acquired the original Glidden barbed-wire patents. Bennett was unbeatable as a patent lawyer. Another man Gates developed in the Illinois Steel Company was J. S. Keefe, his railroad expert, a man of extraordinary memory for facts. Keefe was the only man I ever knew who had the faculty that the conjurer, Houdini, developed. He could take one glance at a shop window, walk away, and give you offhand a complete inventory of the contents there displayed. Keefe used to read his pile of mail in the morning, turn the letters face down, call in his stenographer and dictate answers to all without further consultation of the missives before him.

A Thick Neck and Thrift

It must not be forgotten that Gates had the advantage of employing Judge Elbert H. Gary. This was, of course, before Judge Gary's translation to the sphere he now adorns. John Lambert and Isaac L. Ellwood were in the humbler days competitors of Gates in the wire industry, but all three got together ultimately. While these two were not in any sense employed by Gates, but were his partners, their abilities, knowledge of the industry, trade connections and great wealth made them invaluable. Various other remarkable men might be mentioned as enlisted under the Gates flag, but it is not to be wondered at that he climbed so high with the coadjutors he had. Allies are a vital element in successes such as his.

Gates earned a reputation as a picker of good men because he discovered and promoted so many, like Walker and Keefe, who surprised everybody. But he also picked a good many who were sad failures. He wasted no time on these. One young man of promise he put in the treasurer's office in a minor position to see how he would develop, then rather forgot him. The treasurer told me one day that B. was a fizzle. I gave Gates a memorandum on a slip of paper: "B. has not made good." Out the slip came to me, along with other routine papers, indorsed in blue penciling, "Fire him." I sent the slip to the treasurer, B. was dismissed, and that was the end of the incident.

Summary as it was, there was no error and no injustice. It represented a full and fair trial of some months, and better men were waiting hungrily for just such opportunities.

In promoting minor employes Gates had an apparent predilection for two things—a thick neck and thrift! He watched the young men who saved their money; that scored high with him. A large collar size weighed also! Don't ask me why. It did, that's all, but only as giving a young man the chance for a tryout. If he did not broaden to fit the larger job that was handed him on probation, out he went.

A burly young chap attracted Gates' notice around the office on one occasion. He had the large neck and the savings-bank account, and in addition a pleasingly masculine deep voice. A branch managership in the West was open just then. Gates called the man in and talked seriously to him about it, making an engagement for him to turn up next day and probably receive the appointment. The man turned up.

The Blackstone — made of black pin seal, lined with silk. Packed like a jewel, in an attractive gift box. Price only $5.00.

A gift as lasting as a rare friendship

THERE is no better gift for the man you care most about than something made by true craftsmen from true leather. One that will stand the test of time and mellow with age. One that he will use and be proud of —not for a day or a month, but for years.

Amity products are made carefully from only the finest leathers brought from the tanneries of the world. Each bears the stamp "Amity." Let this distinguishing mark be your guide in choosing a gift for him.

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A beautiful laced-edge pocketbook, a gold mounted Key Kaddy . . . each one an ideal gift and reasonably priced.

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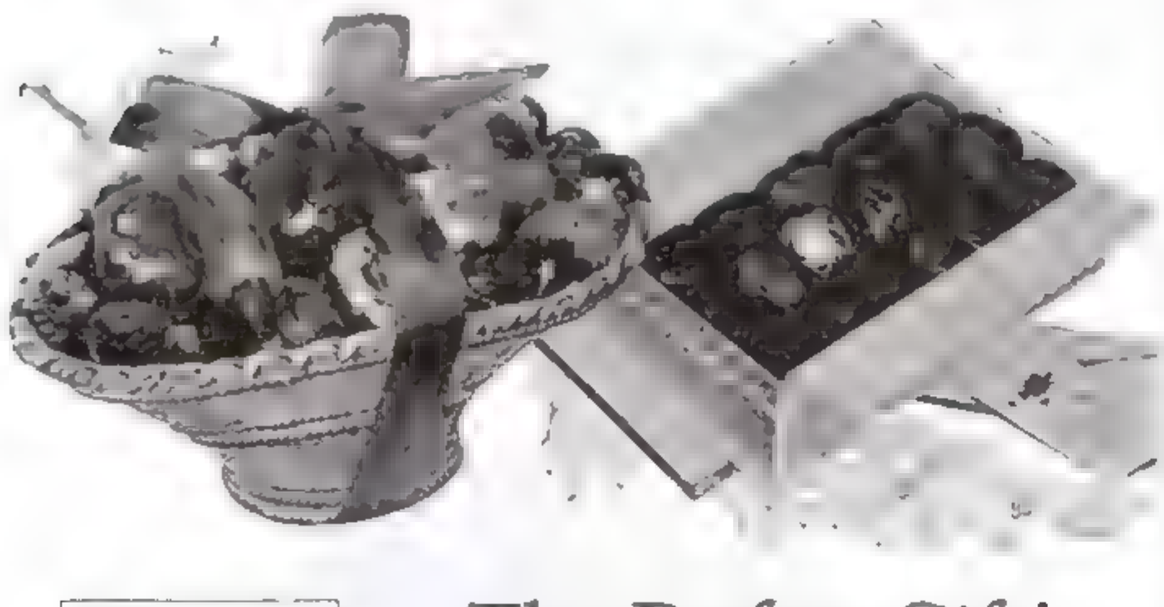

This solid milk chocolate basket filled with assorted chocolates and marzipan fruits, 1½ lbs. net, sent postpaid to any address with your name on gift card shown above—on receipt of $2.00. Please see dealer first.

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PURITAN CHOCOLATES are accepted as "*The Perfect Gift*" because the variety of wonderful "centers" is sure to include in *every* box some of the kinds your friends like *best of all*. In addition they have thicker, richer, smoother coatings, quite the most exquisite any one ever tasted. Every Christmas package in a Christmas wrapper, and with a Christmas card for you to sign. At good dealers' or $1.50 postpaid. Dealers, write for merchandising plan.

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But he had not put on any better clothes or slicked himself up, as any man naturally would for such a momentous day. That was enough! Gates sent him away empty-handed.

Perhaps in the enumeration of the elements of great success much weight should be given to a man's being in a congenial line of work. All the world knows that steel is an industry of massive but rough and crude materials, with flame-belching mills, brawny workmen stripped to the waist, and in no detail delicate and refined. But all the world doesn't know that it is also an industry with tremendous financial ups and downs, and one in which revolutionary changes of technic may take place, so that the administration must be ready to junk whole factories full of high-priced machinery at any time and replace with newer.

Gates' mentality was big and blunt, his judgment sure in large things, his tastes opposed to the niggling and delicate. In steel he found the materials, the methods and the men that he liked and was at home with.

A robustly and wholesomely insensative nature such as his found in the rude and hardy steel business the roughness and severe jolts that were agreeable stimuli. There is a fascination in steel. It has the same attraction of mass, of movement and of danger that draws men to railroading. A Bessemer converter in action is one of the noblest sights in any industry. Old workmen of twenty and thirty years' experience will stand and watch a Bessemer pour with ever-fresh delight. When tons of liquid steel are decanted as an old wife empties her teakettle, it is indeed a brave spectacle.

Gates, like all rich men, was importuned constantly for money by individuals and institutions. I saw all his mail, of course, and I was struck by the fact that nobody ever wrote him from simple friendliness or with a disinterested desire to help him. A common type of letter began by saying that the writer used to know him when a boy, or was a friend of his parents, and had been sitting thinking of him and decided to write. The rest of the letter was invariably a request for a loan or a gift.

Not an Easy Mark

His friends, those who were not rich, borrowed money of him, but when he lent even to these there was usually something he wanted of them. The loan gave him influence with them. He commonly insisted on notes—always demand notes. A demand note is an excellent club over a man. In his will he bequeathed to a number of impecunious friends their unpaid notes! His son Charley's will made similar bequests. As the wills were published at their deaths, the impression produced was of a sardonic humor, if nothing else.

He lent a good many men the money to buy stock in his companies, taking their demand notes in return, with the stock itself attached as collateral security. He was thus able to encourage thrift without taking any risk worth mentioning.

Among his race-track friends was a talented and famous actor who bet a large sum "on the nod" with a bookie. The horse lost. The actor wrote frantically to Gates for a loan wherewith to discharge the debt. The actor himself told me the answer he got, penciled upon the margin of his own letter—"The bookmaker can afford to wait for his money just as well as I can."

Once Gates received a collect telegram from a particularly nervy casual acquaintance, stranded in a Western town, who wanted $500 sent him by wire! Gates was so incensed he would not permit the charges to be paid on the message. The unlucky sender got nothing for his audacity except the privilege of adding to the profits of the telegraph company.

No matter what generous impulses a man may carry up with him on the rise from poverty to riches, he will sooner or later be educated into hard-heartedness by the eternal "Give! Give!" of the world. He is compelled to say no thousands of times. If he did not he would be stripped, were he as wealthy as Rockefeller and Ford rolled into one.

By and by he forms a habit of refusing. Unless he guards himself he will become truly callous and unfeeling, denying even the appeals to which he should listen. I believe that wealth has in this way spoiled many a naturally kindly man.

Gates was not stingy, but he rarely gave to charity. A being so able, vigorous and self-helpful as he had great difficulty in understanding weakness and the need of aid. Besides, he had an intense repugnance to being thought an easy mark. This had more to do with his habitual deafness to pleas for money than any other motive. I think his disposition to chaffer and bargain in small matters arose from the evident expectation of those who sought to sell him something that he would, out of his abundance, pay any price asked without demur. He preferred to waste his time and irritate himself, haggling, to losing the respect of those he dealt with.

Gates' Great Achievements

There are drawbacks to being rich. All of us think we would cheerfully endure those drawbacks. They are serious notwithstanding. Never to feel sure that your friends are real; never to hear a compliment or pleasant word of praise without thinking, "I wonder how much he wants"; never even to be sure of love; to detect everywhere, even in your own family circle, machinations aimed at your pocket; to recognize the mask on every countenance around you; to go to bed every night knowing you are of the select few most likely to be murdered in sleep—these are some of the joys of great wealth.

I have seen many a poor Salvation Army man standing in the gutter whose face was serenely happy. I never saw one such face among the rich men Gates knew.

There were many Gates satellites, close and not so close, who loudly told me and told one another—with some hope that it might later reach Gates' ears of their boundless fealty to and admiration of him. They would sometimes declare, "I love the man, damn him!" with all the fervor of Joey Bagstock.

He would not have believed any such professions, and none as close to him as I and others could feel actual affection for Gates.

But it was possible to do him justice and give him an exalted place as a great force. Such men should not be judged by instances of unfairness such as I have recorded; these things bulk small in the total of their accomplishings.

Men of Gates' stripe present phenomena like the annual rising of the Nile, which drowns some cattle and sweeps away a village or two in its overflow, but leaves behind it boundless blessings. Gates' misdeeds were, to use a word he was fond of, picayune compared to the good he did. He left behind him railroads, bridges, ore boats, blast furnaces, mines, coke ovens, docks, mills, cement works, which he created and set going. They were his most appropriate memorials, outlasting the effects of any ethical mistakes he made in his lifetime.

Was he a success, measured by his own standards? No, for he died at fifty-six. He could and should have lived long; his ancestry was distinguished for longevity. Any man whose goal is money, and who trades his life for money, is not a success, judged as he himself would judge success. But if we think of him as one of the long line of developers in America, as a benefactor whose works live after him, he was a great success.

Know the joy of giving *an* APPRECIATED Gift

Dad wants a "travelo" for golfing, motoring, fishing, gardening, carpentering, camping, swimming, for the office, and for the myriad home duties that come with spring, summer, fall and winter

Phil wants a "travelo" for skating, skiing, motoring, golfing, sailing, riding, hiking, tennis, baseball. And above all, he wants a "travelo" because it is smart, stylish and *supremely* good looking, and *because it holds its shape*

Granddad wants a "travelo" because it will give him snug comfort and warmth no matter what the weather. The soft, luxurious elasticity of "travelo" will bring him always welcome rest and perfect relaxation

Jimmie wants a "travelo" for skating, coasting, camping, for the classroom and for all his rough-and-tumble boyhood games. Give him a jacket with plenty of pockets, and remember that an occasional tubbing will keep it clean and fresh, without harming it.

THE masculine preference for "travelo" is strikingly proved by the fact that over a million men and boys have already bought "travelo" knit jackets or vests for themselves. They *want* "travelo"—and you can win enthusiastic thanks by *giving* "travelo."

"travelo" is a splendid *looking* gift. But more than this, it's a gift any man can *enjoy* continually and use roughly, for it wears amazingly well.

"travelo" knit jackets and vests are made in a great variety of smart styles, colors and heather-mixtures. You can easily select a model exactly suited to the tastes and needs of every man or boy on your list. "travelo" is sold, at very modest cost, by good stores near you. Ask to see "travelo" knit jackets!

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THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

"Don't bother with the heater, it's fixed for the day"

IN Spencer-heated homes—and there are thousands upon thousands of them, large and small—no one has to run downstairs every little while to stoke a heater with a voracious appetite for expensive coal.

The magazine of a Spencer Heater holds a day's ration of coal—enough for twelve to twenty-four hours, depending on the weather. The coal feeds down by gravity over sloping grates in exact proportion to the heat required. The fire is never over-stoked nor under-stoked. Day and night, the Spencer-heated home has uniform—and therefore healthful—heat.

Also—and this is particularly important—the Spencer burns No. 1 Buckwheat Coal that costs an average of $6 less per ton than the customary domestic sizes of the same good anthracite—the most desirable of household fuels.

And you use no more tons of No. 1 Buckwheat than you would if your heater required the more expensive sizes.

All of these advantages can be yours whether you have a small home or a large one, whether you want to heat an apartment house, an office, school, hotel, or an industrial building. There is a size and type of Spencer Magazine Feed Heater for every heating job.

Tell us what your requirements are, and we'll send you special literature explaining Spencer economies for your type of building.

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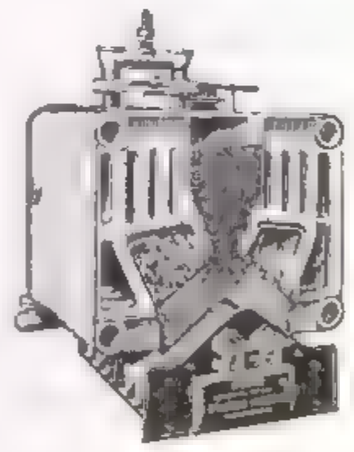

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THE following features are fully described in literature your request will bring you—

Saves $4 to $7 on the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low-priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no other.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeding is fully automatic.

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Equally satisfactory for steam hot water or vapor.

Type for every coal-burning home and for heating.

No extra furnace required on large buildings.

Easily operated.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small-size coal.

Proven by thirty years' success.

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal—$4 to $7 less per ton—Less attention required

ENGLAND'S TAXATION BURDEN

(Continued from Page 25)

Some very absurd taxes also were levied. Coal, which was even more necessary to the poor than the other articles mentioned, was taxed three shillings and threepence a ton upon coal carried coastwise, which at that time was about 60 per cent of the original price at the coal pit. Coal carried either by land or by inland navigation paid no duty. Thus where coal was naturally cheap it was tax-free; where, by reason of distance from the mine, it became expensive it was heavily taxed. From very ancient times there was a tax on windows, which amounted to a tax on light, and a tax on hearths, which was even more obnoxious than the tax on windows, because the hated taxgatherer must enter the Englishman's house, which was considered his castle.

The wars with France, which began soon after the French Revolution and lasted until the final overthrow of Napoleon in 1815, made unprecedented demands on the government's finances. Neither England nor any other nation had ever before required such great sums. The younger Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, strove in every way to raise the necessary funds by indirect taxation. Nearly every article, whether a luxury or a necessity, was taxed in some way. Stamp duties were imposed. Practically every kind of legal document was required to be stamped. Even newspapers had to be printed on stamped paper, and the tax was so high that no ordinary person took a newspaper for himself alone, but clubs were formed to pass them around as they were read by the members. License taxes were so numerous that the occupations which could be pursued without obtaining one were few. The licenses were not simply upon the exercise of some special privilege, but a gentleman in those days was almost covered with them. He must have a license for the watch that he carried, for the coat of arms on his watch fob, and even for the powder on his hair.

Sydney Smith on Taxes

Sydney Smith, a famous wit and essayist of the early part of the nineteenth century, gave a description of the taxes of the day that has never been equaled. He said there were:

"Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste—taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home. . . . The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death."

These taxes were largely indirect—that is, they were such that they could be shifted to the ultimate consumer. The result was to impoverish the working classes, diminish consumption, reduce the purchasing power of a large portion of the people, and depress business generally. The condition of the working classes was pitiful. They were oppressed by the taxes upon food, heat, light and clothing. An illustration of the extremities to which they were often reduced is found in the case of the cotton spinners, who, in 1801, worked seventy-four hours a week, but were unable to eat any meat and mixed the seeds of weeds with their food, which was consumed without salt, owing to the tax upon that article.

If these taxes had produced the desired revenue such a measure as the income tax would not even have received consideration, much less adoption. But instead of increasing the revenue, the returns gradually fell off. England was in a life-and-death struggle. It supported, at an expense enormous for that time, a great navy that everywhere commanded the seas, and an army that was paid and maintained in such a way as to make the cost more than that of any of its allies, although in numbers it was smaller than those of the other great powers. In addition to this, it was compelled to sustain its faltering allies by large subsidies, paid in gold.

As a last resort, Pitt proposed the income tax. Even under these circumstances it would have been impossible for him to obtain the adoption of the tax if he had not promised that it should be merely temporary and would be repealed after the war. It was established in 1799. The rate was low, but it brought in the necessary funds and was an important factor in bringing about the downfall of Napoleon.

Gradual Relief

The defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo left England triumphant on land and mistress of the sea, probably the most powerful nation in the world at that time. But the people were groaning under the taxation necessary to support these wars and were clamoring for relief. The income tax was set aside and it was expected it would never again be imposed except in case of war. A sinking fund was created for the extinction of the national debt. The burdens imposed upon the necessities of life were gradually removed, the tax on soap and candles was repealed, as well as the stamp tax on newspapers.

In 1842 the income tax was again established under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, who, a little later, made himself famous by putting through the repeal of the Corn Laws, which imposed a duty on wheat and other foodstuffs. Great Britain had then definitely decided upon a free-trade policy, with a tariff on imported articles for revenue only; and the income tax, together with the customs duties, took the place, in part, of taxes on commodities and license taxes which had been repealed. The income tax has never since been abrogated and has become the corner stone of the British system.

The great statesmen of England were not unmindful of the economic lessons of history. In the past, taxation had been considered largely from the selfish standpoint of some class or classes. It was now being studied more with a view to social welfare, and particularly with reference to the condition of the great body of the people. The result of these studies by disinterested persons demonstrated clearly that the welfare of the nation was bound up with the welfare of the masses, and that the wealth of the nation could never be promoted by their impoverishment. As these more liberal, enlightened and humane views came to prevail, Britain led all nations in the science of taxation as adapted to its own condition and needs.

More than a century elapsed after the Napoleonic Wars before the nation again became engaged in so desperate a struggle. There were wars, of course. In fact, it seems as though England was almost continuously engaged in some conflict of greater or less importance. With each war the national debt increased, and though it was generally lowered in times of peace, in each increase prophets of gloom could see the future ruin of their country. But with the great increase in the debt there had been a more than corresponding increase in wealth, and the burden was carried easier than it was a century before.

At the time of the breaking out of the World War, taxation was comparatively light in England—certainly very light compared with what it is now. The standard income tax was only 5% per cent, with very moderate supertaxes, or surtaxes, as we call

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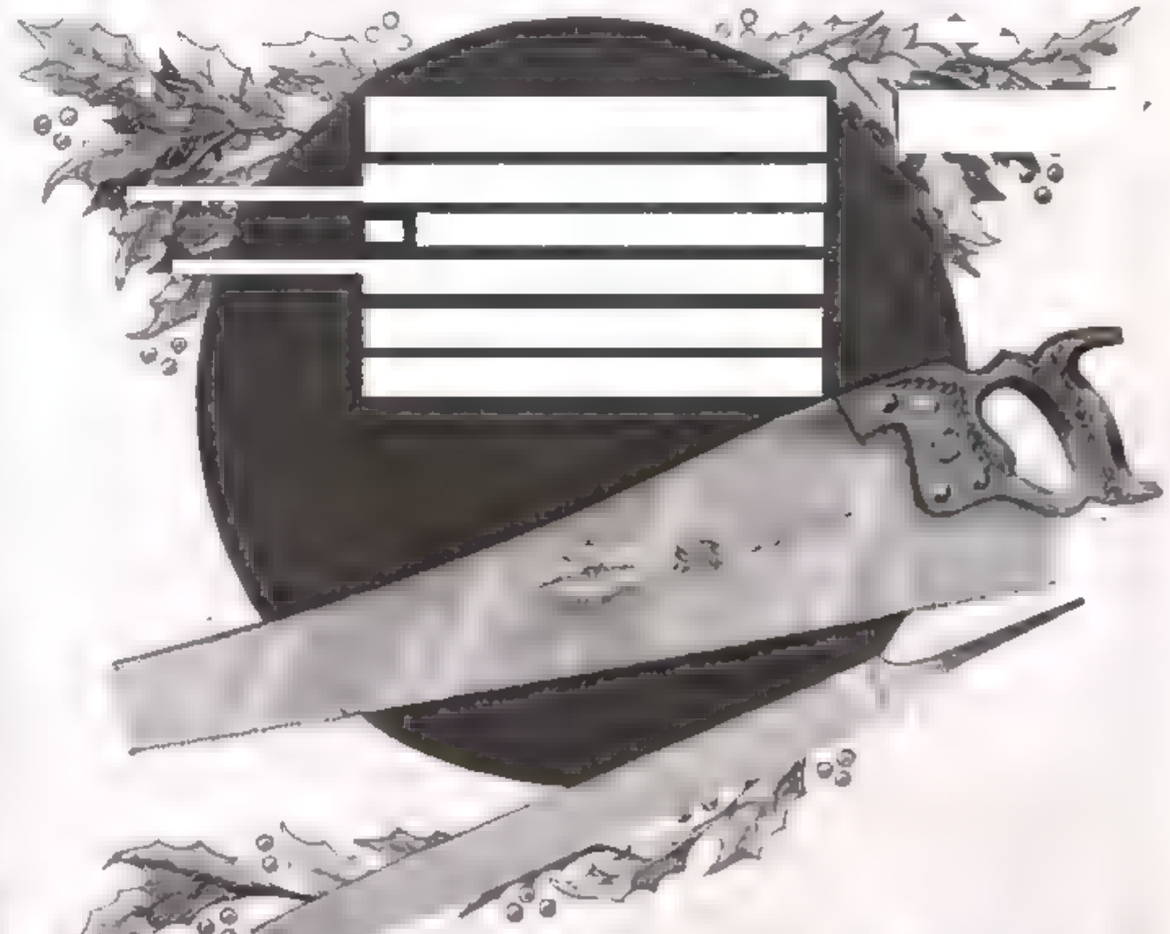

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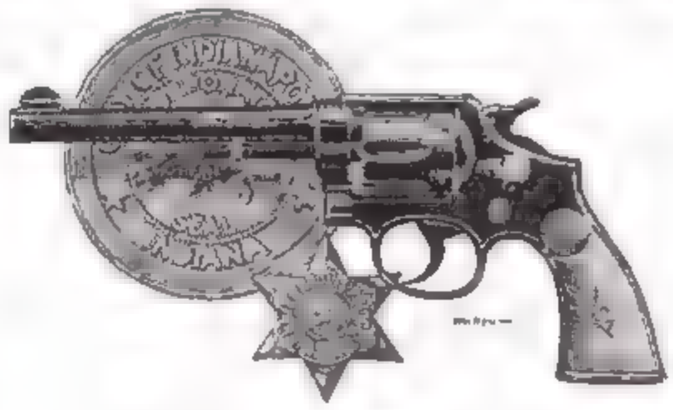

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them. The excise taxes were not especially burdensome and the cost of living was low. The total taxes were not an undue proportion of the national income and the surplus of savings enabled England to make increasingly large loans and investments abroad. London was still the great banker of the world, and England's investments abroad were estimated at the gigantic sum of $20,000,000,000.

The World War completely reversed this situation. Unparalleled sums were required for its prosecution, but the English statesmen courageously met the situation. No other nation during this war was so heavily taxed and none has been so heavily taxed since, unless it be Germany under its present program. As a result, the national finances are in sound condition and the government has been able to put its currency on a gold basis. Before the war, the national debt of England stood at £707,654,110, which was smaller than it was at the close of the Napoleonic Wars. At the close of the World War it stood at £7,714,000,000, but this increase is less in proportion than that of any of its Allies in the Great War.

British and American Taxes

Some of its Allies, like France, imposed only light taxation during the war, and are now compelled greatly to increase their levies. Instead of doing this, England has considerably lessened them, and at the same time balanced its budget, with the exception that there will be a comparatively small deficit for this fiscal year.

What a tremendous task this has been and how manfully the demands have been met will be seen when the record is examined more in detail.

There is much complaint about heavy taxation in this country, and so far as more revenue is collected by the national Government than is necessary to carry on its affairs when economically managed, this complaint is justified; but when the situation is considered as compared with that of England, it must be said that in this country we have little conception of what heavy taxation means. Our national expenditures in the last fiscal year were $3,529,000,000; but this includes over $460,000,000 of sinking funds and receipts from foreign governments, all of which must be applied to the reduction of the national debt.

The total expenditures of the British Government were £795,777,000, or something less than $4,000,000,000, of which only £45,000,000 was applied to the sinking fund. The national wealth of Great Britain is generally estimated at considerably less than one-third of that of the United States. If, therefore, we were to levy taxes to correspond with those of Great Britain, we would have to raise somewhere from $12,000,000,000 to $15,000,000,000 annually, which is far more than we raised even in war times.

A practical illustration will best show the difference between the two countries in the amount of income tax as paid by an individual. A married man with two children in this country, having an income of $5000, pays a tax of only $25.50. The tax under similar circumstances in England, even as reduced by the last budget, would actually be from forty to fifty times as much. In the case of a married man without children, having a net income of $10,000, the tax in England would be nearly $2000. In the United States it would be $207.50, or only about one-ninth of what is paid in England. Upon the incomes of greater magnitude there is not so much difference. For example, in England the recipient of an income in excess of $150,000 finds that the total rate runs up to 50 per cent on the excess. In the United States he would pay 37 per cent surtax and 6 per cent normal tax. Observe that in England this is on the excess above $150,000. On that part below, the American would have a still greater advantage.

The highest rate paid in this country is reached on incomes in excess of $500,000, the normal tax being 6 per cent and the maximum surtax 40 per cent. There is no doubt, however, that the maximum surtax under our revenue law will be greatly reduced by the new revenue bill which is now being prepared, and it is quite probable that the normal taxes also will be reduced to some extent, so that a statement of our present high surtaxes by the side of those in England does not make a fair comparison of the conditions in the two countries.

Though the British income tax does not, like that of some other European nations, strike every small wage earner, on small taxable incomes the British rate is many times that of the United States; on moderately large incomes, more than double; on extremely large incomes, as the rates now stand, considerably larger. It is obvious that this system of rates bears very hard upon the man with the small taxable income—the clerk, the teacher, the professional man with a moderate practice; all that great class who are required in some measure to keep up appearances and, if married and having a family, endeavor to educate their children. Indeed, it is easy to see how the payment of such large sums upon small incomes may interfere not merely with the pleasures and luxuries of life, but with the necessities and even the proper education of children; and I heard much complaint to this effect when in England. But in England the ultimate question is not whether these taxes are desirable and proper either as to small or large incomes; it is considered absolutely necessary that the government should reach out after funds of the smaller taxpayer because there are so many of them that it seems to be the only way of raising the needed revenue.

Let us see how this comes about. In the first place, the exemptions under our law are much more liberal than those of Great Britain. With us, if a taxpayer is single, $1000 of his income is totally exempt. In England, if his income is unearned, only $675 is exempt; if earned, only $750. Here, a married person who is the head of a family has $2500 exemption; in Great Britain, only $1250 of unearned and $1500 of earned income.

Our More Liberal Exemptions

The allowance for children is also much more liberal in the United States, being $400 for each child under eighteen years of age. In England, the allowance is nominally $180 for each child under sixteen years of age, or over that age receiving instruction in any educational establishment, but owing to the peculiar way in which the computation of the tax is made, the taxpayer actually only gets the benefit of half that amount. On earned income a deduction of 25 per cent up to $10,000 is made in the United States, while in England but 16⅔ per cent is deducted, and that only up to $1000.

But an even more serious difference exists in the rates. Here we begin with a normal tax of 2 per cent up to the first $4000 of income, 4 per cent on the next $4000, and 6 per cent thereafter. The normal, or standard, rate in England was reduced sixpence in the pound—2.5 per cent—by the last budget bill and is now 20 per cent. There is a reduction on the first $1125 of taxable income of one-half this rate, but this serves only to emphasize the meagerness of the allowance to small taxpayers. Imagine the uproar that would be created in our country if people having a moderate income over this amount were required to pay about one-fifth of it to Uncle Sam. Even in war times they paid but a fraction of that amount.

This system of collection of income taxes is very different from that of the United States. By far the greater part of the revenue is turned into the treasury through collection at the source. All dividends, rents, and other incomes subject to the tax in the hands of some other person, company or corporation than the ultimate taxpayer are

(Continued on Page 164)

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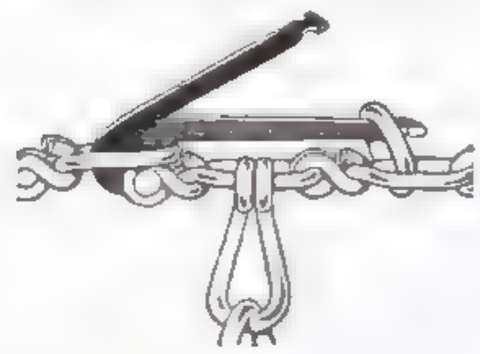

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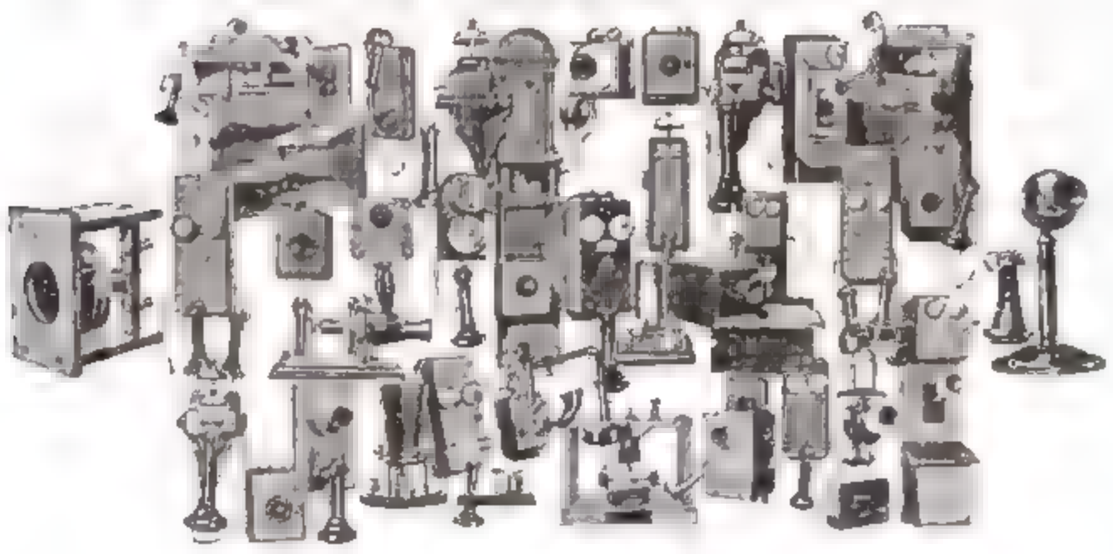

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(Continued from Page 162)

collected from the source where they originate. Thus, a corporation desiring to make a dividend, before making payment to the stockholder, deducts the tax due the government. In other words, the stockholder receives his dividend less the income tax and is freed from further claim on the dividend. But as the tax has been paid at the maximum rate, in a great number of cases it happens that the taxpayer is thus charged with a higher rate than his total income requires him to pay.

This system undoubtedly has great advantages. Indeed, it is said that when it was put in force the amount of the collections was doubled. But it also has its disadvantages. Obviously, where the taxpayer has paid too high a rate he is entitled to a refund, and these cases have become so numerous that about 1,500,000 applications for refund are now being made annually. The calculation of these refunds is no simple matter. Beside this, the Treasury is largely dependent on the statement of the taxpayer for the facts upon which to determine the amount which should be repaid him. This may result in overclaims which are difficult to detect.

We do not have a system of collection at the source, but we have what is called information at the source, by which corporations paying dividends or interest on bonds are required to make a statement to the Treasury of the amount of these payments and to whom they have been made. Also all persons who are lessees, mortgagors or employers making payment of such items as rent, interest and salaries to another person in excess of the sum of $1000 are required to make a return to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of such payments and to whom they were made. Probably this acts as a fairly efficient check as far as it goes, but it lacks very much of being as effective as the British system.

Whatever may be thought of the advantages and disadvantages of the British system, it would be practically impossible to put it into effect in this country. Our Bureau of Internal Revenue is now far behind in its auditing of income taxes, and is making little progress in catching up with the annual returns. So great an additional burden as the English system would entail would be simply demoralizing. There are doubtless many evasions of the income tax in both countries, and this is true, using the word "evasion" as meaning an unlawful withholding of the tax and not including a mere avoidance of the tax by methods which are permitted by law.

Good Taxgatherers

It will be observed that in England there is a large amount of tax—probably one-third—which is not collected at the source, and cannot be. Of this it has sometimes been estimated that as much as $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 has been evaded. In this country the amount is probably much larger, and I would estimate it at nearly $100,000,000 annually. Naturally, it will be said that we are not doing so good a job in collecting our income tax as the English; and this is true, but there is a reason for it.

In England they commenced collecting an income tax more than 100 years ago, and have had it continuously since 1842. With the exception of some short experiments, we have had it only since 1913. The admirable civil-service system of England has developed a corps of trained officials which, taking the revenue bureau as a whole, is vastly superior to anything we have in this country. We have more to learn from England in this respect than in any other. In England the tenure of these officials is permanent. The salaries paid seem small compared with those paid in this country, but the positions seem to carry with them a certain standing unknown in this country, which makes them attractive to applicants having a good capacity, and, even more desirable, causes them to remain with the government, as a rule, until they are retired.

In our Bureau of Internal Revenue there is a continual turnover. The insecurity of the positions and the fact that the more talented and expert of its employes are so often offered better salaries on the outside cause frequent resignations. New employes come in, untrained for the work. Often they are ambitious, and desire to make a record by overturning what their predecessors have done.

There are other respects in which it would seem that the superiority was with the English system. The Englishman resents most vigorously any intrusion upon his private affairs, even by an official of the government. In our last revenue law there was a provision permitting the amount of income tax paid by each individual to be made public. This provision of the law gave rise to vigorous protest and was bitterly resented by a large portion of the taxpayers. Secrets are what some newspapers are looking for and the returns were largely published. To say that an Englishman would be horror-stricken by such an action is to put it mildly. If such a thing should happen in Great Britain, the average citizen would consider that the foundations of the empire were crumbling and that it would be only a short time until communists and Bolshevists would wave their red flag over its ruins. We have survived the ordeal, but there is strong agitation for the repeal of this provision.

The Matter of Evasion

So insistent is an Englishman upon the privilege of privacy of his personal affairs that protests by taxpayers have frequently been made in the English newspapers against what would seem to be merely a natural precaution. In cases where refunds were asked evidence was sometimes required in addition to the taxpayer's own statement before granting the refund. Here, no one would think of making the application without presenting with it full proof.

In this country the taxpayer does not, as a rule, worry about a government official's going through his books and papers on the ground of privacy, for he knows that the official disclosing his findings would be promptly removed and subjected to a heavy penalty. He does, however, often object—and rightly—to first one official and then another taking up his time and upsetting the routine of his business by repeated examinations. When the personnel of our revenue force reaches the efficiency of that of England, one examination will be sufficient; but unless that examination is permitted, evasions become easy in many cases, and in this respect it is probable that in many cases we collect the taxes more completely than is done in England.

There is also a tax of 2.5 per cent in Britain on corporation profits. This seems very light compared with our tax of 12.5 per cent; but it must be borne in mind that in this country dividends from corporations are exempt from the normal tax, while in England there is no corresponding provision. In one respect it would seem as if ours was the better system. In both countries there has grown up a method of avoiding the income tax, by the formation of corporations for investment purposes, controlled by a few persons, which do not distribute their profits, and as long as they are not distributed the stockholders are not subject to income tax thereon. In this country the larger tax on the profits lessens the loss in revenue. In both countries an attempt has been made to reach this form of evasion by a special provision. This provision has never been enforced in the United States, and, so far as I can learn, the same is true in England. Both are losing large sums by this plan of evasion and each should find a way to prevent it.

The taxes on estates of decedents form a far more important part of the national revenue in England than in the United States. Great Britain has been collecting from estate duties about $300,000,000 annually. We commonly speak of these duties

as inheritance taxes, although they are not strictly such. Our Federal revenues from this source are about $100,000,000 per annum, and in addition, various states have a similar tax levy aggregating about $80,000,000. The total is considerably less than two-thirds of the tax levied by Great Britain. If we assessed these taxes in the same proportion to our national wealth, we would receive from this source more than four times what is now being collected by both the national and state governments.

While England collects much the larger amount, the highest rate, 40 per cent, on that portion of the estate which exceeds $10,000,000 is the same in both countries. The greatest difference is in the rates on the smaller estates. With us, $50,000 is entirely exempt from our national tax; in England only $500. Here the Federal tax on an estate of $100,000 would not exceed $500; in England it would be more than fifteen times that amount. In England there is also a legacy and succession duty which, in many cases, has the effect of considerably increasing the tax. The amount collected from this source is included in the total above stated.

It would probably not be correct to say that the high death duties, as they were called in England, were enacted for the purpose of breaking up the big estates. Here, again, it is not a question of the desirability of these taxes under ordinary circumstances. Dire necessity compels the government to raise huge sums and it could not do without the inheritance taxes, which are not permitted to be evaded in England, as is often done in this country.

But no one who has been reading the English newspapers since the war can fail to have observed in their columns, especially those of the Times, a long list of estates and residences which are offered for sale. The combination of the income taxes and the death duties undoubtedly makes it difficult to hold unproductive property in England and may account for the large number of properties thus put upon the market.

Miscellaneous Taxes

There are, of course, many other taxes that add largely to the revenue receipts, the most important of which are the excise taxes, from which there was realized for 1924–25 more than $650,000,000. As by far the greater portion of this is derived from the taxes on spirits and beer, which aggregate more than $500,000,000, these taxes can hardly be called burdensome. Much more is realized from taxes on entertainments than in this country, and even matches are taxed about $8,000,000. The customs, or tariff, duties bring in about $500,000,000, of which tobacco is the largest single item, returning about $250,000,000; from which it is evident that the customs duty is heavier in proportion than the tax in this country.

Tea pays what would be considered here a high tariff duty of eight cents a pound, and returns about $50,000,000 a year revenue. Coffee also pays a duty, but comparatively little is consumed and no large revenue results. Sugar, as with us, is an important revenue producer, bringing in more than $180,000,000, with a duty of about three-fourths of a cent more than our tariff on sugar.

Of course the English tariff applies to comparatively few articles, and the high rates which are imposed in this country on much of the imported merchandise are unknown. Motor cars under the new duty bear 33⅓ per cent, but in England they are generally considered as luxuries. Duties on silk, both raw and artificial, are levied, and an excise tax on artificial silk. All these taxes were levied on the theory that silk is a luxury. It would be a difficult matter to persuade the working girls of America that silk stockings are a luxury.

It is not necessary to mention the other taxes. None of them could be called especially burdensome, although some of them may be quite annoying, like our so-called nuisance taxes. England retained a large number of taxes of this kind, and many nuisance taxes.

Another matter should be mentioned. In this country a high income-tax rate can be, and often is, avoided by investment in tax-exempt securities. In England there are no such investments. The municipal bonds issued by the cities in England are not exempt, and notwithstanding this fact, the rates are no higher than those paid in the United States on this class of securities. The existence of about $14,000,000,000 of securities which are exempt under our Constitution greatly complicates our system, and by economists is generally regarded a great evil. Whether this is the case or not, it causes great difficulty in putting our taxes on a fair and equitable basis, and the English Government may be congratulated that it has no such difficulty to meet.

In one respect Britain seems to have the advantage over us, but the advantage is more apparent than real. Local taxation totals only about $800,000,000 in England, or at least that is all it was before the war; while with us it was $4,220,000,000 in 1922 and is constantly increasing.

John Bull's Staggering Load

Much could be said with reference to the evil effects of local taxation in this country if this article was on the burden of taxes in the United States instead of England, as these taxes are imposed with little regard for economic considerations. The great difference in the amount of local taxation between this country and England is caused by the central government in that country taking over many, and some of the most expensive, matters which are here carried on exclusively by the local authorities. In a general way it may be said that the money spent for local purposes in this country is obtained almost entirely by direct taxes on property, and these taxes, wherever possible, are passed along to the ultimate consumer or user by the person who pays them. In England much more would be paid through the income tax, inheritance tax and other taxes mentioned in this article.

On the whole, the English revenue laws seem to have been framed with great skill, in an endeavor to meet the abnormal situation in which the country is now placed, and apportioning the taxes which must be imposed without unfairly or disproportionately burdening any class, from the poorest to the wealthiest. It has no general sales tax and prices of the necessities are low for these days. Clothing especially is cheap, and bread made from American flour is sold in London for less than in New York.

No perfect system can be devised, even when the demands for revenue are moderate, and when so much is necessary as Parliament is now obliged to raise, of necessity many inequalities will be found. The effort has been not unnecessarily to increase the cost of living, and it has been remarkably successful in this respect. Because of this, the poor and the man with moderate means should be thankful. England has always been noted for its great financiers and economists. The system is a composite expression of their views, for, like nearly all legislation, it is the product of compromises.

How then does England stand today? Manufacturing, as a rule, is depressed; trade is languishing; unemployment is spreading; the balance of trade with foreign nations is adverse. The returns from foreign investments are greatly reduced, although with some other items not otherwise included they may offset this unfavorable balance in trade. With these conditions prevailing, how does England's taxation burden compare with that of other nations which took part in the World War? According to the report of the National Industrial Conference Board, the total taxation of England amounts to 22.3 per cent of the national income, compared with 20.9 per cent in France, 17 per cent in Belgium and 11.5 per cent for the United States; and our Federal taxes are soon to

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The Country Gentleman

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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The Country Gentleman
The Ladies' Home Journal *The Saturday Evening Post*

be greatly reduced. It is not strange that John Bull staggers under the load.

But what of the future? Is there any hope of this burden being lightened? Again we must consider conditions to see what England needs.

More than 1,250,000 of its workers are out of jobs and unemployment still grows. In the Parliamentary debate on the last budget, Sir Alfred Mond said there was being expended on the unemployment insurance and poor relief £100,000,000—$500,000,000—annually. Much of this is given under certain restrictions to those of the working class who are unemployed, and it is not unnaturally called the dole. It has been in force for several years and its effect is altogether baneful.

Originally introduced as a mere temporary measure, it might have had some excuse It now seems to be firmly fixed as a governmental expenditure. It takes away from the laborer the incentive to work, destroys his ambition, and by practically pauperizing him, is so demoralizing that in a large number of cases he has no desire to work.

The loss to the nation by this mass of idleness is not expressed by the cost of the dole and other unemployment relief. Think how much wealth might be produced if only the larger part of this great army was at work! What an improvement it would make in trade and business if their purchasing capacity was restored; how the income-tax receipts would grow! Only when the idle become once more productive, and this great drain on the resources of the nation is cut off, can there be any substantial reduction in taxation. Yet no political party in England proposes to dispense with the dole. The Labor Party wants it, the Liberal Party has not been able to carry on without it, and the Conservatives will not take the risk of attempting its abrogation.

It is here that the magnitude of the task that faces the English statesman becomes apparent. It is greater than anything that confronts the French legislator, and possibly equals that imposed by conditions in Germany with its reparations payments, for Germany has no great war debt, no great army and navy to support, and comparatively few on its list of unemployed.

We are troubled in this country with a surplus of agricultural products for which we must find a market abroad. England is troubled with a surplus of manufactured products for which it, too, must find a market abroad. Until English labor will produce on a basis that will enable England to export its manufactures on something at least near a prewar basis, unemployment cannot be relieved to any great extent.

Is the fault, as is so often charged, with the labor unions, whose rules undermine efficiency and prevent work from being carried on under a wage scale which would enable England to compete successfully in the markets of the world, or is it elsewhere? Here in America we do not know, and can offer no suggestions worth considering. We cannot but suspect, however, that in Britain, as in many other countries of Europe, there is hanging over the horizon of the future the dark cloud of socialism, and fears of creating a storm deter its statesmen from undertaking the only measures which can bring the British Empire back to its position as a leader in finance and trade.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Advice to a Young Man with a Christmas List

THE turmoil of last minute Christmas shopping! The frantic selection of presents—then the doubts—wonder if you selected the right thing for the right person. Not so the wise young man whose unerring judgment and good taste prompt him to send Johnston's. . . . His Christmas shopping is simple. And his is the satisfaction of knowing that besides appreciating his gift, each of the recipients is impressed by his thoughtfulness in selecting candy that they prefer.

All of the Johnston favourite boxes are dressed in special holiday wrappings—gay with the Christmas spirit

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class Stores in your neighbourhood

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · MILWAUKEE

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

To the two hundred thousand homes now equipped with Riddle Decorative Lighting Fitments—and to all others—we extend our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a full measure of happiness and prosperity throughout the coming year. The Edward N. Riddle Company, Toledo, Ohio.

It is still not too late to install Riddle Fitments in time for holiday festivities.
A new Riddle Fitment for living or dining room, a new hall light
—a bedroom bracket—in fact a Riddle piece of any kind—
is an acceptable gift for life-time enjoyment. Any
Authorized Riddle Dealer will gladly
help you make a selection.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Brass, Copper, Tin and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs
Aluminum Ware
White Woodwork
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Bon Ami

—for light colored painted woodwork

Watch the smudgy coat of obstinate fingermarks and clinging dust loosen and disappear when Bon Ami gets at them.

Magic! you'll say when you try it. Just a shake of the soft, fluffy powder or a dab of the cake on a damp cloth! A few rubs and the job's done.

Bon Ami is made in two forms, Cake and Powder, for the housewife's convenience. They have exactly the same ingredients. It's economy to keep both on hand all the time.

You'll find dozens of uses in your house for these "partners in cleanliness." See the list above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Merry Christmas and a *Healthy* New Year

Don't forget to get your Christmas Oranges to-day

from California